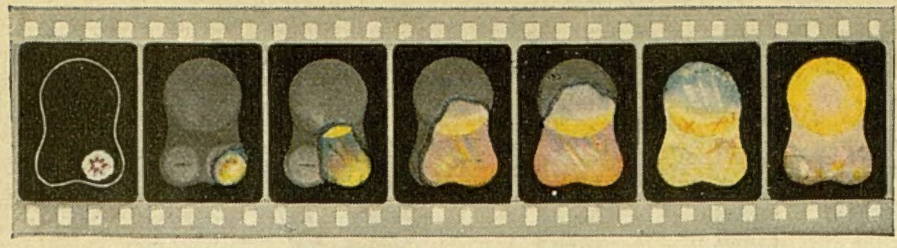
EGINNIN THREE MEN AT ONCE A NEW NOVEL by ELMER DAVIS

NOV. 19, 1932

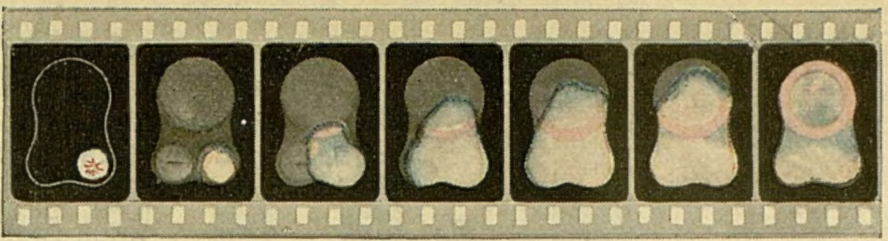
Liberty

5¢

NTED IN CANADA



ORDINARY GASOLINE burns *unevenly, incompletely.* Follow the pictures above from left to right. First the spark. In the next four pictures, the flame spreads across the cylinder. Notice the progressive formation of "carbon yellow." In the sixth picture —BANG! All remaining gasoline exploded. That is knock. The last picture shows only afterglow, waste.



ETHYL GASOLINE burns *evenly, completely.* Follow the smooth spread of power right from the spark in the first picture—clear through to the end of combustion. There is no knock—no unevenness—no "carbon yellow." This means that *more* of Ethyl's power is delivered to the piston and *less* heat is left to pass out through exhaust valves or into the cooling water.

SEEING *is* BELIEVING

One look inside an engine and you'll always use Ethyl Gasoline

LOOK directly below. It is the typical "carbon yellow" color of wasteful, incomplete combustion. Regular gasoline is being used.

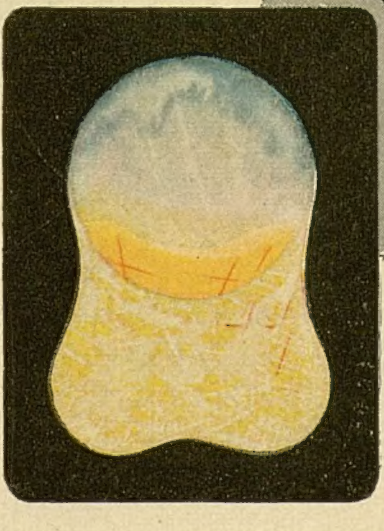
Then Ethyl Gasoline is fed into the fuel line. Look below at right. Clean blue—the color of gas flames on a well-regulated kitchen stove.

But that is not all. With the aid of high-speed cameras, engineers have made movie histories of each single explosion. Above, at the left, you can see how the flame of ordinary gasoline starts, grows, and suddenly explodes, causing harmful knock, overheating, engine wear-and-tear and power-loss. At the right, you see the even, controlled power of Ethyl Gasoline that brings out the best performance of *any* car.

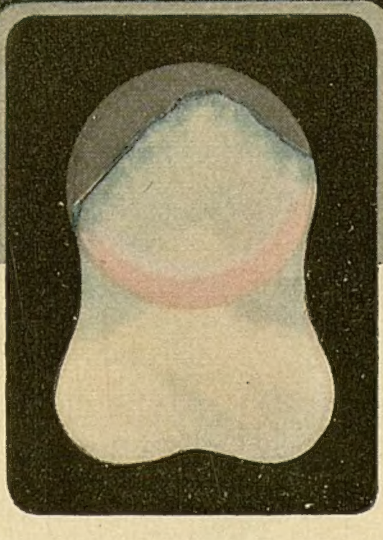
Compare these pictures closely and you will understand why Ethyl makes *any* car run *so much better* that it actually saves dollars on upkeep, repairs and trade-in value. Start using Ethyl today. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE

Ethyl fluid contains lead © E. G. C. 1932



RIGHT—Ordinary gasoline at the instant of knock. Partly burned gases explode—wasting power as harmful heat. Glowing particles of free carbon show as "carbon yellow"—caused by the incomplete combustion—a wasteful, smoky, yellow flame.

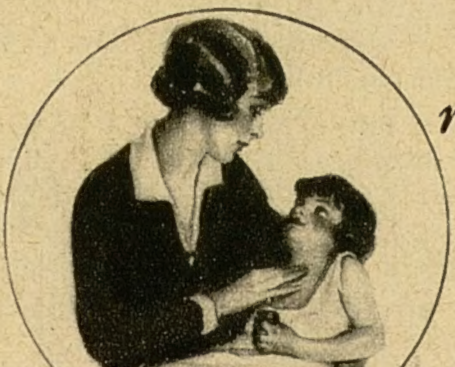


LEFT—Ethyl Gasoline does not knock. Its greater power is delivered smoothly—with less waste heat and less strain on the engine. Notice the complete combustion—the total absence of "carbon yellow." Ethyl Gasoline burns with the clear blue, efficient flame.

Buy ETHYL GASOLINE

Let the Kiddies Romp Outdoors

. . . *If colds come relieve them without "dosing"*



WISE mothers know that daily outdoor exercise in childhood is the foundation for strong bodies in later life. But with outdoor exposure, some colds are bound to come. Of course, these colds should be treated promptly. Otherwise, serious complications are likely to develop. Neglected colds may bring on such troubles as chronic catarrh, mastoiditis, deafness and chronic bronchitis.

CONSTANT "DOSING" HARMFUL

The problem is, how to treat children's colds without the dangers which come from constant "dosing." Medicines taken internally are so apt to upset the little one's delicate stomach. This weakens the child's bodily resistance, thus inviting fresh colds and other ills. Modern mothers all over the world now solve this problem by treating all cold troubles with the external remedy, Vicks VapoRub.

EXTERNAL TREATMENT BEST

You simply rub Vicks over the throat and chest at bedtime and cover with warm flannel. It acts two ways in bringing relief:

(1) The ingredients are vaporized by the body heat and inhaled all night long right to the inflamed air-passages and lungs. There they attack the cold germs direct, loosening the phlegm and easing the difficult breathing.

(2) At the same time Vicks is absorbed through and stimulates the skin like a poultice or plaster, "drawing out" the tightness and pain and thus helping the inhaled vapors to break up the congestion.

FOR ADULTS, TOO

Used, at first, largely for children's colds, years of actual use have proved it equally effective for adults. As a result, Vicks is today a standard treatment for the cold troubles of all the family—not only in America but also in more than 50 foreign countries.

VICKS VAPORUB
ACTS 2 WAYS AT ONCE

OVER 26 ~~24~~ ~~17~~ MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

November 19, 1932 Vol. 9, No. 47

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

IN THIS ISSUE

Beginning
- Three Men at Once—*A new novel* Elmer Davis 7
- What Hawaii Thinks of the Navy Now........David Heenan, Jr. 13
  A look into the underlying reasons behind the Massie case and a plea for a square deal for the islands
- Knight Errant—*A short short story* John Craig 19
- For Dear Old Whozis—*A story* Kyle S. Crichton 20
- The New Underworld Jack Grey 28
  How prohibition has made society a haven for crooks and is hamstringing the police in their war on master criminals
- Twenty Questions.............. 31
- The Great Silence—*A story* Jeffery Farnol 32
- I'm Glad My Children Are Boys Margaret Douglas Winn 35
  A mother who wanted daughters turns the spotlight on some of her friends
- Gallantry, Gallows, and Gangsters—*Movie reviews* Frederick James Smith 38
- The American Way Aline Ballard 40
  A prize first story
- $10,000 First Serial Offer....... 47
- Vox Pop................... 48
- To the Ladies! Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 50
- About the Murder of the Circus Queen—*Part IX* Anthony Abbot 52
- Bright Sayings of Children..... 60
- Cross Word Puzzle............. 61
- $5,000 Home-Life Snapshot Contest.......................... 62

Cover by Georgia Warren

GOVERNMENTAL CHANGES BADLY NEEDED

The election is over!

The hurrahing has died down and the winners are facing problems of tremendous import.

We have managed to weather the difficulties that have confronted us from time to time, not because of our form of government, but in spite of it. We have erected a rigid governmental structure that will crush us as a nation if it is not changed.

As a people we are inclined to hold the President responsible for everything, and yet we restrict and hamper his authority to such an extent that he is sometimes helpless in the most serious emergencies. Whenever he wishes anything done he has to ask the permission of Congress and the Senate; the laws must pass these august bodies before they can become effective.

The mere thought of a dictator has scared our people so much in years gone by that it has been made difficult or impossible for individual action on the part of our highest officials. Governmental changes must come through the tortuous route of public approval necessary to force legislative action. Then the President's signature puts the law on record.

What is everybody's business is *nobody's* business. Some one official should be responsible for certain important phases of our government; he should be held personally responsible and should be censured or commended as he may deserve.

The management of a government should be closely allied to that of a huge corporation, and the business of governing should be conducted with the same intelligent consideration of profit and loss, socially, financially, and otherwise, that is given to regular business enterprises.

We have good cause for fearing a dictatorship, but quick action is imperative in serious emergencies that we must face at frequent intervals.

It has taken us ten years to give serious consideration to the annulment of the prohibition law. With an honest and effective form of government we could have voided this law as soon as it was definitely proved to be a destructive influence.

A short time ago Mussolini gave us an example of quick action when authority is intelligently executed. In a certain automobile factory there were four thousand employees working six hours a day. There were four thousand people out of employment in that locality. He requested the officials of the company to decrease the hours of work to three hours a day, and the unemployment problem was solved. This serious emergency was quickly remedied.

Our people would not endure a dictatorship of the Italian character, but our government officials should be given more authority; our governmental restrictions, our laws, should be more elastic. We should be able to move quickly and effectively in serious governmental emergencies; it should not take us years to make important governmental changes.

When a law is placed on our statute books it is supposed to be sanctified. But it should be as easy to annul a law as it is to make it. Every law should be tested; its effectiveness should be on trial until its value has been proved.

Every new employee in a business organization is viewed with suspicion until he has proved his efficiency and integrity. Every new law should be tested similarly.

Let us hope that the officials of our present administration will give some thought to changes that will make us realize that laws are made to fit the needs of man instead of man being made to fit the laws.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation of Canada, Ltd., 253 Queen Street, W. Toronto, Ont., Canada. Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Fulton Oursler, Editor; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Managing Editor; E. R. Lumsden, Associate Editor for Canada.
Copyright, 1932, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved.
Copyright, 1932, in Canada, by Bernarr Macfadden. Copyright also in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage); but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

In United States and possessions, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Canada, Newfoundland and Labrador, $2.50 a year in U. S. funds (including tax).

No subscription less than one year. Allow 4 weeks for change of address.

Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

THIS IS THE PICTURE

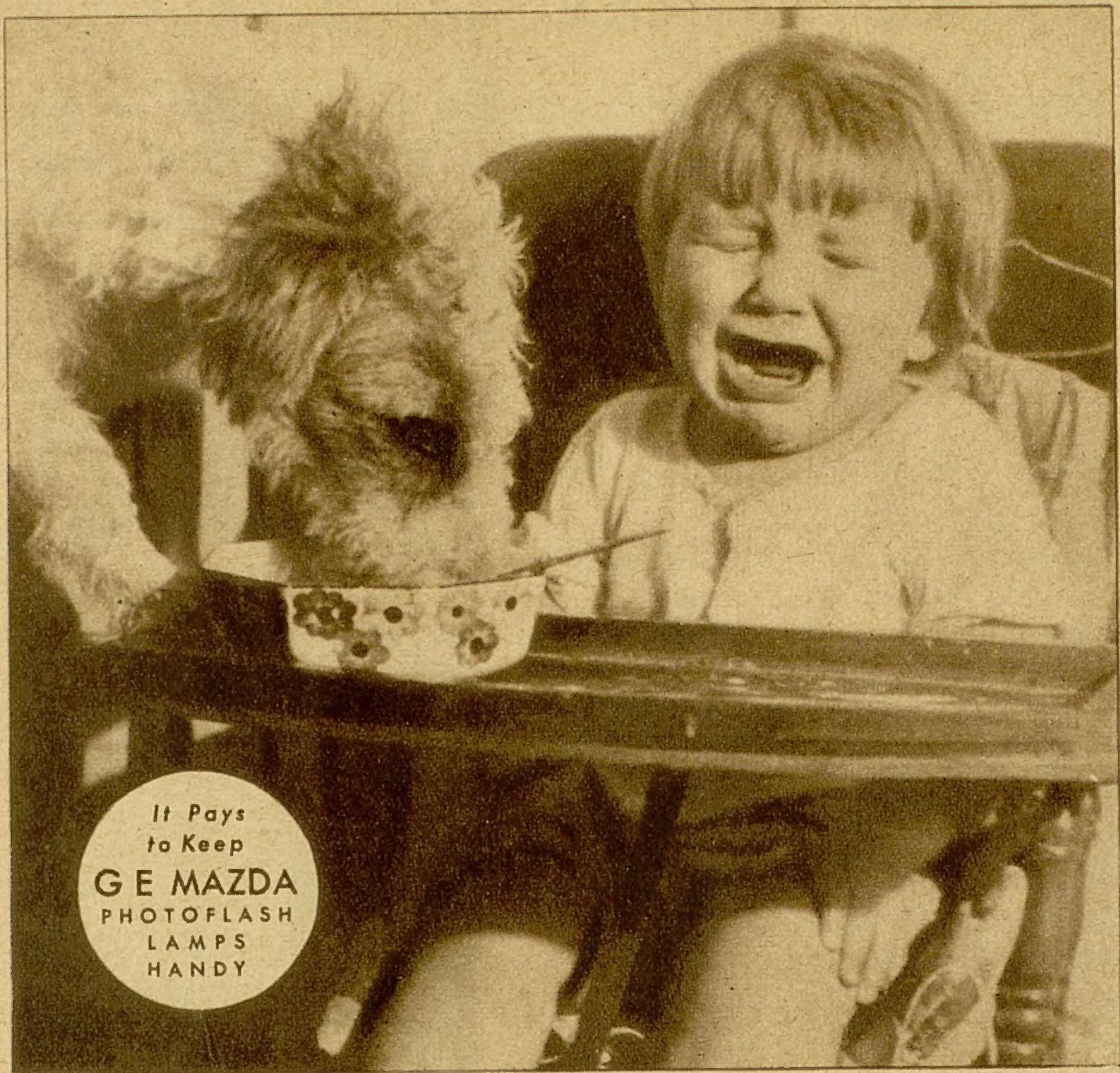


Photo taken by William George Taylor, Hollywood, Calif.

that **MADE**
this cover...

Liberty
SEABROOK DELMAR GUINAN TERHUNE VIERECK

WHAT A THRILL

if you'd taken this Picture!

G. E. MAZDA Photoflash lamps got it for one of the winners in last year's LIBERTY Home-Life Picture Contest . . .

Think of the kick you'd get out of taking pictures as vivid and lively as this! And you can do it . . . if you keep your eyes open and your camera handy.

You've probably seen scores of things going on in your own home that you'd like to snap. All you need is an ordinary box or folding type camera and some G. E. MAZDA Photoflash lamps.

These magic lamps make picture-taking indoors . . . or outdoors at night . . . as easy as taking snapshots in the sunlight. They operate simply . . in light socket or handy flashlight battery reflector. Flash! and you've got the picture before subjects move an eyelash. No noise, no smoke, no muss. Is it any wonder that 67% of the winners in last year's LIBERTY Home-Life picture contest *use* G. E. MAZDA Photoflash lamps?

Your druggist or photo-supply dealer has G. E. MAZDA Photoflash lamps in stock. Why not get some and enjoy the fun of making prize pictures in your home? General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Ask your dealer about the new G. E. MAZDA Photoflood lamp
. . . the ideal lamp for taking time exposures and home movies.

and this is
the **LAMP** *that*
got the picture

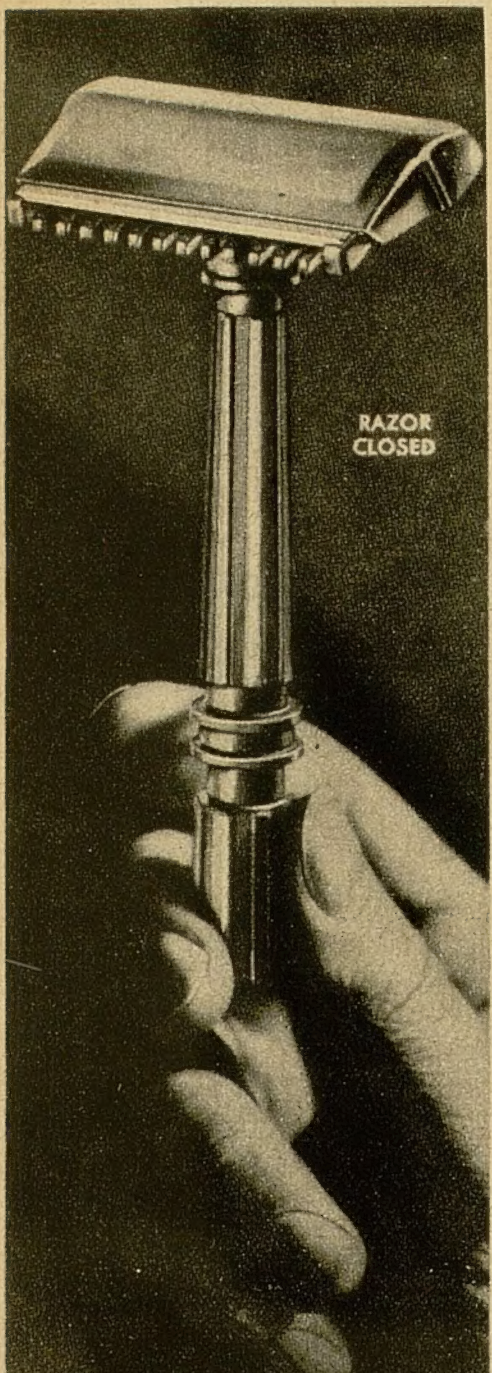
GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA PHOTOFLOOD and PHOTOFLASH LAMPS

A Gem Without a Flaw

GEM Blades gather medals on chins where other razors meet their Waterloo. The roughest stubble gives 'em no trouble. Built of surgical steel—which GEMS *alone* use—steel that dares not nick or dull.

And no beard can balk blades of *that* temper. We make GEM Blades 50% thicker to give 'em a deep, dogged, wedge-shaped edge. There's no room on *usual* wafer blades for such a deep, graduated taper.


RAZOR CLOSED

A GEM Blade never bends, snaps or crumples.

GEM Singledge Blades fit *any* GEM frame, no matter *how* old.

But you can't use the new GEM Doubledge Blade except in the new GEM Micromatic Razor—the latest and greatest of 'em all—with $660,000 of *exclusive* features that shaving never met before—including dual-alignment, which sets the blade so precisely that it can't skim, scuff or skip.

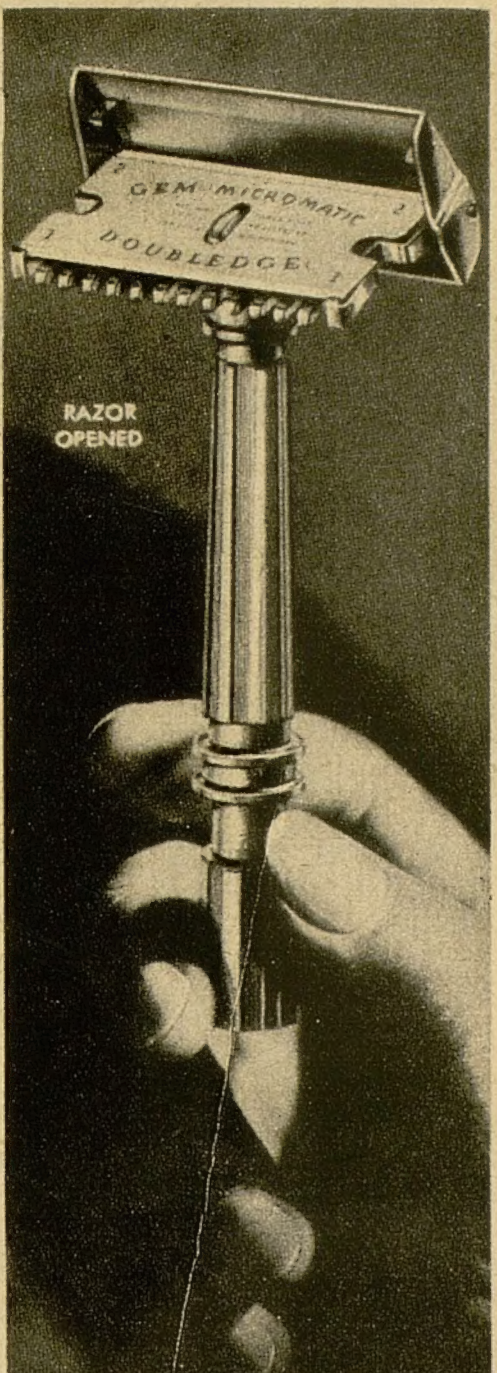
The *first* double-edged razor to expose only one *numbered* edge at a time, protectively covering one edge until the other is used to the *full* limit of its keenness.

The *first* double-edged razor with the proper shaving slant *shaped* in the top, so that you're *compelled* to shave at the correct angle.

Works with the same smooth, gliding stroke that the barber uses. And works just the *same* with either single- or double-edged GEMS.

A dollar a set, with five GEM Doublege Blades. Gold-plated *everywhere* and *sold* there, *too*.

FREE—*Mail a postal with your name and address and we will send you a new GEM Doubledge Blade with our compliments. Address Gem Safety Razor Corporation, Dept. L3, Brooklyn, New York.*

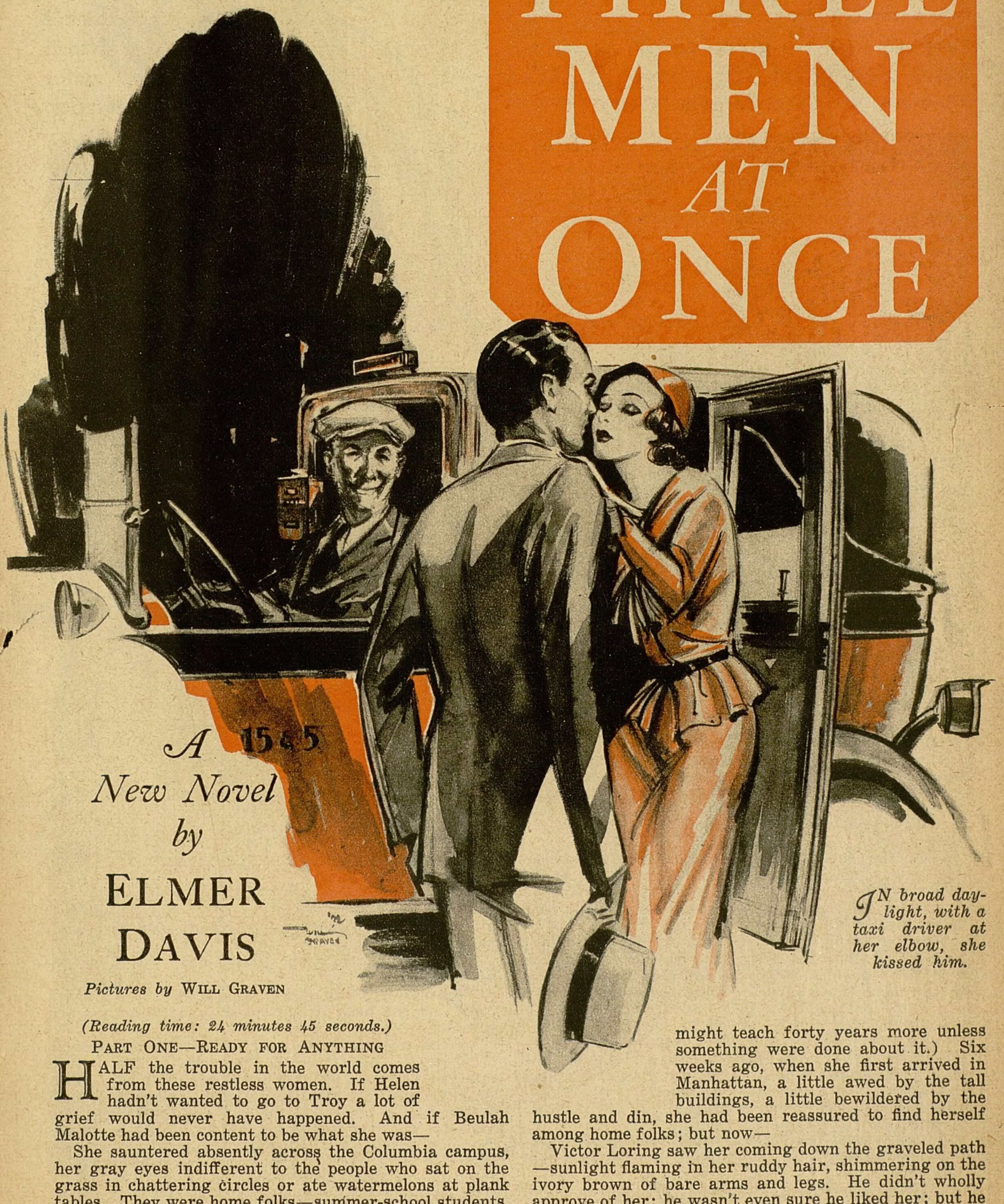

GEM MICROMATIC
DOUBLEDGE
RAZOR OPENED

NOW GEM MAKES BOTH
2
GEM MICROMATIC
DOUBLEDGE
1
2
1
GEM BLADE
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES DOUBLEDGE MADE IN U.S.A.
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE

The Story of a Girl Who Went Cruising for Adventure—and Found It

Beginning—

THREE MEN AT ONCE



A New Novel by

ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by WILL GRAVEN

IN broad daylight, with a taxi driver at her elbow, she kissed him.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 45 seconds.)

PART ONE—READY FOR ANYTHING

HALF the trouble in the world comes from these restless women. If Helen hadn't wanted to go to Troy a lot of grief would never have happened. And if Beulah Malotte had been content to be what she was—

She sauntered absently across the Columbia campus, her gray eyes indifferent to the people who sat on the grass in chattering circles or ate watermelons at plank tables. They were home folks—summer-school students, teachers from the inland; and so was she. (She'd been teaching only two years, but it began to look as if she might teach forty years more unless something were done about it.) Six weeks ago, when she first arrived in Manhattan, a little awed by the tall buildings, a little bewildered by the hustle and din, she had been reassured to find herself among home folks; but now—

Victor Loring saw her coming down the graveled path—sunlight flaming in her ruddy hair, shimmering on the ivory brown of bare arms and legs. He didn't wholly approve of her; he wasn't even sure he liked her; but he went to meet her—hurrying, for fear somebody else would meet her first.

"Through work for the day?" he asked her. "Then how about a swim?"

"Lovely, Vic!" Her face lit up. "Are we going down to Long Beach?"

"Can't do it; I've got to study tonight for my final exams. But if you don't mind the open-air pool up on Riverside Drive—"

"Go get your suit," she said, "and meet me at the pool in ten minutes."

Nobody would have known, as they parted, that last night he had kissed her for the first time, and that she had liked it—more than he had dared to hope; disturbingly more than she had ever expected. She went blithely on, and a moment later a gray-haired woman intercepted her.

"Hello, Miss Matilda!" Beulah was respectful. They both taught in the Branchville High School, but Miss Matilda Presley had been teaching there before Beulah was born, and neither of them could forget it.

"Beulah dear, that young man you were speaking to just now—you've introduced him to me, but his name has slipped my mind."

"VIC LORING. From Thornburg. We were at the state university together." (Not that he'd ever known it, in those days.)

"Oh, is that the Mr. Loring who's principal of the Thornburg High School? He's very well thought of, Beulah. He'll go far." (She needn't think I'm going with him, thought Beulah.) "But what I meant to ask you," said Miss Matilda—"have you heard any rumors about the bank back home?"

"Which bank? Not the Grendel National?"

"The Grendel National. I suppose all your money's in it—"

"Not all," said Beulah. "I've got two hundred here in New York. . . . But what's the matter with the bank? Their last statement was fine."

"My sister Abby writes me that there have been some heavy withdrawals. You know George Grendel was mixed up in that Pargren Finance Corporation whose stock has gone off so badly. If the bank's involved in that—"

"But I can't believe Mr. Grendel would do anything crooked. He was father's best friend—executor of his estate, what there was of it."

"Other people's best friends have gone wrong, my dear; and Grendel and W. W. Parr have so much political influence that nobody'd investigate them till it's too late. But perhaps it's only gossip," Miss Matilda sighed, and moved on.

Very likely it was, thought Beulah. Miss Matilda and her sister Abby got all the gossip that was going, and passed it along. She wondered what sister Abby was hearing about Beulah Malotte and Vic Loring. Just because she'd been going everywhere with him this summer, they needn't think—

. . . . .

Beside the pool he waited for her. The traffic of Riverside Drive rumbled beyond the wall at his back.

A score of women were swimming, diving, sunning themselves; but they didn't interest a man who was waiting for Beulah Malotte.

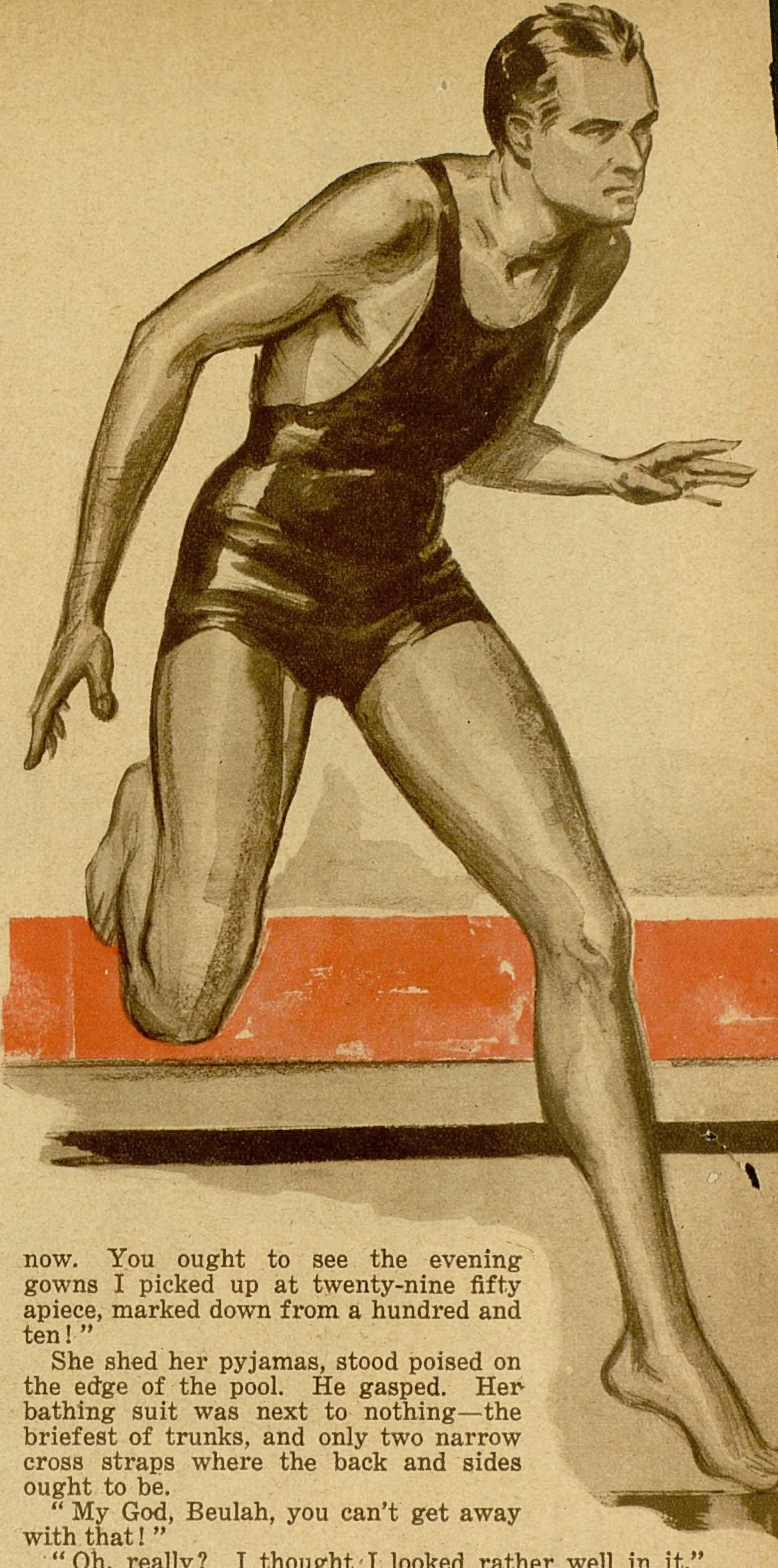
He'd met her in the first week of summer school, at a dance of the Home State Society; and when she told him she'd been a freshman at the university in his senior year he persuaded himself that he remembered her. They'd seen New York together; they'd spent an afternoon in the surf at Long Beach; at one or two parties they'd drunk kitchen-stove gin in prudent moderation; and once a classmate of Vic's had taken them to a speakeasy. All that would be something to remember when they'd gone back home. And Branchville was only forty miles from Thornburg—an hour's run in his car.

"Well, Vic!"

He looked up. Her thatch of ruddy hair flamed above a sky-blue bathing suit, smart beach pyjamas of bright royal blue.

"New clothes?" he said. "They look fine, Beulah."

"I couldn't resist the midsummer sales. My dear, everything's pathetically cheap on the Avenue just now. You ought to see the evening gowns I picked up at twenty-nine fifty apiece, marked down from a hundred and ten!"



She shed her pyjamas, stood poised on the edge of the pool. He gasped. Her bathing suit was next to nothing—the briefest of trunks, and only two narrow cross straps where the back and sides ought to be.

"My God, Beulah, you can't get away with that!"

"Oh, really? I thought I looked rather well in it."

"You look perfect, and you know it. But you can't get away with it in Branchville. Nobody could—especially not a school-teacher."

"Perhaps I can't—in Branchville. But on the Riviera—"

"When do you ever expect to get there?" he growled.

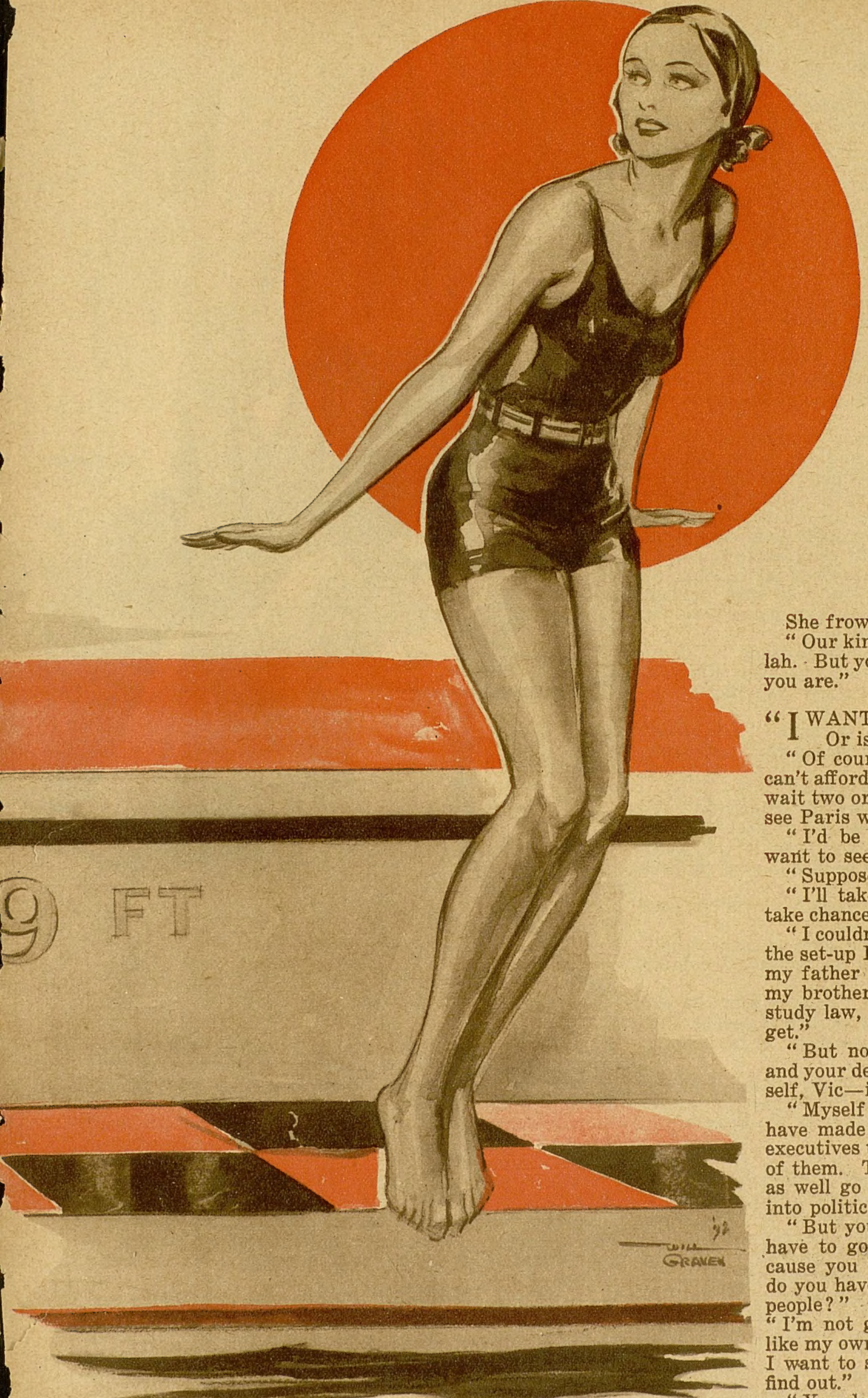
She smiled back at him over a bare ivory-brown shoulder.

"Week after next," she said, and sprang into the pool.

"What?" He plunged in after her, furious; but she wouldn't wait for him, and he couldn't catch her. Without effort she kept just ahead of him. When he tried to head her off at the end of the pool, she dived under him, came up laughing behind his heels. At last he gave it up—climbed out, panting, and lit a cigarette. She popped up out of the water like a seal, not even breathing hard, and lay down beside him.

"You could never have caught me, Vic. I've often swum five miles, up at the lake. Give me a cigarette."

He lit it for her; then—



SHE smiled back at him over a bare shoulder. "Week after next," she said, and sprang into the pool.

"What's this about the Riviera?" he demanded.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I'm sailing as soon as school is out. . . . Yes, alone. Haven't got my passage yet, but there's no rush in August."

"But we were going to take the same train home, and stop off to see Niagara Falls!"

"I'd rather see Paris. I can spend a week there and a week on the Riviera, and still get back to Branchville in time for school."

"But that trip would cost money, even if you went tourist third."

"I've got five hundred dollars. Just about enough."

"Of all the crazy ideas!" he exploded. "Spending your last cent just so you can show off your new clothes that would be no good to you back home!"

She frowned. There was truth in that.

"Our kind of people don't do that, Beulah. But you're never satisfied to be what you are."

"I WANT to see Paris, Vic. Don't you? Or is Thornburg good enough?"

"Of course I want to see Paris; but I can't afford it. Neither can you. If you'd wait two or three years—" (He'd like to see Paris with her.)

"I'd be two or three years older. I want to see things *now.*"

"Suppose you went broke over there?"

"I'll take the chance. But you never take chances, do you?"

"I couldn't," he said dryly. "You know the set-up I ran into when I left college—my father dead, with a lot of debts, and my brother still in school. I'd meant to study law, but I had to take what I could get."

"But now your brother's on his feet and your debts are paid. You can be yourself, Vic—if you will."

"Myself now is what these five years have made me. I've seen enough school executives to know I'm smarter than most of them. That's what I am, and I might as well go on with it. And I'm getting into politics—"

"But you're wrong, Vic! Why do you have to go on doing something just because you happen to be doing it? Why do you have to see just your own kind of people?" She was breathing hard now. "I'm not going to, anyway. Maybe I'll like my own kind best in the long run, but I want to see some other kinds first and find out."

"You don't know what you want. Going off by yourself to show off your handkerchief-size bathing suit on the Riviera! You're only looking for trouble!" he accused her.

She laughed a little. "If trouble was what I wanted I could find it in Branchville without even looking for it. No, Vic; I'm looking for something else. I don't know just what it is, but—"

But suddenly she found herself wishing he could tell her. She glanced slantwise at his sulky brown eyes, his dark wavy hair.

"Paris!" he said. "You'd like to look like Paris, wouldn't you? Your hair looks like it, and your mouth. But those gray eyes, Beulah—they're Branchville and you can't get away from it."

"Maybe not; but I'm going to Paris anyway."

"All this is a lot of fuss over an ordinary summer excursion," he said. "But you know why I'm blowing off like this. Because I'm crazy about you! Don't go to Paris, Beulah. Stay here and marry me."

He heard himself with amazement, for he didn't really approve of her. But it was said, and he knew he meant it.

"Marry you? Don't be silly, Vic!" But she wasn't looking at him.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"We wouldn't get along. Besides, why should I?"

"Why should you? Why have you been putting me over the jumps this summer? Teasing me—first hot, then cold? I thought that sort of thing went out with long skirts—and don't tell me it came back with them. Other women don't do it." (She wished she knew who those other women were.)

"I *have* been rotten to you," she admitted. "Vic—I was crazy about you in college, and you never saw me. No wonder. You were senior president and football captain and everything, and I was only a skinny red-headed freshman who had a kid crush on you. You pretend you remember me, but you hardly ever spoke to me in college. So this summer I set out to see if I could make you speak to me—" But she hadn't meant to go so far as this.

"You certainly succeeded," he told her. Then, abruptly: "Let's get out of here—go somewhere and have a cup of coffee or something."

"We'd better go home. You ought to study."

He didn't like that, but she was immovable. Ten minutes later they were dry and dressed, standing at the curb on Riverside Drive.

"No, you can't take me home," she said. "You go and study. But we might have lunch together tomorrow, after your exams are over."

"All right. We'll go to the Claremont."

"But, Vic, I've heard that's fearfully expensive."

"Look here. If you won't marry me you can't tell me how to spend my money. Beulah—even if you won't marry me, forget this crazy idea of Paris and come back to Branchville."

"But what could I do with my New York clothes back home?"

Also, if she went home with him, kept on seeing him—He almost had her on the run, but thank heaven he didn't know it.

Probably it would be sensible to marry him; he had bright prospects and he was her own kind of people. But she wanted to see some other kinds first. A taxi ran up beside them; she opened the door.

"Good-by, Vic—darling." In broad daylight, with a taxi driver at her elbow and traffic rolling past, she kissed him. "But I'm going to Paris anyway!" she said.

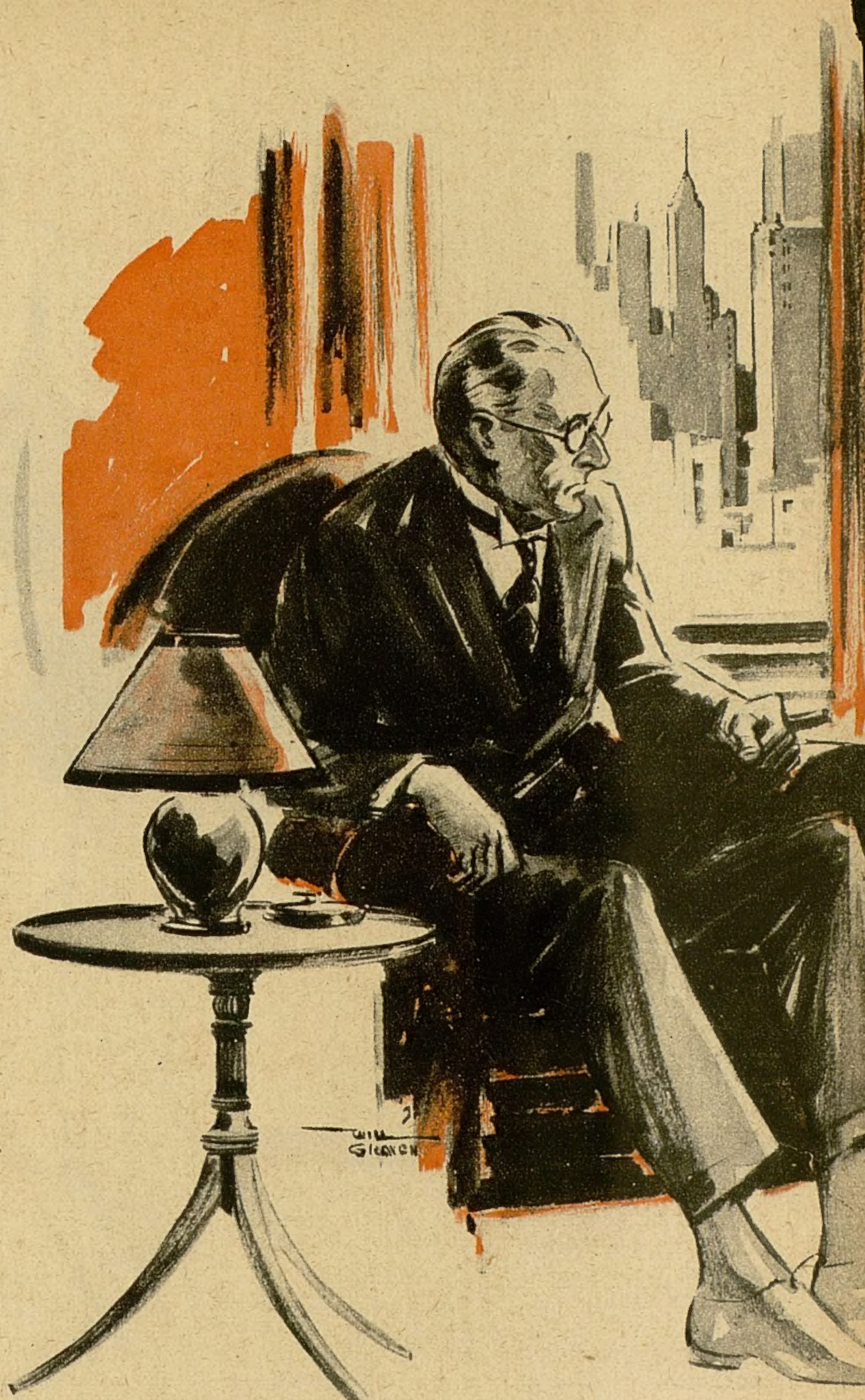
II

IN a state Capitol some hundreds of miles to the westward the Governor sat in conference with the chairman of the party State Committee and W. W. Parr. Parr, the master mind of the Pargren Finance Corporation, the heaviest contributor to campaign funds; Parr, who was the man behind the state administration, and looked it.

"Bad news, gentlemen," he announced. "I've been tipped off from Washington that the Comptroller of the Currency is going to close George Grendel's bank down at Branchville tomorrow."

"My God!" said the chairman. "Just what Stannard's been waiting for." (Stannard was the Federal District Attorney—a rebel in the organization who wanted to be Governor himself.) "When he finds how George milked that bank to bolster up the Pargren Corporation he'll look into Pargren—"

"And when he finds out how much state tax money went into it," Parr finished, "we're all three likely to follow George to jail. But there's one ray of hope, gentlemen. George Grendel stands by his friends. Somewhere in the Bible it says that it is expedient for one man to take the rap for the organization; and since George has got to take it anyway—"



"Stannard would rather get us three than Grendel," said the Governor. "If George talks he'll be let off with a light sentence."

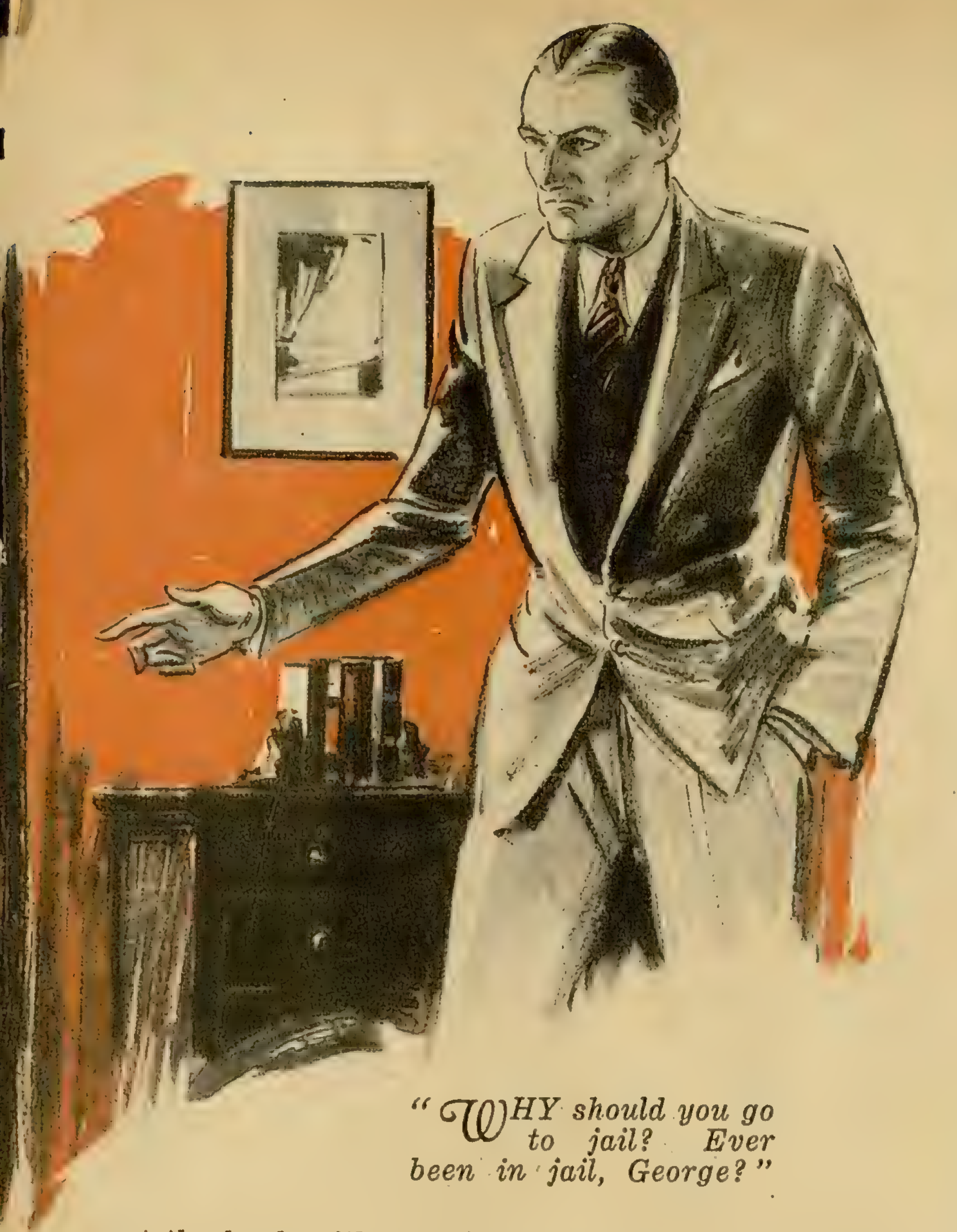
"Cheer up," said Parr. "I seem to remember another bit from the Bible—about some one that had everybody's sins loaded on him and got chased off into the wilderness. I think we might manage to load it all on George if we didn't mind retouching a few documents—"

"And if he didn't talk! But when he can escape a ten-year sentence—"

"You miss my point, gentlemen. George is a childless widower with nothing to tie him down; he wouldn't mind being the goat, if we picked out a nice comfortable wilderness for him. Is he still in New York?"

"Called me up from there this morning," said the Governor. "Still hoping he could get enough personal credit to save his bank."

"He thinks a lot of that lousy little bank down at Branchville," the chairman muttered. "Of course it's his home town and all that; but it seemed to me he began to crumple up when he saw that he'd cleaned



"WHY should you go to jail? Ever been in jail, George?"

out the bank without saving the Pargren Corporation."

"But he isn't cleaned out himself yet," said Parr. "He will be when they assess his bank stock to make good the depositors' losses; but till then he's got plenty to live on—in foreign parts. And New York is a good deal handier to foreign parts than Branchville."

"But Stannard knows he's in New York," said the chairman cheerlessly. "He's having the steamship offices watched, and the passport office—"

"You don't need a passport for Canada," Parr observed.

"They're watching the Montreal trains too," said the chairman. "I—there's a girl in Stannard's office that keeps me informed. And we couldn't get George away to Canada by motor; he's had a morbid fear of automobiles since he was in that smash-up last year."

"Awkward," said Parr. "Still, that seems our only hope—to get him out of the country. I'll get Ed Bryant busy on it—my New York handy man. Very resourceful fellow, Bryant."

And one who did what he was told to do without asking questions, without leaving a trail behind him that could go back to W. W. Parr.

BEULAH heard the doorbell; heard the landlady admit Vic Loring, come to take her to lunch; and still she sat before her mirror, retouching her face, adjusting the smart little hat on her smoldering ruddy hair, surveying the smart new dress she'd put on in his honor.

Three hours ago she had called him up, turning to him instinctively in the first shock when Miss Matilda, who had had a telegram from sister Abby, told her that the bank had been closed. But Vic had been off at his examination. She'd had time to change her plans; now she was serene.

The serenity might have cracked wide open if he'd kissed her when she went out to meet him; but he let that opportunity slip by, staring at her clothes. She certainly looked like Paris now. In the taxi he was silent, and so was she. Obviously he hadn't heard about the bank, and it would take diplomacy to manage him when he did. He'd be dangerously sympathetic. Not till they had almost finished lunch did she break the news.

"That takes the lid off!" he cried. "Now Stannard can clean out that gang of crooks—Grendel, Parr, the Governor—" She was staring at him blankly. "I know Stannard pretty well," he said. "Tied up with his crowd in politics. If he sends those fellows to jail he'll be elected Governor—and I may be in line for a good job at the State House myself." Still she stared, at a Vic Loring she didn't know. So he had interests he'd never told her about—never thought she'd care about.

"Very interesting," she said dryly. "But my interest is more immediate. Most of my money is in the Grendel Bank."

"Good Lord, Beulah! So this means—"

"That I can't go to Paris? I know it, darling."

"I'm sorry—I mean I'm doing my damnedest to be sorry," he amended, grinning. "But now that we can go home together, after all—"

"We can't. I'm taking a cruise before I go home."

"A cruise? Where to? And what on?"

"On the world's most palatial liner—so they say. The Athena. Oh—you mean money! I've got two hundred dollars and my railroad ticket home. I got a first-class cabin all to myself for fifty-five dollars—an outside room, too. That covers everything but tips."

"WHERE can you go for fifty-five dollars?"

"Not very far," she admitted. "It's only one of these week-end cruises—Thursday night to Monday morning; up to Halifax and back."

"A week-end cruise? You? What's the idea?"

Of course the idea was to get away from him. If they went home together the argument would be all over in a week. Maybe she was going to marry him some day, but she didn't intend to be rushed. She had to get away from him—anywhere, if only for a few days—to regain her self-command. So this morning, when she realized that Paris was out of reach, she had remembered the week-end cruises that had become a fashion this summer. The advertisements promised you the best of Broadway entertainers, the choicest of Europe's vintages; foreign soil—the quaint Evangeline country; plunges in the luxurious salt-water pool, dancing in a floating night club with no cover charge—all for fifty-five dollars (and up). It wasn't Paris, but—

"The idea?" she said. "Well, I love sea air, and I've never cruised anywhere but to Coney Island. Why not?"

"Why not? Haven't you heard about these week-end cruises? They're no place for our kind of people."

"I'm sick of being our kind of people!" Her eyes strayed, not for the first time, to the only other couple in the restaurant—a slim, pale woman with lacquery black hair under her half-size hat, a stocky young man, red-faced, black-mustached. She wished she and Vic looked like that pair—as if they'd seen everything and didn't think much of it. "Anyway," she said, "why can't our kind of people take a week-end cruise?"

"Why, they're nothing but three-day drunks. People stay up all night, and go swimming before breakfast in their evening clothes—or no clothes at all. You can't afford to be seen in a crowd like that, Beulah. You're a school-teacher."

"Thanks for reminding me. But that doesn't mean—"

"It means you can't do things other people can get away with, and you know it. It's like bridge—when you've got somewhere then you're vulnerable, and any slip you make costs you double. Well, you've got somewhere; people trust you with their children. You can't even take a drink where anybody from Branchville would see you—"

"Nobody from Branchville is likely to be on this cruise."

"No, I suppose not. But— Who's going with you?"

"Nobody." He didn't like that. "But I've always heard it's easy to make acquaintances on shipboard."

"What? You'd let men pick you up?"

She hadn't meant that at all. She had a vague impression that on shipboard interesting foreigners—marquises and diplomats and so on—sat beside you at dinner or dropped into the next deck chair to talk. You couldn’t call that sort of thing a pick-up. But the way he said it—

“I might,” she said, her eyes smoldering, “if I feel like it.”

“My God! Going off on a drunken party with a lot of Broadway riffraff—letting God knows who pick you up! Oh, you don’t mean any harm,” he conceded bitterly. “You think you’re getting into something grand and glorious—seeing the world. But the whole thing’s so cheap—so second-rate! A substitute—for Paris, for everything you can’t get. You’re bound you’ll show off your new clothes somewhere, even before the wrong people. Trying to be sophisticated when you’re only a small-town school-teacher who won’t know trouble when she bumps into it.”

She pushed back her chair, her gray eyes blazing.

“At any rate,” she said shakily, “this seems to settle one thing. You certainly don’t want to marry a woman like that. And I don’t want to marry a man who’s perfectly happy sticking in the mud back in Thornburg. Maybe I don’t know what I want or how to get it, but I’m going to find out!”

She walked out with more haste than dignity, and it didn’t improve her temper to suspect that he might be half right. She’d supposed that once she was on shipboard interesting things—she didn’t know what—would happen to her. And maybe they wouldn’t. But she’d make them happen! She was going to show Vic Loring, somehow.

ELMER DAVIS *was born in Indiana, taught school and went to college there, then stepped over to Oxford as Rhodes scholar. For ten years he was on the staff of the New York Times. Among his sparkling novels are I’ll Show You the Town, Friends of Mr. Sweeney, and Strange Woman. He lives in New York.*

GEORGE GRENDEL, florid and gray-haired, sat in his hotel room. His face beamed with the affability of the politician, but behind his shell-rimmed spectacles his eyes were weary as they looked at Ed Bryant. “Run off to Europe and let my old friends hold the bag? No, Ed; I’ll go home and take my medicine. Don’t worry—I won’t talk.”

“But if you refuse to answer on constitutional privilege it will be about as bad as if you talked. Look at it this way, George. You can’t do anybody any good by going back—not even yourself. Feeling will be pretty hot when all this gets out; Stannard wouldn’t dare let you off with a light sentence even if he wanted to.”

“Maybe not. But I can do one batch of people some good—my depositors. I’ll give up every cent I’ve got to make good their losses.”

“And it won’t be half enough. When the upturn comes those Pargren notes your bank holds will be as good as gold. The depositors will get every cent, if they wait. If you gave up your last cent now they’d remember what they had to wait for, not what they got. So why should you go to jail? Ever been in jail, George?”

“No! Of course not!”

“I have,” said Bryant. Grendel looked at his colorless, expressionless face; he wondered where and when and why—but Bryant wasn’t the kind of man you questioned. “It’s no fun, George. You get good and sick of it in about three days. And then all you’ve got to look forward to is a few years more of the same!”

“Do you think I could be happy in Cairo or Constantinople, feeling that all my old friends were broke because they’d trusted me?”

“You’d feel that just the same in jail; and you couldn’t ring for a highball to help you bear up under your grief.”

“That’s true. I’d thought of trying to get away,” Grendel confessed. “But if I’m being shadowed—”

“It’s easy to lose a shadow. But if you wait till a warrant’s out— Suppose I figure out how it can be done, George. Will you do it?”

“I don’t know. Give me the week-end to think it over. Stannard won’t be getting out a warrant before next week, at the earliest.”

“The week-end?” said Bryant thoughtfully. “Where would you spend it? Here? It’s pretty hot in town. I’ve got a better idea, George! You can think it over in perfect comfort, with a perfectly easy exit if you decide to be sensible. Let’s take a week-end cruise.”

“You mean one of those joy jaunts to Bermuda?”

“Halifax, I was thinking of. The Athena leaves at midnight on Thursday—gets to Halifax Saturday morning and lies up there all day. Passengers go ashore, take trips. Saturday night she starts back to New York. But you needn’t be aboard.”

“But they could bring me back from Canada—” said Grendel uneasily.

“There’s a boat from Montreal to Liverpool on Monday. You’d have plenty of time to make it—under another name—and before they caught up with you you’d be out of range of extradition treaties.”

“But I’d have to have a passport—”

“Not for the Halifax trip. I’ve got connections in Montreal that can get you one for Europe. And we’d get your money to you somehow.”

“But if I tried to get aboard a liner, even for a week-end—”

“Nobody’d know it, George. We can drop the man that’s tailing you; and I’d get your passage as Mr.—better keep the initials for your baggage—say Mr. Graham Garrison. They won’t check up on you; half the people on these week-end cruises use hotel-register names. I’d go with you and handle everything. A few people will leave the ship at Halifax; Mr. Graham Garrison can leave too. And before anybody but your steward knows you’re gone Mr.—let’s say Mr. Grover Gordon will be on a boat bound for Liverpool.”

“It sounds easy,” Grendel admitted.

“It is easy. And of course you can stay aboard and come back Monday morning, if you decide on reflection that you’d rather spend the next few years doing light clerical work in the warden’s office.”

The warden’s office! It wasn’t fair, thought Grendel, that a man should go to jail for doing no more than thousands of men had done in the boom years.

“Well—get my passage to Halifax, Ed. But, understand, I must think it over. I don’t promise anything.”

“I understand.”

BEULAH hadn’t meant to let Vic take her to the boat on Thursday evening; after their quarrel at the Claremont she’d told herself she didn’t care if she never saw him again. But it turned out that Miss Matilda Presley, too, had expected to go home on the same train with her. When she found that Beulah wasn’t going, she had to know why; and it appeared that her opinion of week-end cruises was about the same as Vic’s. Beulah did her best to persuade her that a Branchville school-teacher was interested only in sea air and the quaint Evangeline country; but then she learned that Miss Matilda wanted to come down to the pier and see her off. And Beulah knew why. Miss Matilda had heard wild tales about the departure of week-end liners—tales of disgusting revelry on deck and pier. She wanted to see that, and go home to describe it to sister Abby. For all Beulah knew, she might see disgusting revelry, or what would look like it to her; and if she painted that picture for Branchville, with Beulah Malotte in the midst of it— There was only one way to stop her.

“But, Miss Matilda—Mr. Loring was going to see me off. We—we hadn’t counted on anybody else—”

“Then I wouldn’t dream of intruding, my dear!”

And there’s another earful for sister Abby, thought Beulah as she called Vic up and asked him to take her to the boat. It occurred to her afterward that Miss Matilda would never have known it if she’d gone off alone; but now that she and Vic knew where they stood, there was no reason why they couldn’t be decent to each other.

So he called for her and carried her bags down to the waiting taxi. Inside it she saw a suitcase with his initials. “What’s this, Vic?” Her heart was thumping. Had he decided to take the cruise too?

Whether Vic sails or stays ashore, Beulah is in a mood to make things happen. You’ll see them begin to happen in next week’s installment of the story.

WHAT HAWAII THINKS of the NAVY NOW

A Look into the Underlying Reasons behind the Massie Case and a Plea for a Square Deal for the Islands

By

DAVID HEENAN, JR.

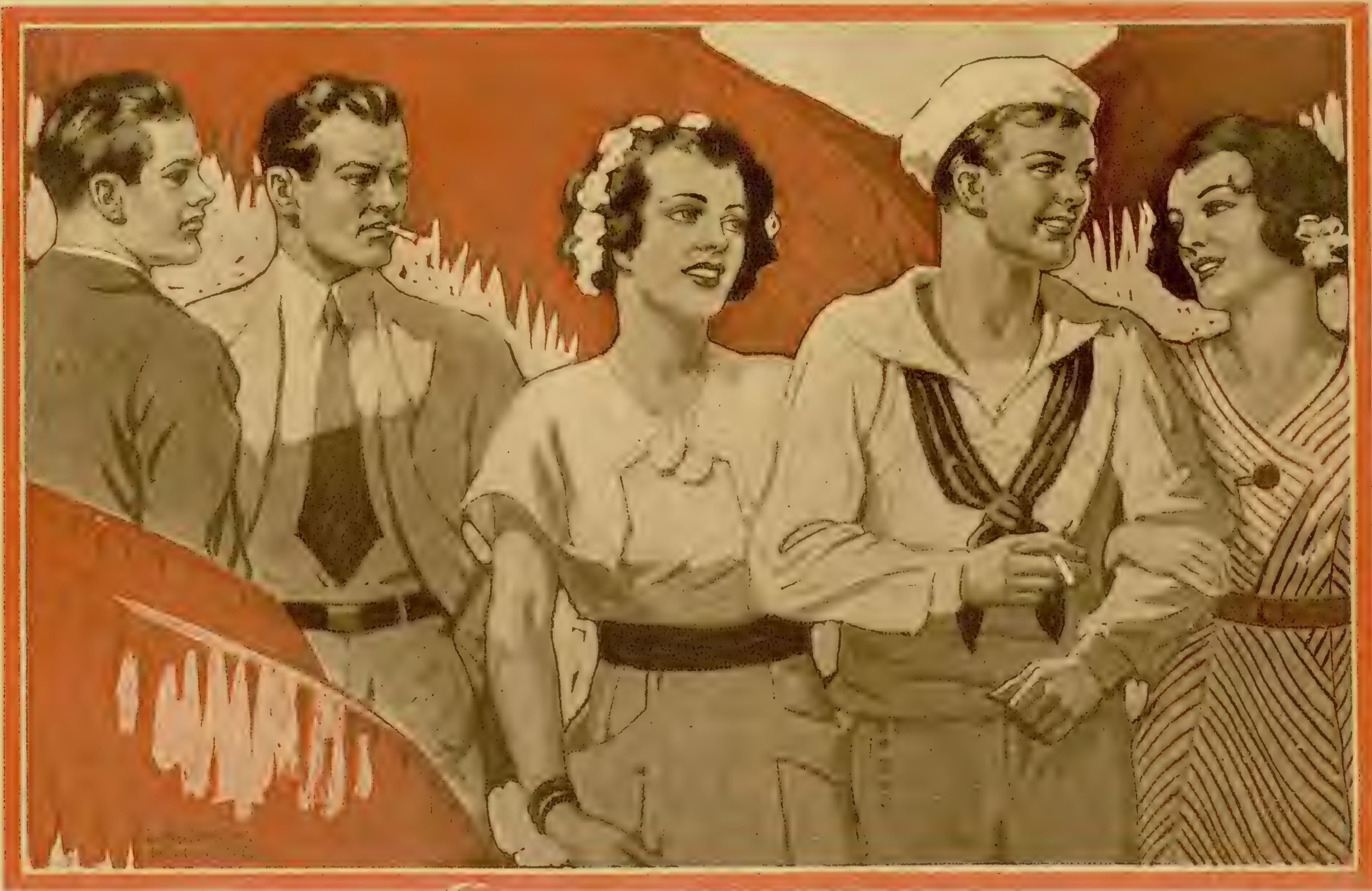
Former city editor of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin

(Reading time: 15 minutes 10 seconds.)

IN a foreword to her recent interesting series of articles in Liberty on the so-called "Honolulu Martyrdom," Mrs. Granville Fortescue wrote: "My purpose . . . is to set forth the conditions that exist in a territory of the United States—where the politicians 'damn the American admirals,' where justice is a mockery. With a realization of conditions there, the people of this country will demand *a more rigorous federal control in the Territory of Hawaii.*"

The italics are mine. In those words Mrs. Fortescue spills the beans, so to speak, as I shall attempt to show.

No doubt politicians in Hawaii, and many of the common people as well, do "damn the American admirals." There is no crime in that. Any American in civil life is entitled to damn all the admirals he chooses to damn.



Picture by B. Latham Kidder

These young Americans of Hawaiian and Oriental ancestry have nothing to do. So they go looking for excitement.

What Mrs. Fortescue frequently forgot in her articles was that Hawaii is an American territory and most of its residents are American citizens, and that as such they have every right to express such opinions as they may see fit, admirals to the contrary notwithstanding.

No doubt, too, justice is frequently a mockery in Hawaii. But so it is in every state of the Union, and in the District of Columbia. Why single out Hawaii?

Also beyond doubt "conditions that exist" in Hawaii are bad; but so they are in every other part of America.

I lived in Hawaii for more than seven years. I know the islands, geographically and historically, and I know all the races that make up their population.

I have known many army and navy people in Hawaii. With them as individuals I have no quarrel. Neither have I any quarrel with Mrs. Fortescue, her daughter, her son-in-law, or the two enlisted men of the navy who were involved in the "honor slaying." I have much sympathy for all they went through. Such a brutal assault upon a wife and daughter is enough to incite any husband, any mother, not only to manslaughter—of which the four defendants were convicted —but even to cold-blooded murder.

But it is significant that Mrs. Fortescue did not tell *why* it all happened. Significant, but not surprising. She simply does not know.

Few if any people in the military or naval service are able to tell the *why* back of the Massie assault case. Neither are many mainland residents.

The point is that the major responsibility for the brutal rape of Mrs. Massie lay not upon the five youths charged with the crime, *but upon the white race, particularly the service element, and upon Mrs. Massie herself.*

To really understand this, we must briefly go back into Hawaiian history, some of it unwritten.

But first let me paste a label of falsity upon an insinuation that runs all through Mrs. Fortescue's story of the alleged "martyrdom," and which apparently also dominates the thought processes of the American admiral who was "damned" by politicians and who sent out the official statement that Honolulu was not safe for white women. And that insinuation is that the recent turmoil in Honolulu was a conflict between the white race and a combination of natives and the Oriental races. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Any ill will and antagonism shown by natives and Americans of Oriental ancestry was directed, not against the white race but against the arrogance, the superiority complex, and the white-man's-burden attitude of the navy personnel in Hawaii.

Captain James Cook discovered Hawaii in 1778. For two years he and his men hung around the islands for greater or lesser intervals, taking food, fuel, water, women—anything they needed or wanted. They got away with it all; for the natives regarded Cook as a god who, they had believed, was to return to them.

The interest which Cook's men took in women, however, plus the fact that one of the sailors died and was buried ashore, tended to disillusion the Hawaiians with regard to the white man's divinity. They began to shut down on supplies. They even went so far as to steal a cutter from Cook's flagship.

Ah, here was a heinous offense! Cook decided that the honor of the service must be upheld. He would go ashore, capture a native chief, and hold him until the ship's boat was returned.

Cook was killed by the natives before he could get back to the safety of his ship. Strangely enough, his death did not call forth a manifesto from the British Admiralty proclaiming the Hawaiian Islands unsafe for white men.

Acme photo

The Hawaiian melting pot of races as you see it on the beach at Waikiki, where whites, native islanders, and Orientals all meet and mix socially.

FOR more than a century subsequent Caucasians followed Cook's example. Missionaries, traders, adventurers, and their descendants gradually accumulated just about all the land there was in sight. They were more diplomatic than Cook, however, in that they gave something in exchange. They gave clothes, for example, which fostered the seeds of tuberculosis among the Polynesians.

After all the good land had been secured the white man continued to be generous. He let the natives go right on living in Hawaii, so long as they didn't try to settle on land the white

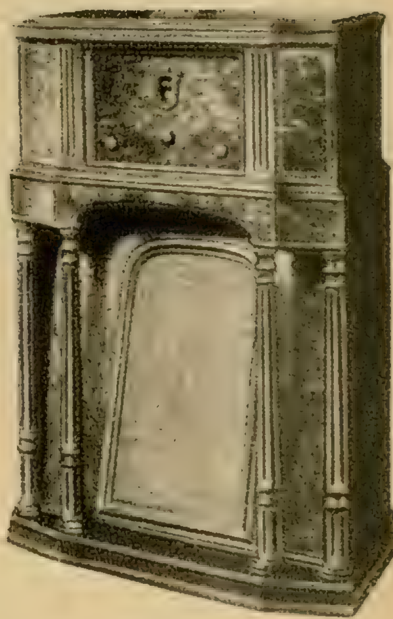
(Continued on page sixteen)

"Hello everybody!
This is Kate Smith"

(Lazarnick)

$18.75 *to* $295

FEDERAL TAX PAID



Meet the Songbird of the South as if "in person" through PHILCO

"The Songbird of the South and her Suwanee music"—sure of a hearty welcome everywhere every time she is on the air. Kate Smith—sweet singer of songs to "shut-ins" old and young—beloved "pal" to a host of disabled veterans—melodic friend to all the world.

"When the moon comes over the mountain"—let the star of the La Palina program shine at her brightest through the perfection of PHILCO'S reproduction. Catch every inflection of her voice—every word of a softly tender message to some child in a hospital bed—those personal touches which have made her radio's greatest spreader of good cheer and winner of good will.

Whether you listen to Kate Smith singing one of her "memory songs", to a violin solo or to the full sweeping volume of a mighty symphony orchestra—PHILCO'S reproduction is so compellingly vivid that the artists seem present in person.

Leading dealers everywhere are happy to show and demonstrate PHILCO—the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument.

See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

PHILCO MODEL 15X, shown above, $150 Federal Tax Paid—PATENTED—Contains every worthwhile radio improvement—many exclusively PHILCO. Musicians, especially, appreciate the following scientific points of superiority:—1. The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sound up into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the first time. 2. Large area of sounding board insures full reproduction of low notes. 3. Echo Absorbing Screen at the back prevents echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only from front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of sound chamber affords clear unboxed tone.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

Philco-Transitone Radio (superheterodyne) for motor cars and boats, average price complete, installed and tax paid on cars equipped with aerial, $69.50. ALL ELECTRIC (no dry batteries) $79.50.

PHILCO · PHILADELPHIA · TORONTO · LONDON

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

UNBALANCED RADIO
BALANCED PHILCO

(Continued from page fourteen) man claimed. Eventually he even built tenements for them.

Shortly after Cook's discovery, the great king of the islands, Kamehameha, issued a decree that any woman, old man, or child should lie down at night by the side of the road anywhere in Hawaii and be secure in his person and property. For a hundred years or more this law was traditional with the Hawaiian people. As late as 1920 it was still fairly effective. Rape was the scarcest crime on the calendar.

By that I do not mean that the morals of Hawaii were puritanical. Far from it. Throughout Polynesia sex has never been held in the light in which it is regarded by Caucasians. The individual has simply followed his or her natural desires. If a woman failed to respond to his advances, a man had the decency to respect her wishes. *It took the white man to teach the native to take what he wanted by force.*

DAVID HEENAN, JR.

who in this article speaks up for the Hawaiians, spent eight years in Honolulu, beginning in 1920, mostly at newspaper work. A Kansan by birth, he is a graduate of the University of Missouri, with war service to his credit. He now lives and does his writing in Wichita.

There was this difference, however. Where the Caucasian violated a moral code in the gratification of his lusts, the native did not.

About 1920 or 1921 a change snaked its way into the Hawaiian Paradise. A captain in the army was sued in the territorial courts for the support of an illegitimate child. It developed during the trial that if he had not assaulted the girl, he had at least seduced her with a minimum of coöperation on her part.

He lost the case in court. Was he ostracized by army and navy society? He was not. Did the War Department or the major general in command of the Hawaiian department of the army issue a statement that Honolulu was unsafe for white women? They did not. Did the army admit itself unable to cope with the situation and urge that a more rigorous civilian control of the islands be put in force? It did not.

Shortly thereafter, up Diamond Head Road, a civilian was dragged from his parked car and slugged and his wife was assaulted by men in army uniform.

There were many similar cases in ensuing months. Almost without exception the assailants were described as being in army or navy uniform. The newspapers gave but brief mention to the incidents. No one said in public that soldiers or sailors were guilty.

The implication was that some hoodlums had got hold of uniforms and were impersonating service men—which was possible but not probable. None of the assailants of that era were apprehended. The civil authorities were unable to do much about it. And of course the army and the navy discreetly failed to issue proclamations that Honolulu was unsafe for white women.

For one thing, most of the victims were natives or Chinese girls or Japanese girls. And these, apparently, didn't count.

In the years between 1920 and 1930 certain elements in the army and navy gradually tended to center their living in the Waikiki district of Honolulu. These groups are looked upon by the civilian population of Waikiki, some elements of which run with the service crowd, as being noisy, given to louder parties than any civilian group, and not altogether certain in their own befuddled minds, at times, as to just whose wife is whose.

IT was because of these things that Mrs. Fortescue was able to say truthfully in Liberty: "In Honolulu I learned that ravishment was an all too common crime. Seldom were the guilty punished."

She might have added that many cases of ravishment are not even reported, because if the offender is described as wearing an army or navy uniform nothing ever comes of the investigation.

By which I don't want you to get the idea that the army and navy people in Hawaii are without exception a riotous, hard-drinking, immoral crowd. But in proportion to their numbers no civilian clique can hold a candle to this element of service people when they are hitting on all twelve.

So generally recognized is this fact that when, during the visit of the Pacific Fleet to Hawaii in 1925, the navy's stay ashore degenerated into a general debauch, no one was particularly surprised. Matters simply became a little worse than usual. Sailors wandering the streets of Honolulu, openly hunting women, purchasable ones or otherwise; officers and gentlemen drinking themselves under the tables in a Chinese cabaret and staging a riot in the wee small hours of the morning over a native dancing girl; a navy chaplain galloping a broomstick horse through the corridors of a downtown hotel at two o'clock in the morning under the delusion that he was Paul Revere; scores of sailors, at all hours of the night, lying in drunken stupor in Hotel Street—these were so nearly the things the civilian population had expected that no comment was needed. The conservative citizens simply kept away from navy gatherings as thoroughly as possible.

Perhaps you now begin to see some connection between the record of the white race in Hawaii and the assault on Mrs. Massie.

WHEN sugar began to be an important export from Hawaii, the plantations which had been set up and controlled by white men were hard put to it to find cheap labor. The native Hawaiians simply refused to work. So long as trees yielded fruit and the sea fish, the despoilers had a swell chance of forcing them to harvest cane! So the white men brought in many shiploads of Chinese to work the plantations. Later, Japanese were imported, then a few Porto Ricans, and finally thousands of Filipinos.

All these races had certain things in common. They saved their meager wages; they married; they had children; they moved to town. Their children were all American citizens, born on American soil, educated in American schools, most of them prepared for white-collar jobs, not for plantation labor.

Now the second and some of the third generations are ready to work in town. Some are well employed, but each year a larger number find no work. They have brains, they have ability, but there are not enough jobs for them unless they want to return to the sugar plantations and work like mules for a dollar a day.

The average mainland resident would say, "Well, why shouldn't these young people go back to the plantations?" But that's no answer to the problem. The old days of man power in wheat harvesting are still vivid memories to many people. Work on a sugar-cane plantation is something like that, but worse. The average mainland American of white-collar training, faced with such an alternative, would rather become a bootlegger or a gangster. So would these young Americans of Oriental and Hawaiian ancestry. And that's what a lot of them have done. They have become, not gangsters in the mainland sense, but hoodlums—drug-store cowboys, if you like.

Time hangs heavy on their hands. They can't go back to the old easy life. The white man has the land now. Even the old fishing waters are taboo.

After a time these young people with nothing to do will start drinking, gambling. They'll get hold of an automobile and cruise around the streets looking for excitement. There were five young men of this class who found Mrs. Massie walking alone one night in September, 1931. They assaulted her. One of those accused was beaten; another was shot to death.

Probably you have no sympathy for them. Serves 'em right, you say, for attacking a white woman. I agree with you thoroughly, except that I question the propriety of the word white.

Every citizen of Hawaii at the time of annexation and everyone born there after annexation became a citizen of the United States. Horace Ida, Henry Chang, Benny Ahakuelo, and David Takei are citizens of this Republic just as much as are Mrs. Fortescue, Mrs. Massie, Lieutenant Massie, or the two enlisted men, Lord and Jones. Joseph Kahahawai also was such a citizen. The resolution of annexation did not specify that only white residents of Hawaii should become citizens of the United States.

What Mrs. Fortescue obviously still does not understand is that while rape is a crime in Hawaii, it does not make it a greater *(Continued on page eighteen)*

"Nerves"—My Doctor Called It

"You're Almost Impossible To Get Along With Lately"—

My Employer Warned Me

"Sleepless Nights and Nervous Days Were Ruining Me in Business and Losing Me The Affection of My Family and Friends"

NERVOUS irritability! A condition that's holding so many thousands of us in its grip today! Now important new discoveries have been made in ways to combat it.

No drugs need be used. No medicine. Just a simple food-drink provides factors essential to correcting this condition. You take it at meals or between meals—and *particularly*, at bedtime.

During the Great War, the method was used by the Allied Armies in rebuilding nervous, shell-shocked soldiers.

During these uncertain days, leaders in the medical profession, throughout the world, are prescribing it to bring sleep and nerve-quiet to an "on edge" world.

What it does—first—is to bring sound sleep quickly, just as soon as you go to bed. Then helps to rebuild your frayed nerves and body *while* you sleep.

The result is this: No bed tossing; no worrying when you go to bed. But sleep at once—your 8 full, restful hours of it. Then tomorrow, new poise in place of the racing nerves so many of us wonder what to do about these tumultuous times.

So that all may try it—a 3-day test is being publicly offered here. You can obtain one by simply using the coupon below.

What The Method Is

Ovaltine is a balanced combination of vital food elements—in easily digested form to rebuild nerve, brain and body cells.

Notable among its constituents is food calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin).

A cup of warm Ovaltine mixed with milk at bedtime promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest. And acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves; restoring nerve poise in a purely *natural* way.

And provides effective aid in breaking up the vicious cycle of sleepless nights and overwrought days from which nerve-irritated people suffer.

Start Tonight

So if you're nervous or run-down—if you have trouble sleeping at night—*try* Ovaltine. See how much more quickly you fall asleep at night—how much more nerve poise you possess—how much better you look and feel.

Start tonight. 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Or mail the special coupon below for a generous trial supply.

NOTE: *Ovaltine is highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

MAIL FOR 3 DAYS' SUPPLY

A. WANDER LIMITED, Dept. L.
"Elmwood Park," Peterborough, Canada
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day supply of Ovaltine.

Name..
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address..

City.............................*Prov*.................
(Only one package to a person) 941

OVALTINE
for restful sleep

(Continued from page sixteen)

crime for the victim to be a white woman. Hawaii to the letter abides by the principles of the American form of government which provide that all men and women are equal, and that no rights shall be denied anyone because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

It may be well, incidentally, to point out here that the Hawaiian race is not, though many people seem inclined to think it is, of Negro or Negroid descent. Had this fact been recognized by the navy in Hawaii we might have been spared the spectacle of an admiral of the United States Navy sounding off that Honolulu was unsafe for white women and then almost having apoplexy because a young American of Japanese ancestry, who had been elected by all the racial groups in Honolulu to the Territorial House of Representatives, had the temerity to say that the admiral gave him a pain in the neck.

But because it was a white woman who was assaulted, and because the young American who told the admiral where to get off happened to come from an alien race, the admiral and the navy as a whole now see a great menace to Hawaii in the fact that many of her citizens are of Japanese descent.

I do not know how loyal the Americans of Japanese blood in Hawaii would be in case of war between the United States and Japan. No one can know how loyal any previously loyal individual may be until the test comes. But this I do know: They are loyal to the United States and its institutions today and every one of them would fight to the last drop of his blood to defend Hawaii against any invader. Not even an admiral could do more than that. Hawaii is the land of their birth.

During and after the Massie-Fortescue mess in Hawaii there was much talk of a navy boycott against business firms that employed members of the jury that convicted Mrs. Fortescue and her allies.

I don't believe much came of it; but it was a silly, childish, arrogant gesture. Both branches of the service really make comparatively meager purchases from Honolulu retailers.

If the army and navy would pull out of Hawaii to the last tent stake, the islands would be much better off economically, morally, and socially. And from either the defensive or the offensive standpoint, the present military and naval forces in Hawaii are worthless. They have never done anything but maneuver. And the work they would be able to do in wartime could be done at least as effectively from the Pacific coast.

I said that Mrs. Fortescue spilled the beans in her use of the phrase "a more rigorous federal control in the Territory of Hawaii." And she did. What that phrase means in plain English is that the navy wants the Hawaiian Islands to cease to be a self-governing territory and be ruled instead by a tribunal of army and navy officers, preferably one hundred per cent navy.

They have wanted this for some time. Should they get it, Hawaii would be a second Samoa, where no one, civilian or anyone else, has any rights whatever.

Unfortunately for navy ambitions, there are still many people in America who think that law enforcement and law observance are matters of strictly state and territorial concern. They believe that Hawaii can work out her own salvation. The fact is, Hawaii *is* cleaning house. She is tightening up on the enforcement of laws and the maintenance of discipline, matters which have been admittedly too lax in the past.

I HAVE said that Mrs. Massie was herself partly responsible for the assault upon her person. She had no business to be out alone at the time of night she was in the part of Honolulu she was.

There are six parts of Honolulu into which no woman should go late at night unaccompanied. There is Iwelei. There is Tin Pan Alley. There are parts of the Kalihi district, Kakaako, River Street, and, finally, Ala Moana Road.

No woman, unless she were ignorant, drunk, or simply foolish and indiscreet, would think of going alone into one of these districts at half past twelve at night.

Mrs. Massie had lived in Honolulu too long to be ignorant of the reputation of these areas. The testimony in court was to the effect that she had not been drinking. Hence her appearance at the corner of the Ala Moana and John Ena Road a half hour after midnight must be credited to indiscreetness. She must realize, then, that her indiscreetness, her lack of caution, her failure to exercise common sense, must have been a major contributing factor in the horrible experience that befell her.

In her narrative Mrs. Fortescue stresses the point that the "United States attorney-general" (I assume she means the attorney-general of the Territory of Hawaii) said he would not leave his own wife alone in their home at night. I suppose Mrs. Fortescue used this incident to indicate how terrible were conditions in Hawaii at the time of which she wrote. But she overlooked the fact that the attorney-general probably would not think of leaving his wife alone in a house at night in any city the size of Honolulu, or larger, anywhere in the world. Neither would any other husband anywhere in America.

Try as she will, Mrs. Fortescue cannot place upon Honolulu the burden of blame for poor judgment and thoughtlessness upon the part of navy men and women.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

JEAN HARLOW TELLS THE INSIDE STORY !

For the first time the Platinum Venus of the screen breaks her silence concerning the mystery of her husband's suicide in an interview with

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

KNIGHT ERRANT

A Short Short Story

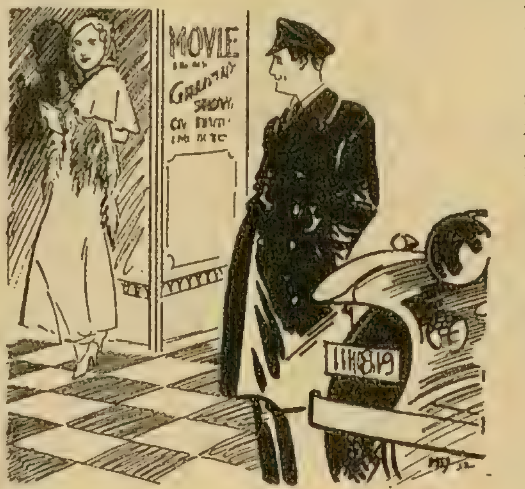
(Reading time: 5 minutes 45 seconds.)

By JOHN CRAIG

JIMMY QUIGLEY stood looking them over in front of Ferndale's picture theater. That was the place, summer evenings toward the end of the early show. They flocked there; they strolled on the sidewalk with their boy friends or in bevies—all kinds, from housemaids to class. Looking over classy ones and bragging of his conquests among them was Jimmy's passion.

It was a break for him that in that golden half hour he had no train to meet. He drove a station taxi, a shabby sedan. A lousy life, he called it. Still, there were chances to sneak the old boat for his personal use between trains.

As always, he had admirers at his elbow to brag to—a fellow taxi driver and a high-school boy, who without him would have been doing their looking from a distance, from the edge of the darkness, uneasily. But Jimmy stood forth, a bold red-headed bantam, in the glare of the theater's lights. *He* looked where he pleased, and his eyes challenged boy friends to see if he cared how they liked it; he said—over his shoulder, in loud, barking whispers—whatever it occurred to him to say.



He was the oracle, the connoisseur, the sheik. His admirers believed him and envied him. "Ah, janes are wise," he would say, "or they're dumb. If they're wise, ya can make 'em—I can." And as janes came by he would tell which were which. Invariably the classy ones were wise.

Jimmy was feeling pretty swell tonight. He had Sophie all dated for later. He didn't brag of Sophie; she was a housemaid. She wasn't so bad, though. After meeting the ten fifteen he would take her down on the dark Glen Road. . . .

Three very youthful janes came along and halted. The tallest one was flushed, nervous, radiant. Her eyes were a-dazzle. She was laughing at everything. She had on a yellow dress with a jazz of a red-and-white scarf.

But the up-and-down that Jimmy was giving her went sour on him, strangely. Something about her eyes, so big and bright— Hey, what the hell? This was a novel discomfort. To ease it, he said things about her.

His high-school-boy admirer was weakly incredulous. "Ah, come on! That's Joan Niles. She ain't sixteen yet."

Jimmy rounded on him. Who didn't know that? She went away to school now, didn't she? "Them girls in them schools! Don't talk like a sap! *She's* wise enough!"

She had left her friends at the ticket booth and gone on up the street by herself. The eyes on her—queer. They had spoiled Jimmy's fun. He slouched away to meet the nine ten.

An old bird who got off it wanted to be driven all the way to Johnsville. Judas! thought Jimmy as he grunted, "Git in." Two miles of bum dirt roads! Then alongside his car in the traffic for a block was a roadster driven by a lolling young giant in white clothes—George Sheehan, the college football star. There, by cripe, was a lad that *could* make 'em! Married ones, show girls, flappers.

Reaching Johnsville in ample time to get back and meet Sophie restored Jimmy's spirits to buoyancy. He overcharged a dollar, and the old bird came across without a squawk, and with a fifty-cent tip. Loafing back, he noticed that roadster again, ahead on the lighted boulevard. Sheehan had a jane with him now. Would he—Sure! He turned off down the dark Glen Road.

Not so good if he was going to park down there. No use to bring Sophie then. Better slide down there and see. Jimmy slid noiselessly, coasting. When he made out the roadster ahead of him in the gloom he stopped and cursed. Then curiosity sent him on afoot to see who the jane might be.

At twenty yards he knew who she was by her red-and-white scarf.

"Well, I'll be a son!" he assured himself, discovering that he hadn't believed what he had said of her. Not with those eyes on her—and her not sixteen yet. But here she was. Well, it was nobody's business.

The two heads in the roadster were together. This necking stuff, anyhow. The voices were low—then were louder, one expostulating, the other chuckling. "Uh," Jimmy judged from the tones, "he's got some hooch in him. She ain't. Anything can happen with that guy—" Ah, it *was* nobody's business, wasn't it? And, after all, Sheehan had tipped Jimmy dollars and given him drinks.

There was a scuffle, with a faint gasped scream. She was out of the roadster—Sheehan was after her. "*Any* damn' thing," thought Jimmy. "Come on, le's blow!" He stuck, however.

Sheehan caught her, grabbed her up. She sobbed, begged, tried to fight him. Why couldn't she holler? The boulevard was near enough; plenty of cars were passing. Maybe she knew her old man would half kill her; Dr. Niles' temper was famous. All of a sudden she was quiet and Sheehan was carrying her. Jimmy meant to blow. But a miracle happened; his legs made him run the wrong way. They bore him straight, full tilt, at the astonished white-clad giant; and as Sheehan dropped the girl he brought up his right fist to Sheehan's ear.

HE was half Sheehan's weight, but it was dark and the hooch blurred Sheehan's eyes. Twice Sheehan knocked him spinning; both times he bounced to his feet like a cat. And then he ducked and slipped in under Sheehan's long arm, and slugged him one low, in the groin, and as he doubled up grappled him.

After some minutes he got off him. When Sheehan could stand, he was docile, obedient. He stumbled into his roadster and its tail-light disappeared. Then Jimmy said, "Lady, come on; I'll take ya home."

He helped her up gingerly. He was all bloody. Damn' the little —— to hell! What *had* he horned in for?

"Cut the cryin', lady. You was to the movies, an' afterwards stopped for ice cream. When you seen how late it was, you took a taxi. That'll git ya by at home."

His left eye was smashed shut, his mouth was pulped. All *her* fault, the lousy little ——! And yet, halfway to the Niles' house, he slowed and astonished himself once more: "If ya run around with guys like him, lady, ya gotta expect them things—they'll happen."

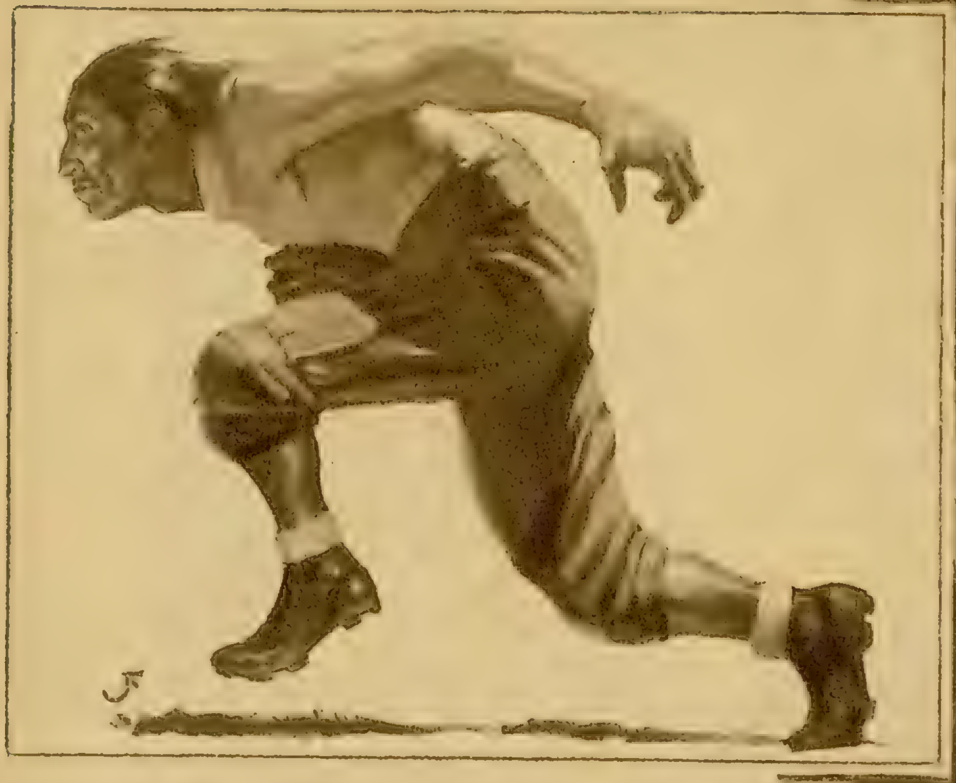
What was he handing out this guff for? He stepped on it, wondering and silently cursing her. When they got there he opened the door for her and snarled, "Ferget it! No charge!" and blew.

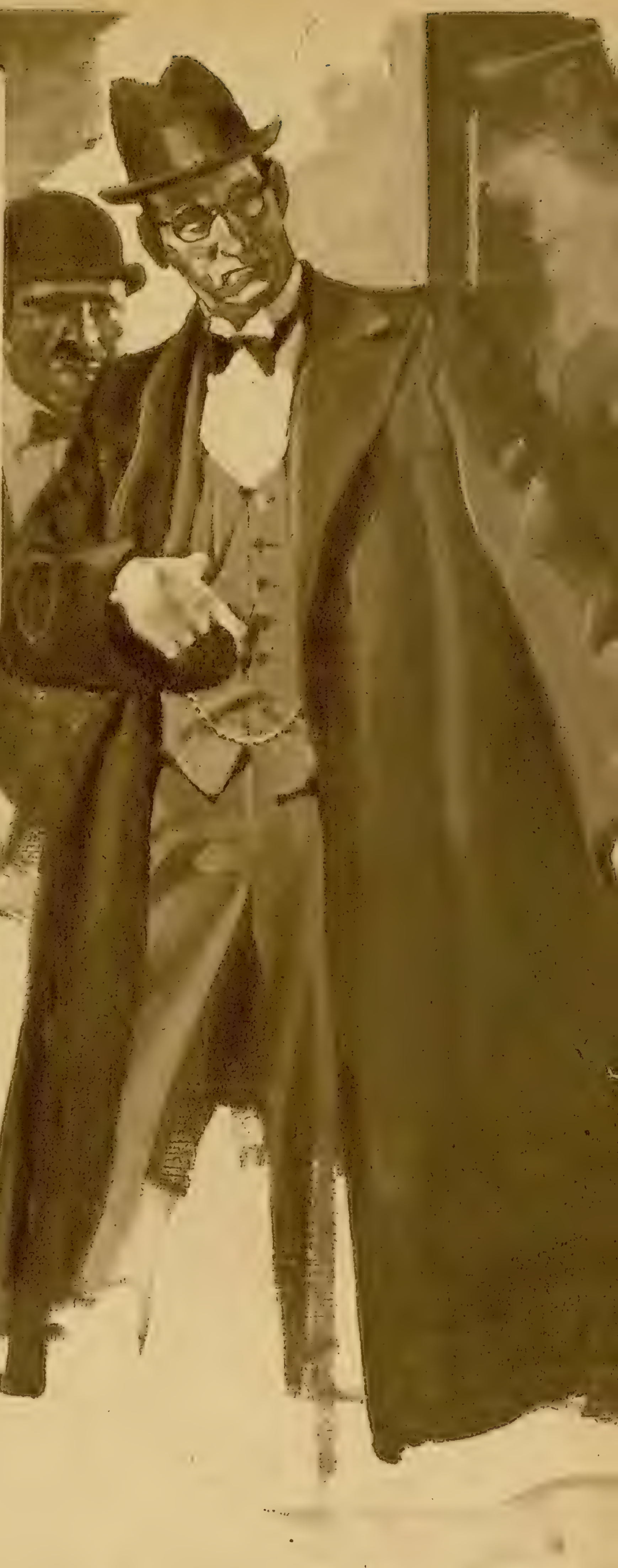
It was a week before Jimmy's eye and mouth were in shape to be exhibited in front of the theater, and it was another before the night when she came out of it.

She saw him. Her face lighted. Then she was embarrassed, but she took a step toward him, to speak. He looked her up and down and looked away. His school-boy admirer was awe-struck. "Jeez, Jim! 'Dya make *her?*"

"Cripe!" said Jimmy. "Make her? She's dumb!"

Liberty offers $100 to $500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.





The Story of a Football Team that Sold Farms with Touchdowns and a Wife Who Was Fed Up with College

(Reading time: 22 minutes 5 seconds.)

MR. BUTCH WALLENDER, the tramp athlete, was getting ready for his fall pilgrimage. With loving care he was putting his raccoon coat into his wardrobe trunk. His wife was emptying out the closets.

College-going was a business with Mr. Wallender. He was a tackle, and a good one, and at the rate he was going and with the competition he was meeting, he could continue playing college tackle for upward of fifty years. His extra weight didn't matter, his slowness of foot wasn't noticed.

"Well, Mama," said Butch to his beautiful young wife, "I bet you couldn't even guess this year."

"Yale," said Mama ironically.

"Nope."

"Harvard?"

"I'm keepin' them till I can raise a beard," said Butch.

"The Junior College of the Royal Arcanium of Swishville, Arizona?" said Mama.

"Nope."

"Well, it don't matter to me so long's we get a better place to stay than last year. What a dump, that Hopedale, Louisiana, dump. If you had any guts you'd make them bums pay you the money they owe you."

"Money!" declared Butch, coming up out of the trunk and looking at Mama sternly. "Money?"

"Well, loan, then," said Mama disgustedly. "They offered you a loan as a deserving student—"

"I *was* a deserving student."

"—and they never paid it all."

"They said I hadn't ought to go away like that, right after the football season," said Butch. "They said I ought to play basketball or something." He rose up and shrugged his shoulders. "Heigh-ho! What the hell!" . . .

Mama and Butch were sitting in the Pullman, watching the Panhandle of Texas go by.

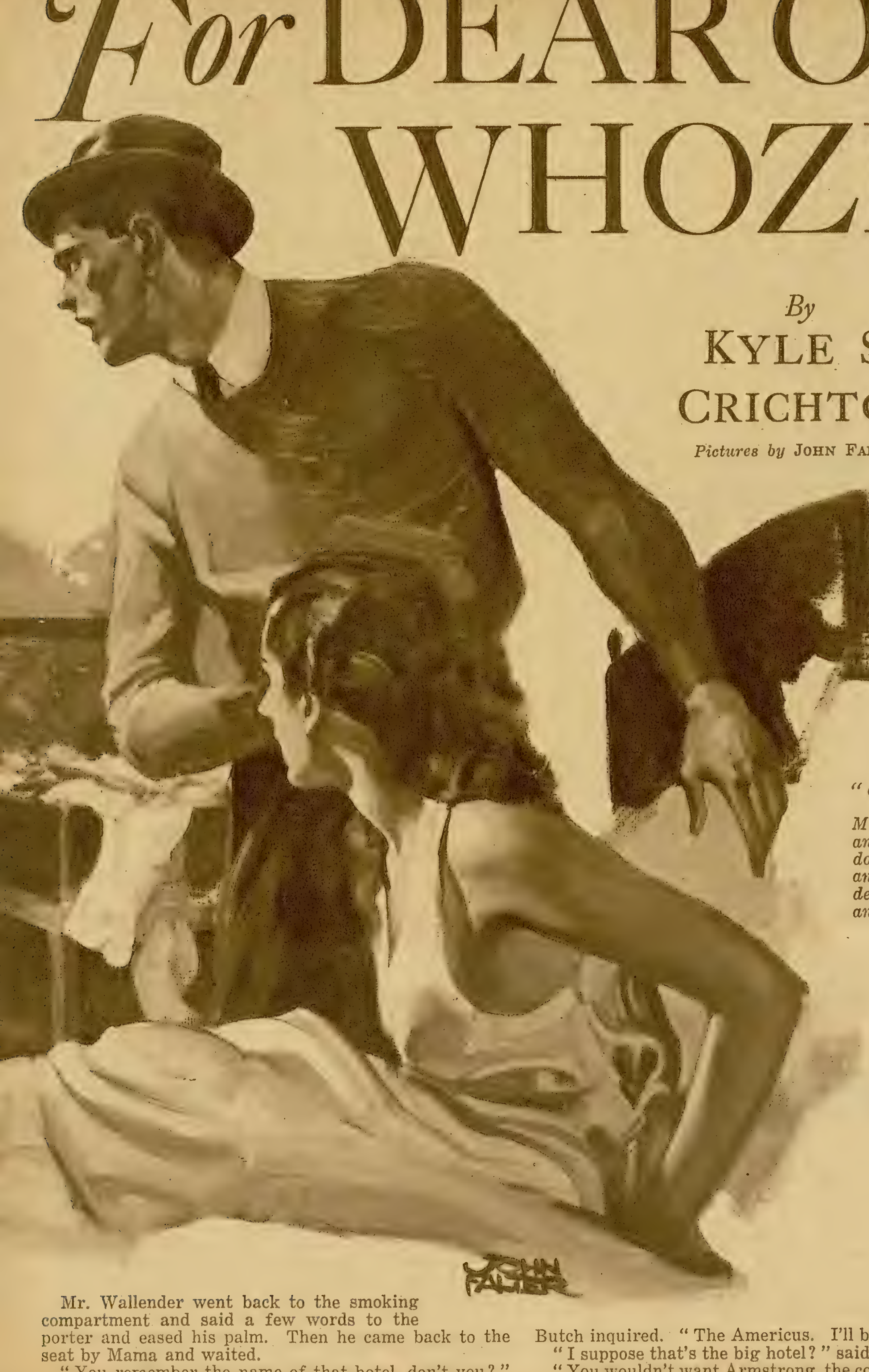
"We're pretty near there now," said Butch. "Two more stops."

He got up and started to pull his bags down from the rack. "Must we go through all that monkey business again?" cried Mama plaintively.

For DEAR Old WHOZIS

By
KYLE S. CRICHTON

Pictures by JOHN FALTER



"HELLO, darling!" said Mama happily, and just then the door burst open and in came President Cartwright and a house detective.

Mr. Wallender went back to the smoking compartment and said a few words to the porter and eased his palm. Then he came back to the seat by Mama and waited.

"You remember the name of that hotel, don't you?" Butch inquired. "The Americus. I'll be at the Drake."

"I suppose that's the big hotel?" said Mama.

"You wouldn't want Armstrong, the coming star of the

COOL SHAVES!
COOL SHAVES!

Ingram's Shaving Cream
Ingram's Shaving Cream

C-O-O-L!

Cut loose with a locomotive! Ingram's is something to yell about! It's the greatest shaving cream ever invented. It shaves you as cool as a New Year's game at Alaska U. It's cool, *cool*, COOL!

We put three special things into every *jar* and every *tube* of Ingram's. You need only to buy one container or the other; both are full of the same grand cream. It acts on your cheek like a shaving cream, lotion, and a skin tonic—all at once.

Once you've tried Ingram's you'll always insist on it. That's why it saves time and trouble to buy a jar or a tube at your druggist's.

But if you want to try a sample first—send in the coupon and a 2¢ stamp. We'll *give* you your first ten 100% comfortable shaves.

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM
IN TUBES OR JARS

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. B-1122
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y. ★
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp.

Name________________
Street________________
City________ State________

North Texas Breeding and Husbandry University, to be stopping at a flop house, would you?" asked the former Mr. Butch Wallender.

The porter came through and got Mr. Wallender-Armstrong's bags. Mr. Wallender-Armstrong bade a fond farewell to the young lady he was traveling with and followed the porter through the car to the front end and then into the next day coach, where Mr. Wallender-Armstrong sat down again and gathered his bags about him. At the next stop, which was Blinker, Texas, Mr. Wallender-Armstrong got off the day coach and his lady friend got off the Pullman and neither gave signs of recognition. Mr. Wallender-Armstrong was met by an aged gentleman named Cartwright, president of the North Texas Breeding and Husbandry University.

The young lady went into the station bus of the Hotel Americus with a look on her face which was not elation.

. . . . .

Mr. Butch Armstrong, *né* Wallender, had just finished a highly satisfactory conference with President Cartwright. He had been out to the university itself, which consisted of three buildings. One was the administration hall which also included all the classrooms. Another was the men's dormitory. The other was the girls' dormitory. The latter two buildings were separated by a distance of a mile across the campus.

"You have a very nice place here, Dr. Cartwright," said Butch, who had been long enough around colleges to know a thing or two about titles. "Just before I left, the mother of one of the most promising high-school girls came to me and wanted that I should let her know how I found things here. She wants to send her daughter if I find it O. K., and I certainly find it O. K."

"Excellent!" beamed the doctor.

"The girl's name is Mary Harkness. Everybody calls her Maizie. I'll wire her mother tonight."

FOUR days later Mr. Butch Armstrong brought Mary Harkness to the campus of the North Texas Breeding and Husbandry University, but only after a battle.

"I've seen the place and I like the Americus better," said Mama. "I like the patriotic music."

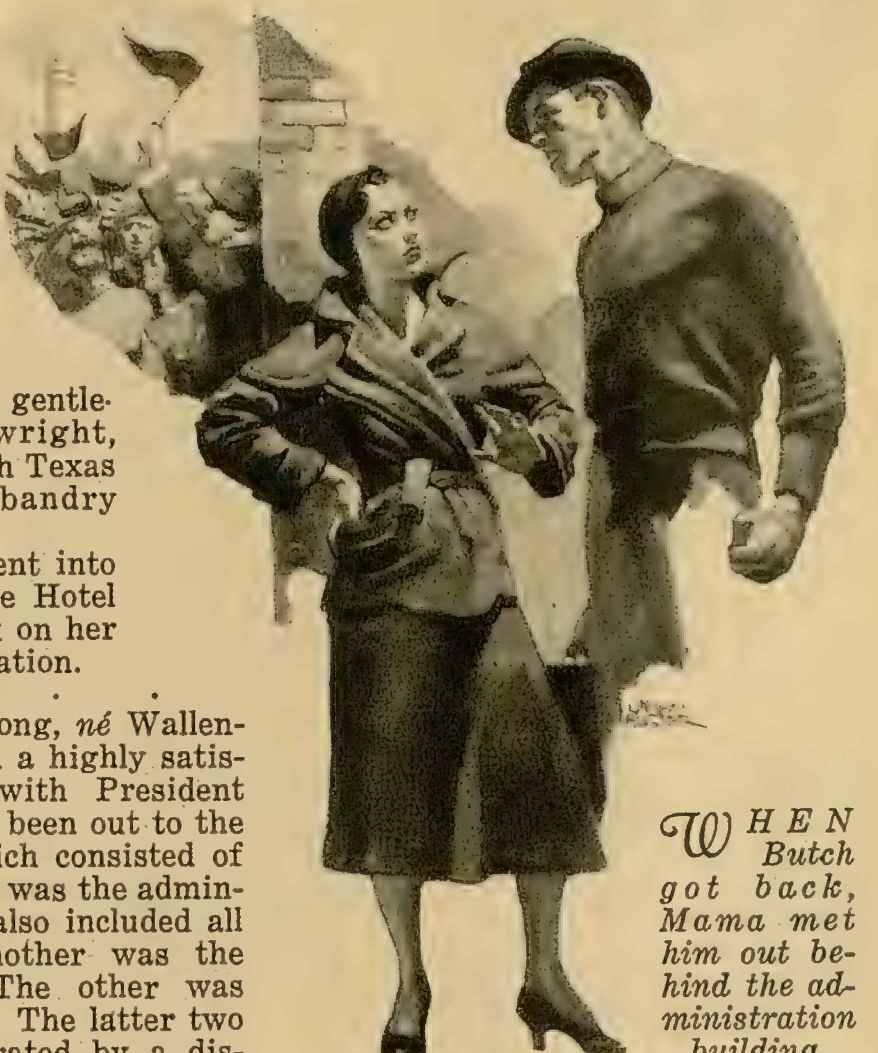
"You can get board and room out at the college for twenty-five bucks a month, and, besides that, if there's one thing this Cartwright bozo's tough about it's keeping in training. He's got it right there in the loan agreement—"

"Another one of them student loans?"

"Yeh, but no basketball this time."

"Irregardless of everything, I'd rather stay at the Americus," said Mama.

"Listen," said Butch. "I don't know much, but I got a good idea about Texas. You know what they think of a woman livin' by herself at a hotel? Well, the first time I came down to see you, the bell boys would be phonin' the chief of police. This town's goofy about this football team. They're goin' to have a good football team or somebody's going to get rid out of town on a rail, and it ain't goin' to be me."



WHEN Butch got back, Mama met him out behind the administration building.

"If it was left to me, I'd stay at the Americus," said Mama, "but if it's like what you say it is, back to the old books for me. Wait a minute till I get my suitcase packed and my hair in braids. What do I start as this time—a freshman? I go over that trigonometry one time more and what do I do? I get to having screaming fits in the classroom." . . .

The football squad began to form and North Texas Breeders played its first game with Alcibiades College of Alcibiades, Oklahoma. This game was played at Alcibiades and the score was North Texas Breeders, 115; Alcibiades, 0.

Mama didn't go along to Alcibiades because there was a rule at North Texas Breeders that the young ladies of the college couldn't leave town unless accompanied by the dean of women, and the dean of women didn't like Alcibiades, Oklahoma, and had no intention of going there.

When Butch got back, Mama met him out behind the administration building after supper.

"What kind of a dump is this dump

anyhow?" she demanded. "Here we been married ten years and I guess now we have to go to puttin' love notes in a tree trunk."

"You don't see any smile on my face, do you?" said Mr. Wallender-Armstrong. "We beat them bums seven thousand to nothing and they had me in there every minute. We had twenty-five guys on the bench in uniform when the game started, and I looked around after the ninth touchdown and there was only four of them left. Do you know where them other guys went?"

"Back to the convent," suggested Mama.

"They was out selling farms. Them guys are the highest-pressure real-estate salesmen in captivity. We do the advertising and they mop up right behind. This is goin' to be a sweet year for me. We got four substitutes and they're all back-field men. If anything happens to us on the line, we go right ahead till the undertaker steps in. We're goin' to have a pretty good team at that," he added, perking up with professional pride. "We got them three Indians from some place in New Mexico."

"What was the matter the last place they was in?" asked Mama.

"They didn't say. They don't say nothin'. All they say is 'Ugh!'"

"Wait'll they hit up against that trigonometry," said Mama.

"They ain't goin' to hit up against no trigonometry. They passed that years ago. Them Indians was at Carlisle with Jim Thorpe."

"What side was they on in the War of 1812?" asked Mama.

THE NORTH TEXAS BREEDERS played the Iowa State Morticians at Pow Springs, Iowa, next Saturday. Score: North Texas Breeders, 68; Iowa State Morticians, 6. The same eleven men started and finished the game. Davenport, who had played three years at Syracuse and four at West Point under the name of Savencourt, was at left tackle for North Texas Breeders. The three Indians from New Mexico were in the back field.

The salesmen sold eight farms and were met at the train by a band when they got back to Blinker, Texas. The team was included in the celebration.

Mama was down at the station accompanying the cheering hosts. She cheered only long enough to get away from the dean of women. Then she captured Butch and dragged him down a back street.

"Three thousand bucks or no three thousand bucks, I'm through," said Mama.

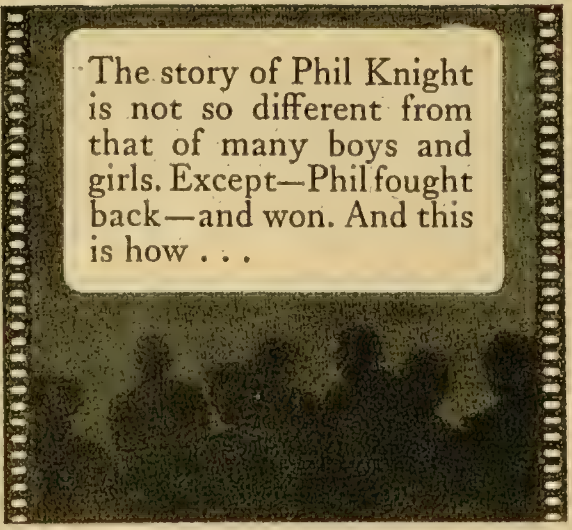
"You heard of the depression, ain't you?" Butch inquired.

"I'm livin' it," said Mama. "I never been so depressed in my life. When I want to take a smoke, I hide out back in the woods. Lights out and in bed at ten o'clock. Chapel at seven forty-five in the morning. When we don't have grits, we got beans. Trigonometry."

"I just found out that them Indians

REAL LIFE MOVIES

Phil Fights Back

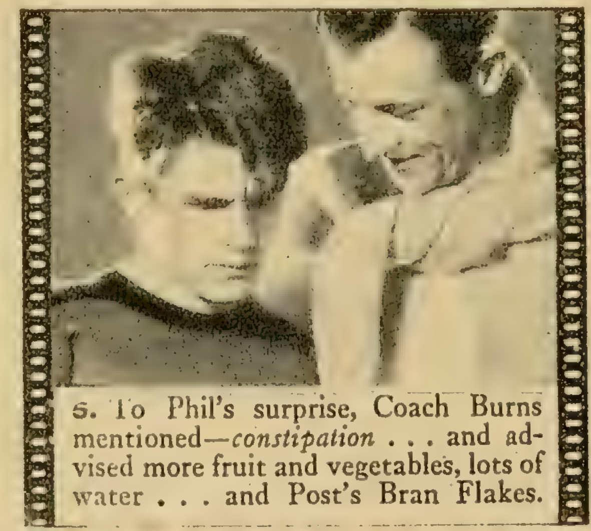


The story of Phil Knight is not so different from that of many boys and girls. Except—Phil fought back—and won. And this is how . . .

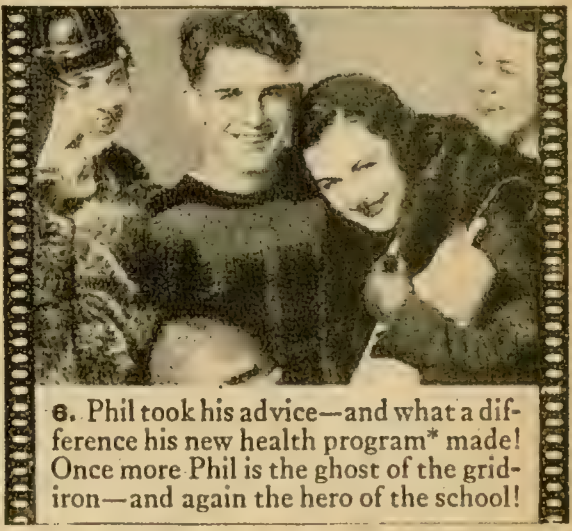
2. Phil Knight was the gridiron sensation of Carlton High School. Carlton pinned its hopes on him for the state championship the following year . . .

3. But—something happened to Phil during the summer vacation. He lost his fight, his driving energy. More and more he began to "warm the bench."

4. Then—in the big game with St. Thomas—Phil's fumble lost the game. After that disgrace Coach Burns drew him aside . . . questioned him closely.



5. To Phil's surprise, Coach Burns mentioned—*constipation* . . . and advised more fruit and vegetables, lots of water . . . and Post's Bran Flakes.



6. Phil took his advice—and what a difference his new health program* made! Once more Phil is the ghost of the gridiron—and again the hero of the school!

NOW YOU PAY FAR LESS!

FOR THE EXTRA HEALTH BENEFITS—OF THIS DELICIOUS BRAN CEREAL

Post's
BRAN
FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF
WHEAT
THE NEW CRISP-PACK
NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN

© 1932
G. F. Co.

Don't let intestinal sluggishness, due to lack of bulk in the diet, rob you of the good things of life . . . romance, success, friends. *Eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, drink lots of water, exercise . . . and begin eating Post's Bran Flakes *regularly*.

Post's Bran Flakes is now much lower in price—so low that *everybody* can afford this delicious and effective cereal. So serve Post's Bran Flakes often! Even more delicious now—because it's *Crisp-Pack*. A product of General Foods.

ALSO BIG ECONOMY PACKAGE

We have also made available to your grocer a big economy package. Thrifty buyers will welcome the important added savings its extra contents supply.

Raleigh
Cigarettes

Raleigh
CIGARETTES
20

are now only
15¢
(Cork tips at no extra cost)

and you get a
COUPON
in every pack

Save 50 and get a beautiful deck of INITIALED PLAYING CARDS

Or save 85 and get a handsome bridge set of two decks in contrasting colors of the same design.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

ain't takin' trigonometry," offered Butch.

"What are they takin'?"

"They're in the husbandry course; they're milkin' cows."

"That's education for you," said Mama. "If you don't like one thing, you can always take somethin' else worse. Ain't this team of yours ever goin' to play no games at home?"

"You can't sell farms in Blinker, Texas, to people in Blinker, Texas," said Mr. Wallender-Armstrong sagely. "You just stop your worryin'. You gotta think about them three thousand bucks. We lose that dough and what do I do? Back to the ole garage again. I never been so sick of a foreign race in all my life as last summer with them Chevrolets."

Next Saturday they went up to Sewanee, Wyoming, to play the Wyoming College of Chiropractors. Before the game, Dr. Cartwright came into the dressing room of his warriors and made them a pep talk.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the people here are very fond of the young men on this team, and I think it would be a noble gesture on our part if you gentlemen handled these boys with the greatest discretion. The people of Sewanee would appreciate it, and, on my part, I should appreciate it if you could keep the score down—"

Dr. Cartwright went out.

Mr. Wallender-Armstrong looked around at his team mates.

"I like to do a guy a favor," said Mr. Wallender-Armstrong, "and I love this dear old false alarm known as Dr. Cartwright, but, after all, there is such a thing as professional pride."

Mr. Drake, the coach, then said a few words:

"Now, listen, boys. The old guy is treatin' you guys pretty square, and if you can pull a punch now and then to help the old guy sell a few farms—"

"So that's what we've come to, eh?" said Mr. Wallender-Armstrong. "Sell a few farms."

He spoke slowly, thus giving his associate Abe Beagle-Face of the New Mexico Beagle-Faces time to stoop behind Mr. Drake. Whereupon Mr. Wallender-Armstrong gave Mr. Drake a gentle but firm shove on the shoulder and tipped him abruptly over on his neck, thus ending conversation from that sector.

THE North Texas Breeders then went out and beat the Wyoming College of Chiropractors 137-0. President Cartwright left at the end of the first quarter, red in the face. He immediately took a train for home, not waiting for his football team. The salesmen went up one side of the street of Sewanee, Wyoming, and down the other and sold no farms in Blinker, Texas, and indeed were lucky to get away with their lives.

Mr. Drake, the coach, was recovered by the time the team started home and was happy again.

"What's the use of you birds goin' back to Blinker? You're prob'ly all fired. The old man may keep a few, but you, Armstrong, *you're* not only fired but it'll be a break if you ain't lynched."

"You ever hear of the Three Musketeers?" asked Mr. Davenport, late of Syracuse and West Point. "Well, we're the Fifteen Gnats. If they fire Butch, they fire us all."

"Ugh!" said the Beagle-Face boys of New Mexico.

But when they got back to Blinker, Texas, Mr. Drake received a shock. The town turned out *en masse* to welcome the conquering heroes, and right in the front rank was Dr. Cartwright.

MAMA again took Butch down an alley.

"Saturday afternoon, and what did I do?" asked Mama indignantly. "We went for a walk in the woods for nature study! We either get out of this place or you have me committed to the goofy house. I'd prefer it."

"You got a kick comin'!" cried Butch, "and me playin' my heart out for that dirty crook, and him watchin' me like a hawk from now on so's he can get somethin' on me and fire me. We need the money, and this is one mess of cash I'm goin' to take with pleasure. The fewer farms this bucko sells the better I like it. I'm in bed every night at ten and I'm obeyin' every rule this guy makes. You should of seen them Indians runnin' through them chiropractors. It'll be Christmas before they get done adjustin' all the bones we cracked up there."

"Ain't you got no more love for a lady what's been your wife for ten years than to have her out in the woods trying to tell some dumb-bell which is a violet and which is a dandelion?" asked Mama tearfully.

"That ain't goin' to do you half the harm of me layin' on my back under a Chevrolet," said Butch.

"I bet you don't know what nature study is," sobbed Mama. "I betcha people's died of nature study already. If I'd 'a' known what I know now, I bet you'd never 'a' got me to marry Hammersmith, Arkansas School of Blacksmithing, '22."

"Boy, was I hot that year!" cried Butch, lighting up with pride.

Friday morning they managed a few words between classes.

"If you hear of a strange body found in the crick," said Mama, "it's me."

"Remember we got a thousand bucks still comin'. We get five hundred bucks before we get through this three weeks' trip we're takin' and we'll jump the old crook for the last five hundred just before the last game. We're takin' no chances on that baby standin' us up. You gotta stick it out!"

"All right," said Mama tensely. "This time I'm a martyr, and after that do you know the only time you'll ever see the sun shinin'?"

"When?"

"It'll be when the foreman of the garage comes out and drives them Chevrolets right away from on top of you." . . .

When Butch got to Three Bowers, Arkansas, where the North Texas

Breeders were to play the Arkansas College of the Ozarks, there was a telegram waiting for him. It read:

YOU BETTER WATCH YOUR GIRL SHE IS CARRYING ON SCANDALOUS WITH PRESIDENTS SON WELL WISHER

Butch turned it over to Mr. Davenport, late of Syracuse and West Point, and the only one to know of the relationship between Butch and Mama.

"Well, you trust her, don't you?" asked Mr. Davenport.

"Sure," said Butch lightly.

"If you ask me, it's somebody trying to frame you so you'll quit—probably the old crook himself."

"That's what I thought," said Butch.

The North Texas Breeders beat the College of the Ozarks 72-7, and the salesmen got rid of only two farms. The team headed for Alabama to play the Alabama Boll Weevil Academy at Wisbrook, Alabama.

Before the game President Cartwright paid his employees their two weeks' check. He then offered a few words of hope that the score would not be too high.

The North Texas Breeders defeated the Alabama Boll Weevil Academy 94-0, and two of Dr. Cartwright's agents were severely injured while trying to interest prospects in farms in Blinker, Texas. The team stayed over in Wisbrook, Alabama, until Sunday, when they would take the train for Big Run, Mississippi, where they would play the Mississippi Institute for Levee Construction.

ON Saturday night at nine o'clock in Wisbrook, Alabama, Mr. Butch Wallender-Armstrong came into his room at the Hotel Wisbrook and found a woman in his bed.

"Hello, darling!" said Mama happily, and just then the door burst open behind Butch and in came President Cartwright and Coach Drake and a house detective.

"Ah-ha!" cried President Cartwright. "It is only by the merest chance that we have been able to avert a scandal on the fair name of our college."

"That ain't a college," said Mama. "That's a monastery. The only difference is a monastery is a six-day bike race in comparison."

"We shall take care of your case later, young lady," said President Cartwright.

"I ain't no lady," said Mama; "I'm Butch's wife."

"It is all the worse," said President Cartwright. "The crime is all the graver. Mr. Armstrong, you are discharged!"

Mr. Davenport, late of Syracuse and West Point, and the three Beagle-Face boys of New Mexico came into the room.

"Who's discharged?" asked Mr. Davenport. "If Butch is discharged, we all quit."

"You can't quit!" cried Dr. Cartwright. "Need I remind you that such action would result in the cancellation of your—ah—loan agreement?"

You Can Make the Dullest Teeth Gleaming White

After other ways fail, new technique removes disfiguring stain — TEETH WHITEN QUICKLY

Just because faithful brushing has failed to make your teeth white and attractive don't think that yellow, off-color or discolored teeth are natural. They're not! . . . as you'll soon discover if you start using this remarkable new technique. It erases all stain and tartar and actually cleans teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days!

If you want teeth others will admire, stop useless brushing—today—and switch over to this technique. Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush morning and night.

There's a definite reason why Kolynos cleans and whitens teeth so remarkably. It is a double-strength dental cream—unlike anything you've ever used—that contains two important ingredients. One—the best and safest cleansing agent known—literally foams into and cleans out every tiny crevice, erases tartar and removes yellowish acid spots. And the second ingredient strikes at the source of most tooth and gum troubles. It kills millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and, if neglected, cause decay, discoloration and gum diseases.

Thus teeth are scientifically cleaned right down to the natural white enamel without injury. The gums are stimulated and the mouth is left cleaner and fresher.

Decide to have sound, gleaming white teeth and healthy gums. AND SAVE MONEY, TOO. Kolynos lasts twice the usual time because you use half as much. And in 3 days a glance will tell you why this dental cream is winning thousands of users every day . . . your teeth will look 3 shades whiter! Try a tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS
Antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

58
RCA RADIOTRONS
THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO
RCA
Radiotron

Good Tubes

will make any set a better radio

A few dollars restores your radio to original performance. Prices *now* are *far* below those of 1930.

●

RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC.
Harrison, N. J.
A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary

"You needn't remind me of anything," said Mr. Davenport. "I've been away ahead of you on that. I've just been thinking whether it's more fun to think of throwing you to those lions in Blinker if you kick out your football team or taking the jack from you."

"Ugh!" said the Beagle-Face brethren of New Mexico.

Mr. Drake, the coach, dragged President Cartwright into a corner for a conference, and spoke to him gravely. The president came back. "I think, in view of these grievous circumstances, that we might agree to a compromise," he said. "It will obviously be impossible for Mr. Armstrong to return to Blinker after what has happened. In view of that, we can agree to have him play the Mississippi Levees next Saturday. After that he will have to withdraw. We can allow him half of the remainder of his loan agreement."

It was arranged that way.

President Cartwright and Coach Drake withdrew, followed by Mr. Davenport and his pals.

"Well, now you've done it!" said Butch bitterly. "Lettin' them catch you in a man's hotel room."

"Catch me!" laughed Mama. "They didn't do no catchin' me. I told the clerk to send that old bozo up here. I didn't want to take no chances of goin' back to that reform school. One week more and what do I do? I do baby talk in trigonometry."

THEY went down to Big Run, Mississippi, to play the Mississippi Levees. Mama came around to the dressing room before the game. The salesmen and Papa Cartwright and Mr. Drake were absent.

"Did you get the money?" asked Mama.

"Who from?" said Butch disgustedly. "Do you see anybody around here to get any money from?"

"You'll get the money all right," Mr. Davenport assured him. "If they don't pay Butch, we don't play the big game with East Texas Petroleum."

Mama rummaged in her hand bag and brought forth a telegram and handed it to Mr. Davenport. They went back in a corner so the rest of the team couldn't hear the discussion.

"Why, the dirty crook!" exclaimed Mr. Davenport. "It says here East Texas Pete never heard of us and no game was ever scheduled. It's the president wiring."

"As a matter of fact," said Mama, "the big game is this one today. These farmers have been washed out so often down here, they're a set-up for the old gent and that Panhandle land. This is one game he wants you to win. That's why he stayed away. He knew whatever he ast you to do, you'd do somethin' else. They been tellin' stories down here like what you fellows was farm boys from the Panhandle and that's the kind of boys they grow on them fine farms, and old Cartwright wants you to win about a million to nothin'. If you do, he'll sell a hundred farms. Then, after the game, he's goin' to wire home that you been caught with a bunch of dames or drunk or somethin' and he'll fire the whole gang. You birds will be out in the cold for your dough."

NEXT WEEK—

CAMPUS LEGGER

as told to

George S. Brooks

The vivid inside story of a man who has peddled liquor at one of our large Eastern universities for the last nine years

●

Also

stories and articles by Elmer Davis—Don Farran—Edwin B. Dooley—Agnes Christine Johnston—Marjorie Stoneman Douglas

---

"The dirty crook!" cried Butch.

"We oughtn't to play at all," said Mr. Davenport.

"Ugh!" said the Beagle Boys of New Mexico.

WHEN they came out on the field they saw President Cartwright and Coach Drake and the salesmen seated in the center of the stands with a group of what looked to be representative Big Run citizens.

Mississippi Levees kicked off to North Texas Breeders.

The kick was short, going straight to Butch Wallender-Armstrong, who started down the field and never stopped until he was over the goal line.

President Cartwright was applauding heartily in the stands.

Joe Beagle-Face missed the kick after touchdown.

Score: North Texas, 6; Mississippi Levees, 0.

North Texas kicked off and the Levees fumbled into Mr. Wallender-Armstrong's willing hands. The ball was on the twenty-yard line. On the first play Abe Beagle-Face forward-passed over the goal line and at least fifteen yards from any team mate. The ball struck the Levee quarterback on the chest and bounced ten yards into Mr. Wallender-Armstrong's arms and he went over for another touchdown.

"This is marvelous," said Mr. Davenport, looking sourly at the Beagle-Face boys.

President Cartwright was wreathed in smiles in the stands.

Joe Beagle-Face missed the kick after touchdown.

Score, North Texas, 12; Mississippi Levees, 0.

North Texas received the kick-off. Again it was short. It went directly to right tackle, Wallender-Armstrong, who gathered the ball in and plowed straight through Mississippi for a touchdown.

President Cartwright stood up in the stands and cheered.

"This is dandy," said Mr. Davenport, looking murderously all about him. "This is just awfully dandy."

He went over and hit Joe Beagle-Face so hard on the shoulder it spun him around twice.

Joe Beagle-Face missed the kick after touchdown.

Score: North Texas, 18; Mississippi Levees, 0.

North Texas kicked off, Mississippi fumbled on their own fifteen-yard line, and Mr. Wallender-Armstrong fell on the ball.

On the first play Joe Beagle-Face started toward the line and then seemed to get confused. He turned. Coming back out of the line was Mr. Davenport. He also seemed confused. He bumped various team mates around him.

Mr. Beagle-Face seemed to get more confused. Suddenly he darted to the left and then started backward toward his own goal.

"Hey!" howled Butch. "You're goin' the wrong way!"

North Texas took after their own back-field star, but he had a good lead, and Mr. Davenport, also very much balled up, acted as interference. Mr. Beagle-Face ran eighty-five yards in the wrong direction, stumbled on the five-yard line, and the ball popped over the goal line, where it was fallen on by a Mississippi Levee end.

Score: North Texas, 18; Mississippi Levees, 6.

President Cartwright, in the stands, was wringing his hands.

Mississippi Levees missed the goal after touchdown, but Mr. Davenport, still seemingly in a state of coma, was far offside. The point was awarded to Mississippi.

The next time North Texas got the ball, Luke Beagle-Face made a remarkable run of ninety yards in the wrong direction.

In touching it down, he fumbled, and a Mississippi Levee man fell on it for a touchdown.

"Hey!" howled Butch, but in vain.

Score: North Texas, 18; Mississippi Levees, 13.

Thereafter Mr. Davenport and the three Beagle-Face boys of New Mexico went entirely ga-ga and couldn't for the life of them understand which direction was home for a football.

WHEN the sorely tried North Texas Breeders went off the field at the end of the first half the score was:

North Texas, 18; Mississippi Levees, 72.

Mama met the team at the door of the field house.

"They jamp a freight and left town," she said. "The Big Run boys ran 'em right down Main Street. Papa Cartwright and Drake was leading by a block when I seen 'em."

The North Texas Breeders went out in the second half and the Beagle-Face boys seemed to be turned right.

Final score: North Texas Breeders, 145; Mississippi Levees, 72.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Davenport, "that was a game!"

"Ugh!" said Mr. Beagle-Face's sons.

Mama and Butch were in the hotel room packing up. "Well, it's all right," said Butch ruefully. "It was a great experience, but we're still five hundred smackers shy. Last year it was five hundred at Hopedale and now we're stuck again."

"You can still get that five hundred at Hopedale," said Mama.

"What!"

"I wrote down there last week," said Mama. "It's all fixed up. They're goin' to give you that five hundred if you play in the last football game and play basketball like what they ast you last year."

"I hate basketball," moaned Mr. Wallender.

"I ain't goin' to argue with you," said Mama. "It's either basketball or Chevrolets. Are you goin' to Hopedale or ain't you?"

"Do I look like somebody who wanted to spend his life layin' under a Chevrolet?" asked Butch.

THE END

HARRIET LAKE

defy dandruff

When dandruff appears it generally indicates a neglected scalp—sluggish circulation, a lack of natural oils. Protect yourself from these common complaints and defy dandruff. Get a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and treat your scalp to its soothing benefits before each weekly shampoo. Apply the Tonic liberally and massage gently with an upward, rotary motion. Steaming the head with hot, wet towels helps to open the pores, and lets the cleansing Tonic penetrate where it can do the most good. If you can leave the Tonic on the hair overnight, so much the better, but spread a protective towel over your pillow. Follow the treatment with a careful shampoo. The regular use of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic will ward off dandruff, and keep the scalp healthy.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

RADIO TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC BLUE NETWORK, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1932, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

THE New UND

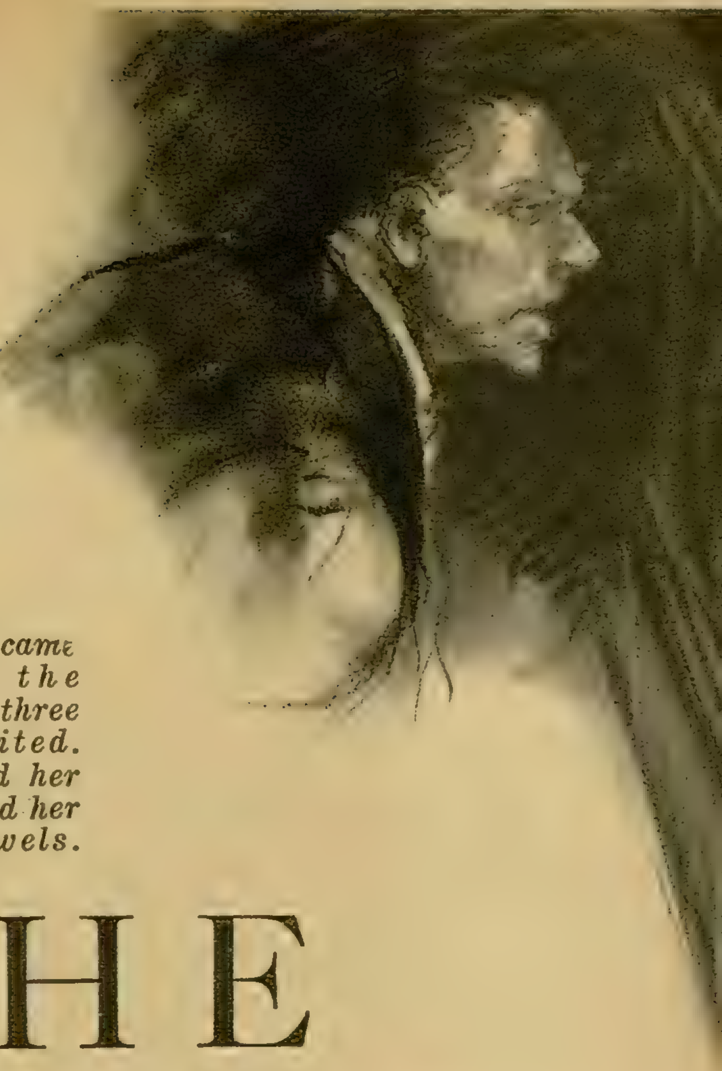
How Prohibition Has Made Society a Haven for Crooks and Is Hamstringing the Police in Their War on Master Criminals

By

JACK GREY

Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 10 minutes 40 seconds.)



As she came down the stairs the three crooks waited. They seized her and stripped her of her jewels.

MORNING, noon, and night, day after day, your newspaper tells you the story—holdups, jewel robberies, pay-roll robberies, safe crackings, machine-gun battles.

Not so many years ago outbursts of crime were sporadic. So familiar was this phenomenon that somebody invented the term "crime wave." It still appears, but has now become meaningless. Crime no longer moves in waves. It is steady and repetitious. Furthermore, as the outrages grow in number, important arrests and convictions decrease.

There was a day when a sensational crime was almost inevitably followed by police round-ups and convictions. Today police still stage their round-ups—but the headline, "Police Baffled by Daylight Crime," has become increasingly familiar the country over.

Charges of police dishonesty and indifference do not get to the heart of the matter. Reform city governments have done no better than their predecessors. Police shake-ups, spectacular drives to "clean up the town," have no further effect than a temporary lulling of public apprehension and political unrest. Wholesale arrests do not curb crime *unless* you get the criminals. And the situation seems to be getting worse, not better.

Take New York City, for example. Spectacular drives to "clean up the town" are common occurrences. Recently 675 persons were caught in the dragnet. They all were labeled "dangerous criminals." Forty-eight hours after their arrest they were walking the streets again. And within forty-eight hours after the spectacular drive there was a daring holdup staged on Park Avenue in broad daylight which netted the crooks $200,000 in jewels. Ninety-nine per cent of the 675 "dangerous criminals" were bums. There was not one first-class holdup man among them.

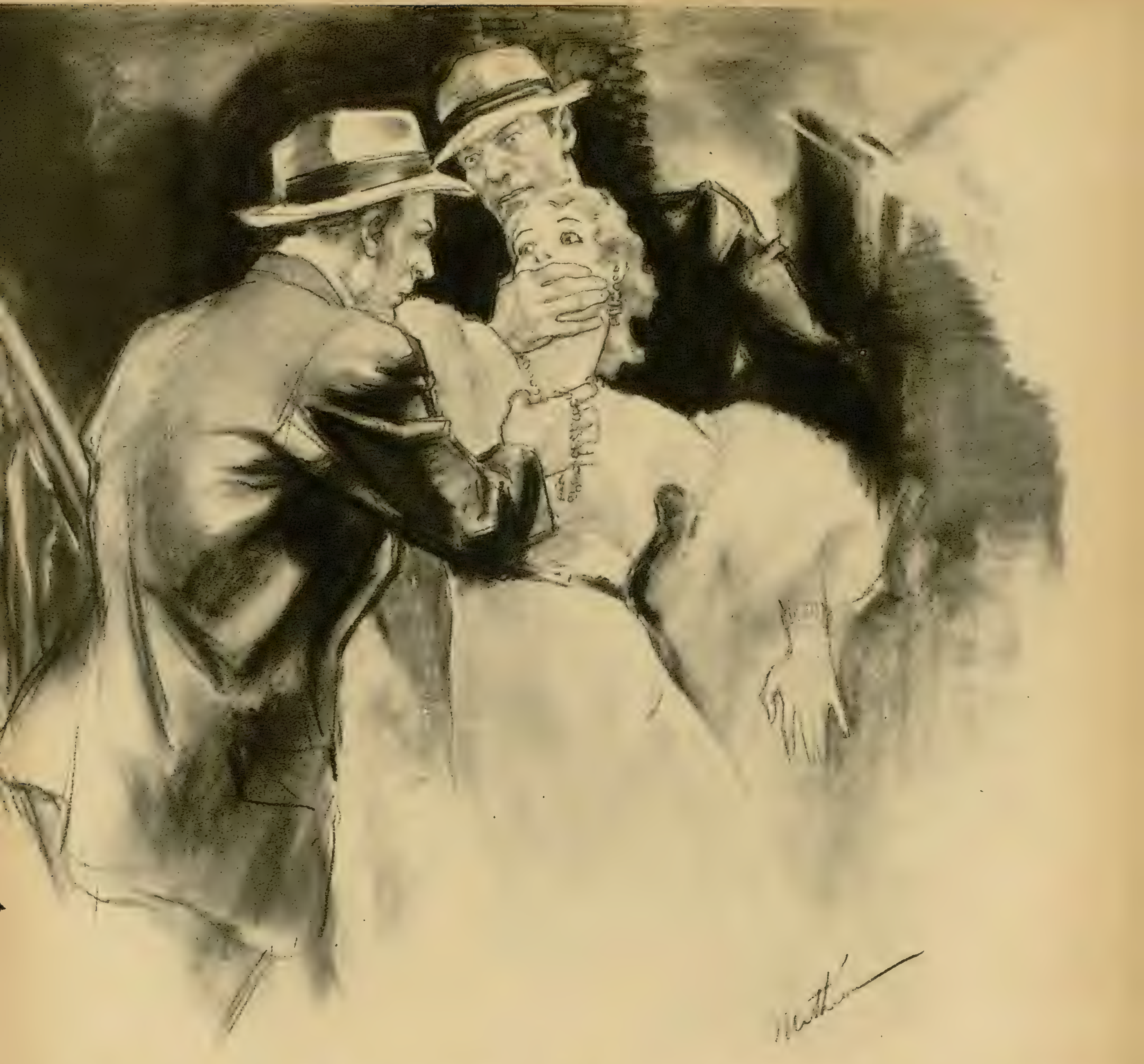
The police do not seem to realize that police methods of 1910 are as dead as Houdini. There is today a new underworld to face. Prohibition wiped out the old one and created the new. It recruited to the ranks of the bootleggers the criminal class of the country.

Thus the criminal won a contact with respectability that he never could have obtained under the old order. It brought a new type of "moll" into the underworld. The old moll was the dame from the red-light districts. The moll of today is the show girl, the waitress, the stenographer, not infrequently the girl from the comparatively well off middle-class home.

The criminal who turned bootlegger has contact with the home and the office; in other words, prohibition has opened up new sources of information for crooks. And it has made pursuit and apprehension the hardest kind of police work.

In the old days there was a definite geography of crime. All big cities had their underworld zones and joints where crooks gathered in rooming houses and saloons. In Chicago, for example, there were two barrooms operated by brothers, Illinois Jimmy and Illinois Tommy. One place was the headquarters for safe crackers; the other was a hangout for pickpockets. Every type of crook had a special place where he met his kind. And in these definite places they had their social life.

Criminals all talk too much and drink too much. It was there that the police had their break. Sometimes the bartenders in these joints were ex-crooks, but often, too, they were stool pigeons in the employ of the police.



ERWORLD

If someone blew a pete (robbed a safe), the police knew where safe crackers could be found. Their stool pigeons did the rest. When the time came for an arrest, they knew they had their man. And they could convict him.

For many years prior to prohibition, Baltimore was the headquarters for safe crackers operating in Virginia, North and South Carolina. There were three places where they congregated: Mother McCardell's, Pug Nose Whitey's, and Dirty Ann's. The police of Baltimore knew all about them, but they let them operate untroubled unless the necessity for action arose.

One day a post-office inspector called on the chief of detectives. He was looking for a band of nine safe crackers who had been operating in Virginia: Boston Fatty, Boston Jimmy, Burlington Fatty, Portland Ned, Ohio Hump, Seldom Seen, Lowell Red, Sunday Morning Mike, and Michigan Red the Wildcat. The chief called in his expert on safe crackers, Lieutenant Tom O'Donnell. Did O'Donnell know them? He knew every one. Investigators of today might learn a lesson from the way O'Donnell handled the case.

FIRST of all, he assigned a stool pigeon to every rendezvous. Within a few hours he learned the nine men were at Mother McCardell's. With his associates, he hid in the neighborhood. The suspects came out in pairs, and each was trailed. Blocks away, all were arrested, and not one ever knew that his presence at Mother McCardell's had given detectives the tip-off.

DANTE'S INFERNO

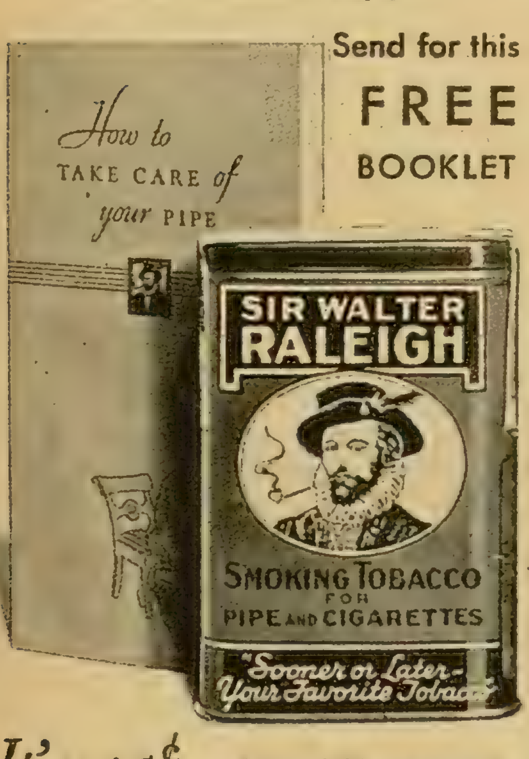
DANTE ALIGHIERI

TODAY the epic bard would find many living-rooms that are infernos, simply because men don't know the secret of mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe.

But thanks to Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco, the census figures show a lot fewer infernos in the last few years. By mildness, and complete satisfaction to smokers, this blend of exceptional Kentucky Burleys has forged to the front. It's flavorful and full bodied, yet it collaborates with a good pipe to make tasty smoke clouds that please men and women alike.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L211

Send for this FREE BOOKLET


How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later-Your Favorite Tobac

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Nothing like that Baltimore raid could occur there or in any other American city today. Police now hunt in the dark when they seek the big shots of Subterranea. A police commissioner of an Eastern city recently declared that he knew of over nine hundred dives wherein crooks congregated, and that he intended to drive them all out of business. It seems doubtful that he knows of so many; but even if he does, a move to shut them all down would appear to a man who knows his underworld to be the most stupid move that the head of a great police department could make. The police of the old days recognized the known hangouts as invaluable assets in crime detection.

The new underworld, as a result of prohibition, is here, there, everywhere. The criminal, for all you know, may be your next-door neighbor or he may be living in that nice house across the street. The crooks are scattered all through the metropolitan areas. They may be found even in Park Avenue, New York, and Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

Everyone remembers the $2,000,000 mail robbery perpetrated in New York a few years ago by Gerald Chapman, "Dutch" Anderson, and Billy Lorber. Both Federal and municipal investigators were baffled. They had nowhere to turn for clues. Six months after the robbery I talked with a Central Office man.

"We used to know where to look for these holdup guys," he said, "but now they're needles in a haystack."

A year elapsed, and the hunt stretched all over the world. Later Chapman and Anderson were caught through a stroke of luck, and then it was discovered that during the intensive search they had been living only a few miles away from the scene of the crime, in a luxurious apartment in the Gramercy Park section of Manhattan.

A DIFFERENT story would have been told, I believe, if the mail robbery had occurred in the days when Chi Tom and Billy Barton and Goose Neck Kelly were running their hangouts. They catered exclusively to big shots like Anderson and Chapman. No big-shot stickup man ever visited New York without calling on Tom or Billy or Goose Neck. And no crook ever stuck his head in the doors of those joints that the information didn't go straight to Jimmy McCafferty, the chief of detectives at headquarters.

Crime stayed moderately clear of big cities in those days. The surveillance on the underworld was too close in the cities, and crooks chose the side of caution. They operated in the rural districts and then came to town to blow the loot. There have been times in New York when twenty-five or thirty of the best cracksmen in the country spent intervals of months at Tom's, Billy's, and Goose Neck's joints, and yet not a safe was blown.

Toledo, Ohio, once had a reputation for being one of the least crime-troubled cities in the country. And yet for two decades or more it was the rendezvous for holdup men and train robbers and safe robbers who operated through all the Middle West.

Now, it may be that Toledo owed a duty to the rest of the country, a duty that was not fulfilled. But the fact remained that it was one city that had no troubles of its own. There was an unwritten law among criminals that no jobs were to be pulled there.

Then one day a new police commissioner called in his chief of detectives to learn why he permitted well known criminals to remain in the city.

"We never bother them," the chief replied, "because they never bother us."

"Out with them! Clean up the city!"

The chief was demoted and the police drive began. There was retaliation. Safes began to explode. Holdups became as common as measles. Cops shot crooks and crooks shot cops. Today Toledo is no longer immune.

SUCH an attitude toward the criminal as had been evidenced there has, of course, no bearing on the question as a whole. But driving criminals out of one town and into another accomplishes nothing. And it does deal a deathblow to the stool-pigeon system.

As I have mentioned, prohibition remedied the criminal's greatest weakness—an ignorance of where the big loot lay. The criminal turned bootlegger had among his customers bankers, brokers, Park Avenue matrons. He had *entrée* to customers' offices and homes; he might even stay for a drink. In time, he made women friends of his own in this new and fascinating world of respectability. It was not hard to date manicurists, stenographers, chorus girls, the women of the men to whom he sold his "skee." He dropped his underworld women. And yet he maintained his connections with his other underworld companions. Indeed, he might introduce them to his new-found friends. Therein lies the history of many a present-day crime.

Danny Dayton, a safe cracker, got his start in the bootlegging racket by cleaning out a distillery in Maryland. He was a good-looking crook who knew and appreciated music and could talk Beethoven, Bach, and Wagner with surprising understanding. He made his headquarters in Baltimore, and a banker financed him in the purchase of several vessels with which he ran liquor from the Bahamas.

Through his ally, who had no knowledge of his criminal antecedents, Daniel met many prominent citizens of the city. He was certified to them as the banker's partner in various promotions. One night he played host at a party. Present was the daughter of a jeweler, and after a few rounds of drinks she began volubly to discuss a well known Baltimore woman who that day had purchased a diamond lavaliere and other precious things from her father's store. When the party broke up Danny sent for

Skinny Freeman, a prowler (house burglar). A night or two later Freeman looted the purchaser's home of its jewels. The haul was valued at $250,000.

The police, of course, were baffled. They said it was an inside job. Time passed. Danny settled down to the cultured life. He married a charming girl from among his new friends. The news of the marriage reached the underworld—and then the moll he had discarded suddenly appeared at his home and interviewed the bride. She retailed the story of Danny's past and told in particular about a little shooting affair in Michigan where he had killed a policeman. Danny is now serving a life sentence in a Michigan prison.

The second case concerns the wife of an upstate New York millionaire. During a visit to New York she made the acquaintance of a young café gigolo. It was one night when he took her to a dancing club owned by a former crook that the underworld sighted her. She was wearing jewels worth $40,000. The ex-crooks made inquiries. When the lady left the club with her escort she was trailed. They saw her enter the Ritz, trailed the escort back to his apartment, and then hurried back to the night club to report.

A friend of the gigolo said blackmail was out of the question, since the woman's husband knew of her Broadway exploits. Robbery was their only chance, and it would have to be done without the aid of the gigolo, who was preparing to " take " her himself.

Several weeks later the trap was laid. Three crooks rented an apartment below the one occupied by the gigolo. New Year's Eve came and he gave a party in his patroness's honor. His friend, now an accomplice of the criminals, attended. Down below the wolves waited. At nine o'clock the friend reported that the millionaire's wife was present " loaded to the guards with slum " (jewels). The waiting fancy thinkers grew impatient. At eleven o'clock one of them crashed the party, just to satisfy himself about the jewels. They were the McCoy. He departed, and downstairs the vigil continued.

Midnight passed and early morning came. Most of the guests had departed. Now the accomplice engaged his gigolo friend in an argument. Soon they were fighting.

Frightened, the patroness put on her cloak and hurried from the apartment. As she came down the stairs the three crooks waited in the darkness. They seized her, stripped her of her jewels, and escaped. Their loot was $325,000.

Thus does the world of crime encroach on respectability in this age of prohibition.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is telpherage?

2—What does flense mean?

3—What language is spoken by the greatest number of persons?

4—What is the real meaning of the word thug?

5—What is the difference between gallows and gibbet?

6—Who built the largest pyramid?

7—How high is the leaning tower of Pisa?

8—What is hoarfrost?

9—What is the normal temperature of the human blood?

10—Which one of the states is nearly a perfect rectangle?

11—What is a homonym?

12—What is invar, and from what is its name derived?

13—In art terminology what is the opposite of relief?

14—From what is quinine obtained?

15—Can an ostrich fly?

16—Where is the greatest hydroelectric plant in the world?

17—What is the new name of the Zuider Zee?

18—Where was Tokay wine originally made?

19—What is the equivalent of the British zero hour in the United States service?

20—Who was Sir Lucius O'Trigger?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

QUESTION—Why does cod-liver oil help to build good general resistance? *(See page 59 for answer)*

Many people blame common winter ills on

WET FEET
DRAFTS
RAW WINDS
OVERHEATED ROOMS

But what they lack is GOOD RESISTANCE!

★

WE'RE all exposed alike to the rigors of winter. Why are some people so much more susceptible than others to certain ills?

Just being out in bad weather, or staying in a stuffy room—conditions that do not bother most of us—prove too much for them.

What these people need is extra resistance to fortify them in winter. They should lose no time building themselves up!

It's easily done now, with the help of a new concentrate of the vitamins in cod-liver oil—*Squibb Adex Tablets-10D!* Adex Tablets are an especially rich source of the important factor which builds good general resistance—Vitamin A! They also provide an abundance of the sunshine Vitamin D.

Each Adex tablet supplies as much Vitamins A and D as one-half teaspoonful of Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10D.

No wonder they offer such protection in winter! And they are chocolate coated, pleasant to take.

Begin now and take them *regularly every day.* At any reliable drug store.

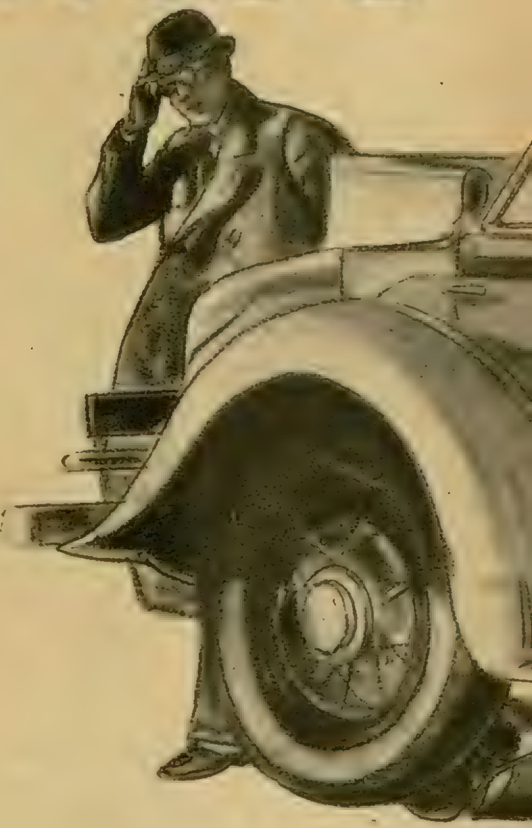
SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

The vitamins of cod-liver oil in a pleasant new form

★

The Great Silence

The Story of a Soldier's Farewell



(Reading time: 8 minutes 15 seconds.)

GEORGE leaned back on the bench, sighing with a sick weariness of all things, his dejected gaze toward the darkening river; and George was too gray, too bowed, and much too old for his years—at least so thought the Intelligent Observer. Suddenly George lifted his drooping head and sat as one who listens to distant sound.

"Did you hear anything, mate?" he inquired, turning haggard solitary eye on this our Intelligent Observer.

"Only the rumble of traffic."

"No, mate, no! This sounded like music—a band—in the distance. Thought I heard it once or twice afore, I did."

"Then you probably did—there have been a good many bands about today because of Armistice—the Silence."

George glanced from the speaker away across the misty river and spat.

"This here Two-Minute Silence, wot is it, I asks ye?" he demanded. "Mate, I'll tell ye—it's tripe! Look at me. I've stood in them Silences ever since they was, stood in 'em reg'lar, I 'ave; took me 'at off, and held me breath, an' shut me eyes, and opened me eyes—and wot 'ave I got aht of it? Nothink! Not a thing—no!"

"Well, but what did you expect to get?"

"Noos, mate! Noos o' my chum, me old pal Tom, the only friend I ever 'ad. Good old Tom, though 'e were younger nor me, and blowed to bits in that there bloody salient at Wipers. So I've been to these 'ere Silences reg'lar. 'Now, Tom,' I've said, 'this time, if you're anywhere abaht, let's hear or see summat of ye, old pal!' Blimy, I'd ha' knelt down in the mud if I'd thought it would ha' done any good! But's truth! I ain't never got no sight nor sound o' my old pal Tom an' I never shall now. So wot I says abaht it all is—tripe!"

"And he was killed in the salient?"

"Ar, at Wipers—blowed to bits, guvnor—a crump! Me, I got shell shock pretty bad, an' lost me eye. Never been much good since—except at downin' the booze; always been too dam' good at that."

"And he was younger than you?"

"'E were. And, wot's more, 'e were a reel gent—eddication no end—po'try an' Shakespeare—used to talk it by the yard. Old Tom an' me joined up together an' stuck together right through. Wish to God we'd gone west together! When Tommy went nothin' seemed to matter—an' me girl give me the chuck. Ye see, the shell as killed Tom blowed away me left peeper and messed up me dial. Not as me face was ever much of a good-looker."

"And so it means nothing to you, this wonderful Two-Minute Silence?"

"Not to me it don't, not a thing, guvnor. And, wot's more, I don't expect to see another."

"Why not?"

"Because I shall be dead. An' time too!"

"How do you know?"

"Well, I dunno, guvnor, only—I know. Same as some chaps always seemed to know jest afore they got theirs in the trenches. But abaht this 'ere Silence, wot do you think of it?"

"That it was and is an inspiration."

"Oh? 'Ow, guvnor?"

"To remind us of those countless lives that were laid down for an idea, that great host which has passed on through death into a much greater life."

"Sounds balmy to me!"

"The man Binyon puts it better."

"Oh? Wot?"

"He writes of these dead: 'They shall not grow old as we that are left shall grow old; age shall not weary them nor the years condemn.'"

George rose, shivered, and stood a moment to stare vaguely across the shadowy river. "I dunno abaht that," said he at last. And, turning, George went away with his weary, hopeless slouch, his dimming eye downbent to the muddy pavement, on and on, heedless of the jostling throng, until the faintness seized him again and he leaned wearily against the parapet. He heard again that sound of distant music, but clearer now and wonderfully inspiring—the old quickstep. And it was growing louder, nearer, with boom and roll of drums, blare of resounding brass, and rhythmic tramp of a mighty host.

And now George saw them, first as a khaki mist becoming denser, individual, growing to a great company marching.

And suddenly George's weary, failing heart leaped, his woeful solitary eye brightened, and from his gray lips rang a cry, a joyful, eager hail:

"Oh, Tom! Tom-mee! Pal—oh, pal, what cheer!" For there, with his three wound stripes beneath his sergeant's chevron, his comely young face glad with an eager life, there amid these goodly ranks, marched his comrade Tom.

George's one eye smarted and was dim as their hands met and gripped, and then he was marching shoulder to shoulder with his long-lost comrade once more.

"TOM!" he exclaimed, clasping one arm about the stalwart young figure in a very hysteria of joy. "Cor blimy, Tommy, I thought you was dead—blowed to bits! I been thinkin' you was out there—at Wipers. They told me you an' the rest on 'em was all gorn west. Me, I got shell shock an' lost a peeper; never been no good since! Lumme, Tom, an' me thinkin' you was dead all these years, pal!"

"Dead, George? Not much, old lad! Never felt so full of life! I'm all alive, old son."

"And, by cripes," gasped George, "by cripes, you look it, Tom! You look good, Tommy. Crickey, old pal, you look—younger! Your old mug so bright an' hearty, and never a gray hair! Me, I'm gray, I am, pretty nigh white, an' not so strong as I was. I hope as we ain't a-marchin' far."

"Not so very, old chap."

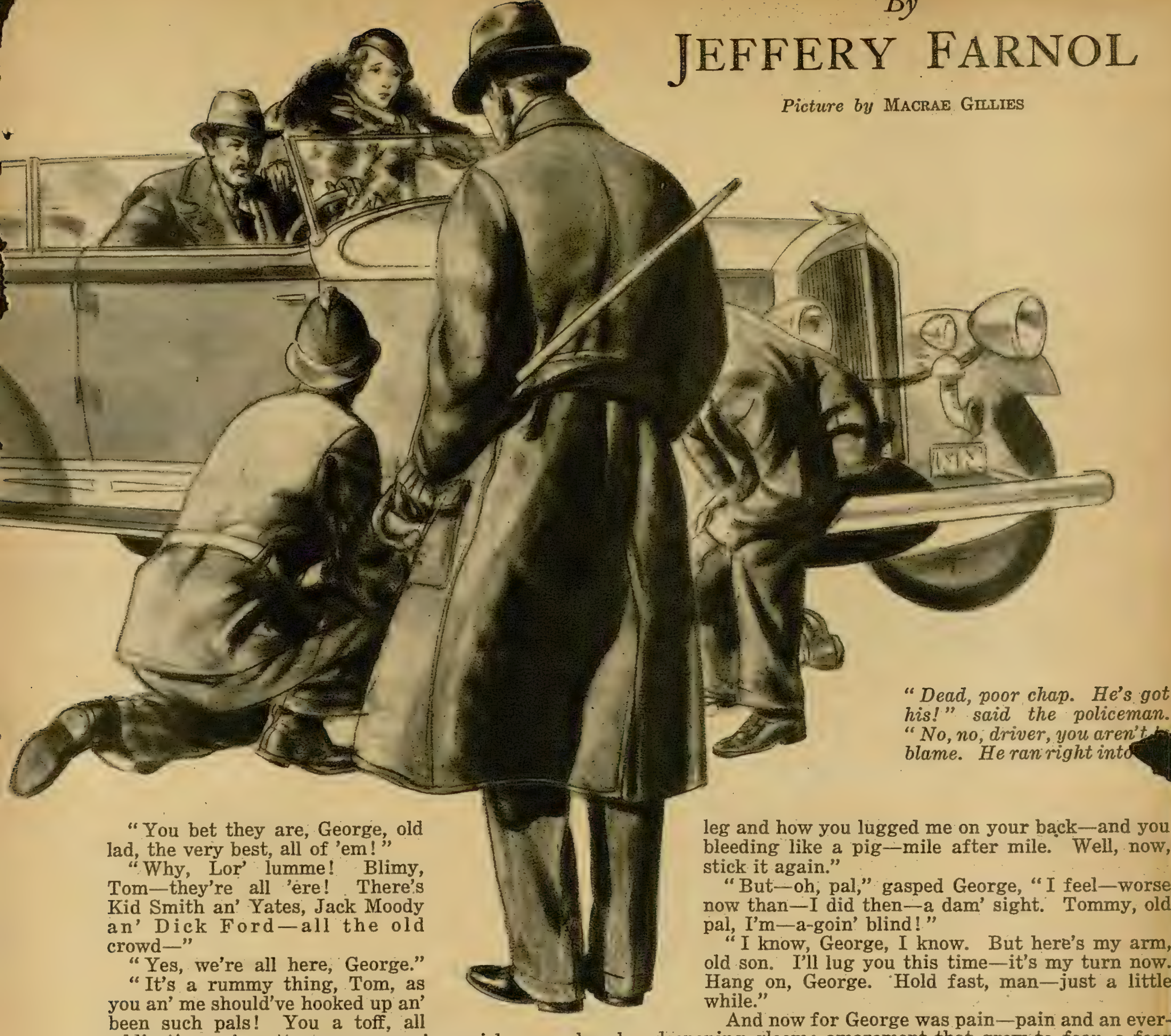
"Wot's our unit, Tom? That collar badge? Me eyes ain't wot they was. Wot are we, Tom?"

"We're the old Indestructibles, George."

"That's a new un on me, old pal," panted George, glancing along the stalwart ranks. "Pretty tidy lot o' fellers too! Never seen better, not even in 'fourteen."

By
JEFFERY FARNOL

Picture by MACRAE GILLIES



“Dead, poor chap. He's got his!” said the policeman. “No, no, driver, you aren't t blame. He ran right into

“You bet they are, George, old lad, the very best, all of 'em!”

“Why, Lor' lumme! Blimy, Tom—they're all 'ere! There's Kid Smith an' Yates, Jack Moody an' Dick Ford—all the old crowd—”

“Yes, we're all here, George.”

“It's a rummy thing, Tom, as you an' me should've hooked up an' been such pals! You a toff, all eddication an' pretty manners, an' me sich a roughneck and booze-fighter—”

“But you see, old son, the George that was my friend was the best, the real George that would give away his last fag, that played the game the very best he knew how, and would stand in the Great Silence year after year for friendship's sake; the George you are now, old comrade, the George you are going to be from now on—”

“That won't be much, Tommy. What wi' shell shock, one eye, an' booze, I'm jest a blarsted failure all round—”

“Not any more, old son, not any more. You've done with failure, left it behind; you're marching to success at last, George.”

“Who? Me? No such luck, Tom—no. It's too late, old pal! Why, blimy, I can't 'ardly keep step any more—can't 'ardly keep up wi' you now, Tommy. Me legs is going—”

“Hang on to my arm, George—so! Now—left, right, old man! Swing from the hip. Fine!”

“No—no!” gasped George. “I can't—stick it, Tom! I ain't even a soldier—any more! It's—too late!”

“No, George, it's only a little early, a little soon. It's pretty hard at first, George, for just a little while. Now, set your teeth. Swing, man, swing! Steady, the old Buffs!

“Stick it, George. Remember the time I got it in the leg and how you lugged me on your back—and you bleeding like a pig—mile after mile. Well, now, stick it again.”

“But—oh, pal,” gasped George, “I feel—worse now than—I did then—a dam' sight. Tommy, old pal, I'm—a-goin' blind!”

“I know, George, I know. But here's my arm, old son. I'll lug you this time—it's my turn now. Hang on, George. Hold fast, man—just a little while.”

And now for George was pain—pain and an ever-deepening gloom; amazement that grew to fear, a fear shot through with sharp agony; then a desolation o blackness, an awful solitude.

“Tom—oh, Tommy!”

“I'm here, old son. We're together, George.”

The dread was banished; mighty arms enfolded him lifted him up and up out of the dark; his failing sense quickened within him, vitally surged and leaped as the had never done, while upon his waking vision dawned wonder of light, of new understanding, new limitles opportunities for action. Old doubts and errors, sins an failures, were translated by hope into a lust for ne endeavor. It was Life. . . .

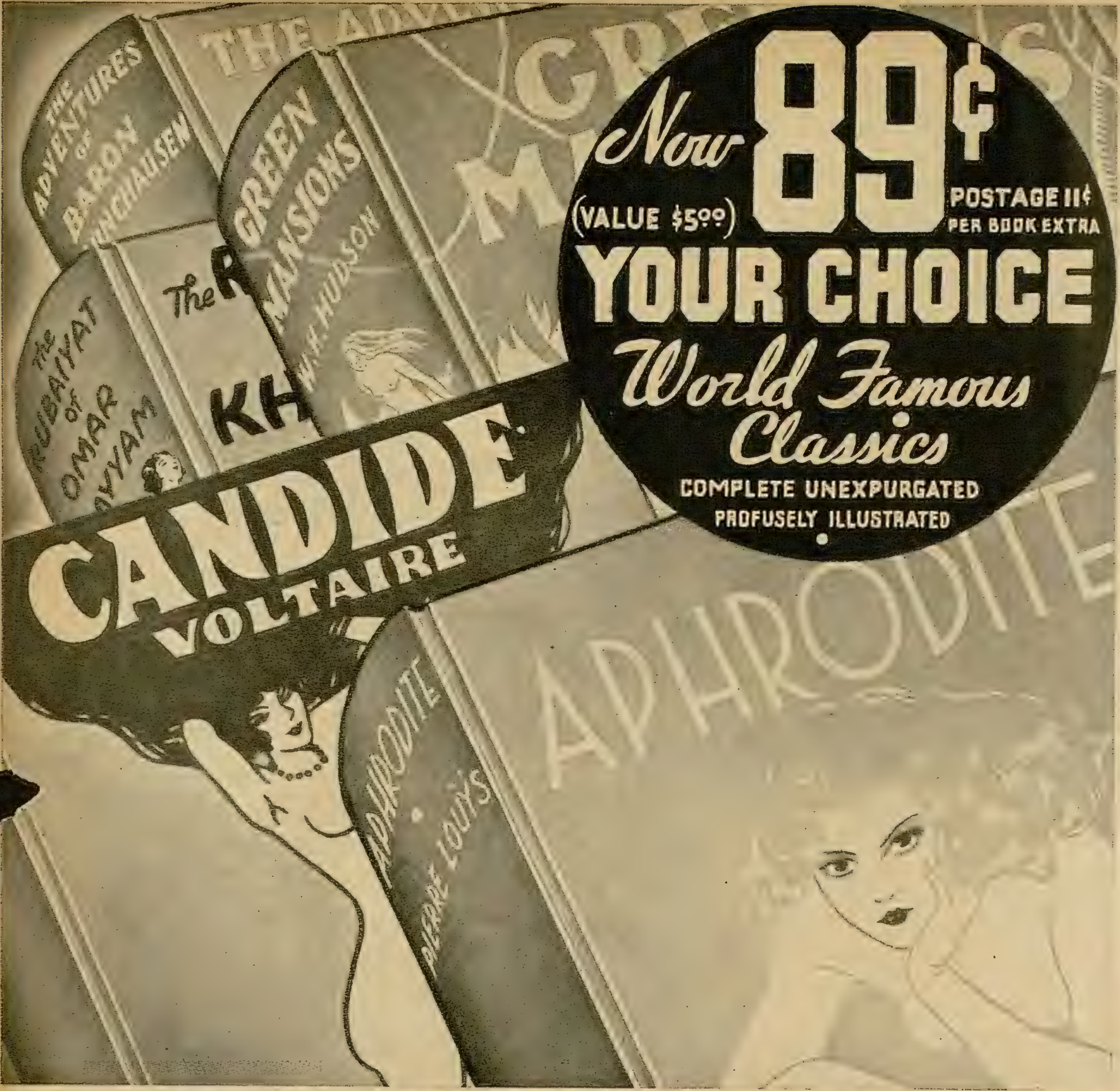
“Dead, poor chap. He's got his!” said the policema “No, no, driver, you aren't to blame. He ran right in it. Drunk, I reckon. Is the ambulance there?”

“Not drunk,” said our Intelligent Observer; “t man was ill—dying, I think.”

“Stand away there!” said the policeman. “Yes, do tor, he's quite dead.”

But this pale, bitterly scarred visage that had be George's was transfigured by a radiance, a serene di nity it had never held in life, the look of those that sh not grow old, for George had marched away with young comrade Tom into that Great Silence where age can be.

THE END



ALL FIVE BOOKS POSTPAID FOR $4.50

NOW, at last, you may have these great classics at a price that you can afford. For long some mong them were suppressed but with the coming f the broader modern viewpoint they can now be leased. Nothing left out—all the text, all the artling pictures, just as they appeared in the ex-ensive, private editions—complete, unexpurgated, ofusely illustrated, for only 89c each. (*Postage c per book extra.*)

Truly a publishing triumph, to place these eat works in your hands, postpaid, for only $1. he bargain hunter will immediately order this tire series ($4.50 postpaid) for his library, pre-nting some of which he may already have copies, friends as appreciated gifts. What days and eks of delectable reading for the booklover who lers this marvelous series now!

All of these five books are uniform in size and ding (5½ x 8½ x 1¼) the cloth being different ors—red, black, gray, blue, green. Each has a ght, colorful jacket, strikingly illustrated; special k paper, exquisite type composition—easy to d.

●

PHRODITE by *Pierre Louys.* Profusely il-rated. Unexpurgated. The one modern classic ch eclipses in exotic beauty and simplicity the ks of the ancients who wrote of sensuous love. t not be judged by Mid-Victorian standards by the freer spirit of the Hellenic age in which tory is set. The story of a courtesan of ancient andria moving as suits her fancy among her itable associates, and against a truly Grecian ground. (Value $5.)
Bargain Price (*Postage 11c extra*)......*89c*

CANDIDE by *Voltaire.* Profusely illustrated Unexpurgated. The amazing adventures (with nothing omitted) of the immortal Candide. More than a satire, more than a daring buffoonery, CANDIDE ranks among the foremost narratives of pure adventure and masterly exercise of imagination in any language—in any age. Unblushing realism, Rabelaisian humor. One of the world's finest stories. (Value $5.)
Our Bargain Price (*Postage 11c extra*)......*89c*

●

GREEN MANSIONS by *W. H. Hudson.* Profusely illustrated. Unexpurgated. Here are the undiscovered secrets of the ways of love. Here are untold stories suggested—for the few who will understand. Dream or reality, no other man has ever shown us the fascination of sex blended with the unknown and awesome power of the primitive jungle creature, save only this author. This romance of a tropical forest is the most modern and recent book to be universally accepted as a classic. (Value $5.)
Our Bargain Price (*Postage 11c extra*)......*89c*

●

RUBAIYAT of OMAR KHAYYAM trans. by *Edward Fitzgerald.* Profusely illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan. This intriguing verse of the astronomer-poet of Persia needs no introduction. Quoted so frequently and for so many reasons it should be in the library of every educated person. For delightful reading and reference it is a never-failing source. This book contains both the first and the fifth versions—a full-page illustration facing each verse of the first version. (Value $5.)
Our Bargain Price (*Postage 11c extra*)......*89c*

ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN Complete, unexpurgated. Profusely illustrated by *Gustave Dore.* "The Biggest Liar in The World" only half describes the much traveled Baron. He is more than a great liar. In him the faculty for exaggeration and corroborative detail surpasses both art and science and becomes a gift only the Gods can bestow. Not even modern science can embellish facts so artistically nor fly so high in the field of nightmarish speculation. The original Dore illustrations give to the world a "Munchausen" lacking in no detail whatever. (Value $5.)
Our Bargain Price (*Postage 11c extra*)......*89c*

●

ORDER TODAY! Be the FIRST amongst your circle of friends to own and enjoy these great classics. Mail this coupon and remittance without delay!

Economy Educational League
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. L-N19

I enclose $.............. for which please ship me books checked below. I understand that my money will be refunded on any book that does not prove entirely satisfactory.

☐ Send all 5 books described, postpaid, for $4.50.
☐ APHRODITE 89c (*Postage 11c*) ☐ CANDIDE 89c (*Postage 11c*) ☐ OMAR KHAYYAM 89c (*Postage 11c*)
☐ GREEN MANSIONS 89c (*Postage 11c*) ☐ BARON MUNCHAUSEN 89c (*Postage 11c*)

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY..........................STATE.....................

(*Send this coupon with remittance for books wanted to address above.*)

A Mother Who Wanted Daughters Turns the Spotlight on Some of Her Friends

I'M GLAD MY CHILDREN ARE BOYS

"HE dances her near the stag line, winks over her shoulder, and waves a dollar bill — the young beast!"

By

MARGARET DOUGLAS WINN

Picture by CARL PFEUFER

(Reading time: 9 minutes 50 seconds.)

WHEN my first child announced himself as masculine, I was quite pleased. I'd been rather hoping he would decide to be a Junior.

When my second was on the way, I explained carefully to all my friends that it would be "perfectly all right" if it were another boy. The two would have such jolly times with each other.

And further to guard myself against disappointment, I added that I had a hunch it would be a boy, anyway.

It was.

"We'll have a girl next time," I said cheerfully.

But we didn't. We had another boy. Whereupon I wiped away several tears before I could manage to remark:

"Well, Jeff, if I'd been in a harem I certainly ought to have been your favorite wife. Three big sons! Of course I'm awfully proud."

Of course I was. But for months afterward, whenever I went shopping, I turned my head the other way at sight of small rosebuddy, frilly frocks and beribboned and beruffled bonnets.

I'd been looking forward to that daughter for such a long time, you see! When, at the age of ten, I planned my future family, there were going to be four of her. Four girls, all ravingly, ravishingly beautiful (I don't know just how I thought I'd manage that part of it) and each with a wonderful name and some very special talent.

A long time ago—and today I'm perfectly resigned to the loss of Rosalie and Janice, of Carleen and Ethelinda. I can even smile a little when I remember how I turned my face to the wall and wept the morning Bobby was born. I can look with warm admiration but no envy at somebody's baby girl. And whenever I see a lovely grave-eyed sixteen-year-old, I think, "You adorable creature, how perfectly mad I should be about you if you were mine—and how glad I am you're not!"

Because I'm thankful now that my children are boys. I haven't—I simply haven't—the courage to bring up a daughter.

No, I haven't the nerve to face those years between thirteen or fourteen and twenty-three or -four: the years from the time the child has begun to grow up until the time she marries. I've seen them make nervous wrecks of too many mothers of my acquaintance.

It may be that times were not so different when I was a girl as I feel they were. I realize, now that I'm older,

"Ted's shooting up like a weed, but he can't gain an ounce"
"Give him Cocomalt in milk. Cocomalt is accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods."

How Ted gained Seven Pounds in two months

through a delicious new food-drink

THE more Ted grew, the more frail and puny he looked. His mother gave him the best of everything—all the food he would eat—and still he didn't gain. At last she went to see the school nurse.

"Give him Cocomalt," the nurse advised. "It's accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. You see, it's far more than a milk flavoring; it's a scientific food-drink, containing food elements every growing child needs."

So Ted's mother began giving him Cocomalt, mixed with milk, regularly. In two months he showed a gain of 7 pounds! Now she'll never leave it out of his diet—it has improved him *so noticeably* in every way.

Prepared according to directions, Cocomalt adds more than 70% nourishment (food-energy) to milk. Contains Vitamin D, enabling the more efficient utilization of the calcium and phosphorus richly furnished by this drink, for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth, sturdy bodies.

High in food-value—low in cost. At all grocers in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. family size. Buy a can today. Give it to your children regularly—*every day. You'll* like it, too!

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. *That is your guarantee of its trustworthiness. Also licensed by Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation.*

Cocomalt

"Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of selected cocoa, barley malt extract, skimmed milk, sugar, eggs, flavoring and added sunshine Vitamin D."

DISTRIBUTORS

Baker Sales Co., 30 Church Street, Toronto
C. E. Jones, 530 Sherburn Street, Winnipeg
John H. Stafford Co., 550 Beatty Street, Vancouver

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT (FOOD-ENERGY) TO MILK
(*Mixed according to directions*)

that social problems, for the mother of a daughter, have always been pressing and acute. But I can't help feeling that they are growing more pressing and more acute all the time. Because it does seem to me that we've allowed the young male of the species to get the upper hand, socially speaking, as he never had it before.

It makes it nerve-racking for the poor mothers, most of whom have daughters who are just averagely attractive and not Helens of Troy. A few days ago I called on a friend of mine and found her daughter weeping and my friend not far from nervous tears herself.

"What devil," she said viciously, when Betty had left the room, "ever invented break-in dances? They started down South, didn't they? Well, I'm all for Sherman, after this! It simply makes it hell for the girls who aren't sure of their popularity! When I was a girl and we had programs, at least we knew where we were at! If we had a vacancy on our program, we could pretend to have to fix a rent in our dresses, or something. But now a girl has to be publicly crucified if she doesn't get across. She gets stuck with one boy, and he dances her near the stag line and beckons and winks over her shoulder, and maybe waves a dollar bill—the young beast!

"Betty, poor child, is absolutely petrified about the big Chi dance she's to go to tomorrow night, and I'm petrified for her. It isn't any joke for a girl to get that sort of thing done to her; it leaves a scar that never quite gets healed. Do you know, I'm getting a complex about boys!—I really loathe them all for the power they have to slight a girl and make her unhappy!"

HER husband happened to arrive on this last sentence.

"What I can't understand," he announced, "is the curious inconsistency of the whole thing. All this new freedom for women, all this talk about double standards being smashed, all these new doors in business and the professions and athletics constantly opening—and still girls, socially speaking, are slavishly dependent on young men as they never were before, in my knowledge. Now why is that? When I was a youngster," he went on, warming to his theme, "we felt that if a nice girl gave us a date, she did us a favor. We were properly humble about it, and we tried to please her. She was a sort of queen to us. But now, as far as I can discover, the girls have got to work like heck at being charming to get dates, and the boy's whole attitude is 'You're darn' lucky if I want you'!"

"It's the truth," his wife agreed despondently. "All the girls are in one profession, it seems, and the competition is perfectly terrible. Worse, too, with the mothers than with the daughters! It begins when the girl is way down in high school—"

"I should say it does," her husband interrupted. "Betty came home weeping when she was in the eighth grade because they'd had a lot of contests in her room—elections; and she hadn't won any. The prettiest girl, the most popular, the one with most personality, the most lovable, and the one who had the most 'it'—yes, honestly, those thirteen- and fourteen-year-old kids were voting on 'it'! Well, anyway, Betty said, between her tears, 'A lot of the mothers invited the boys to their houses and gave 'em ice cream and cake and candy and said they'd give another party if their daughters got something—but you didn't help me out a bit, mother!'" He added with a chuckle, "There was just one girl Betty felt was in a worse fix than herself, and that was the girl who was voted the most intellectual. I understand *she* was almost too mortified to show her face around that school again!"

"WELL, the whole business is certainly making the boys unbearable!" Betty's mother declared vindictively. "They're just intolerably conceited. They're the worst spoiled things I ever saw in all my life. Poor little Betty! 'Boys won't stand for a girl being independent,' she says. 'They don't have to. There are always lots of other girls, just as attractive and more so than you, who'll do just as the boys please.'"

"But why do the girls and their mothers care so much about their getting invitations or not getting them, and being liked or not by boys, and all that?" Betty's father demanded irritably. "That's what I don't understand! At a dance, for instance, why does a girl need to get stuck? Why must she feel stuck? Why not just stop dancing and look on, as the boys do? Why not—"

"Oh, do hush!" said my friend impatiently; and I hardly blamed her.

Because, of course, as any woman would know, he was talking nonsense. The whole point is, the boys have the choice and the girls haven't. If a boy doesn't spend any time with girls, people say: "He doesn't care about the girls." And this gives him a little added prestige and a little added desirability. But if a girl is seldom seen with boys, they say, "What a pity she doesn't seem to catch on. Never gets asked anywhere." And they're sorry for her and feel that she's been slighted; which isn't a position that increases anybody's prestige.

Oh, yes, it's easy enough for the fellow who has all the advantage to be independent! And if you don't believe that, just watch an occasional Leap Year dance, and see how lordly the girls can be for their one brief night of glory, poor things, and how the boys are fully as nervous about "getting stuck" as ever their sisters were.

No, you can't blame the mothers for being feverishly concerned. It's a very special and very sensitive and painful sort of pride a mother has about a beloved daughter. And when everyone else seems to attach such importance to the girl's social success, how can she help doing the same?

Living as I do rather near a large university, there is one truth which I see proved again and again, and that is that a nice-looking boy with fairly easy manners has an *entrée* anywhere at all; anywhere. Whereas a girl—unless she has unusual beauty—has to have background, and some money, if she gets there.

For instance, I know a certain family who have culture and charm, but little else. They have no money and no connections that might help a girl socially; their pretty, gay young seventeen-year-old daughter Inez must receive her guests in a very shabby living room, and the family can't afford a car.

I also know a boy who comes from quite humble surroundings. His father is a plain, good man of little education who wanted his only boy to have a better chance than he'd had, and sent him to college. The boy, who is rather an attractive lad, was asked to join a fraternity; and by the time he was a junior had become quite a favorite with the subdeb set. The other day this boy was remarking to me that he hadn't yet decided what girl he'd ask to their big, formal fraternity dance.

"Ask Inez," I suggested, thinking of my charming but impoverished friends, and of the fact that Inez didn't get as many good times as so attractive a girl should. "She's awfully pretty—good dancer—and a thoroughly nice girl."

"Yeah, I know it," he said. "I like her all right. Might take her to a little dance some time. But she doesn't rate; couldn't take her to a big dance."

If I were Inez' brother and heard about that remark, I'm not sure I shouldn't steal silently to that boy's bed some night and commit murder. It's the sort of injustice that's calculated to have that effect on a woman.

And, on the other hand, suppose one has a daughter so superlatively popular that one doesn't have to worry about things like that at all. Why, then, belonging to a former generation and being unable to throw off other standards, one is probably sick with worry half the time as to how she is behaving.

As a matter of fact, most mothers of daughters whom I know catch it from both ends. They're worried all the time about actual or possible slights to their daughters, about things their daughters are left out of, and they're also worried about what they're doing when they aren't left out.

I did have one mother tell me indignantly, when I made some remark such as this, that "my son's virtue is as precious to me as my daughter's." But I find that hard to believe. Theorize all you like—it's all right. I rather enjoy doing it myself. But come down to brass tacks, and then assert that you feel the same frantic terror when you picture your boy in a car parked fifteen miles from nowhere holding a girl in his arms that you'd feel if the girl were yours and the boy belonged to somebody else! Oh, no, you don't, that's all.

I think I know how I'll feel when that experience of sending my boy out to possible discreditable (from my point of view) adventures comes to me. I'll say ruefully, and perhaps a bit jealously, "Oh, well, he'll come back; he's fine fundamentally, and he believes in the things we've taught him. We'll just have to be patient."

But do you suppose for one moment that I could be so philosophical about a daughter? The first time that girl came home at 4 A. M. smelling of liquor, I'd probably go raving crazy, temporarily.

So this is why I say that I haven't the courage to have a daughter. I shall just have to wait and hope that my daughters-in-law will allow me to love them extra hard, to make up for the lack of a daughter in my life.

That first daughter-in-law, who'll probably step into my life in the next dozen years or so! Some other woman will have done the worrying about whether the poor kid was popular or not. Some other woman will have walked the floor and wrung her hands while she waited for her to come home. All that part will be over.

THE END

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Hours at the Bridge Table
No time at all for her teeth
and gums . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!

Let her exercise her wits on contract all she wants to! But it would pay her to spend a few seconds a day in exercising her *gums!*

If you have flabby, sickly gums—if you have "pink tooth brush"—watch out! Before long, you may be ashamed to smile!

Modern foods are too soft to exercise the gums properly. And when your gums become soft and tender, you're likely to find "pink" on your tooth brush pretty regularly.

Do you realize that "pink tooth brush" robs the teeth of their natural polish?—that it may open the way for gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea?—that it may endanger sound teeth?

Do this: Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. But each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those unhealthy, tender gums of yours. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, sends fresh blood speeding through the gum walls, and helps to firm them back to health.

Start in today with this Ipana régime. Keep it up. Your teeth will be *so* much whiter and brighter! And you won't have to give a thought to "pink tooth brush"!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-1122, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.

IPANA

Here are four reasons why Ben Lyon won't run away with Hat Check Girl. The two on the left are Sally Eilers' and the two on the right are Ginger Rogers'.

Marian Nixon, Robert Elliot, and Jack Oakie in the sports-gangster film, Madison Square Garden.

William Powell in a Heavy One;

GALL

Gallows, *and*

By
FREDERICK

(Reading time: 6 minutes 45 seconds.)

WHAT is the next trend in motion pictures?

Norma Shearer and Mary Pickford believe it is toward old-fashioned romance. Miss Shearer stars in Smilin' Through to prove her theory; Miss Pickford plans a romantic film.

Still, Hollywood doubts that the next vogue will be in that direction. There are no definite indications from the great god Public to use as signposts. The outstanding recent hit is The Phantom President, which might lead you to think that the public wants fun poked at its noble institutions. Also, it appears to want to cry. A Bill of Divorcement is a current box-office hit.

For the moment, gangsters, sophistication, and newspaper columnists are on vacation in Hollywood. The movie capital, meanwhile, is seeing a new kind of hero.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

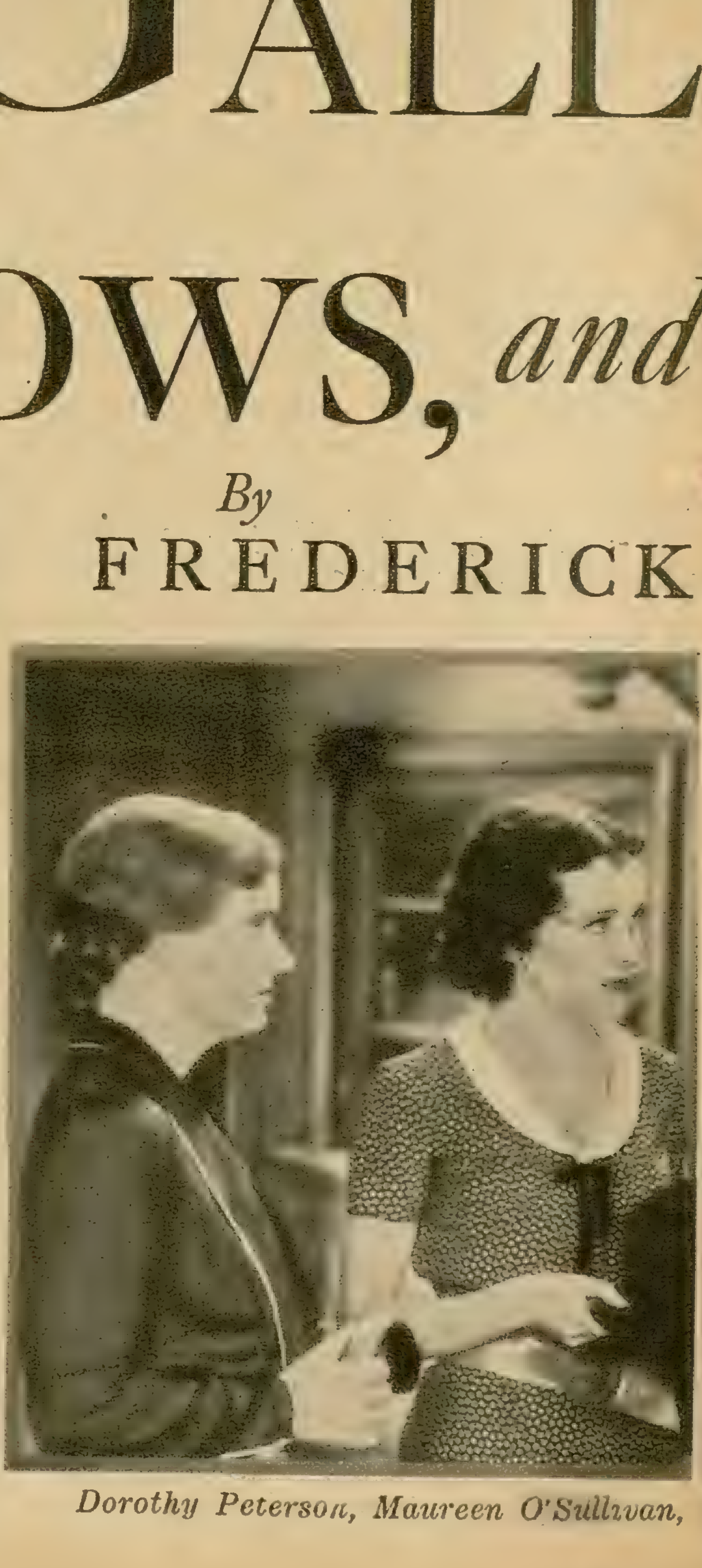
★ ★ ★ ONE WAY PASSAGE

A poignant little picture, deftly played, directed with taste and reticence. On a Pacific liner a fugitive murderer, being taken back to San Francisco to expiate his crime, meets a beautiful girl, hopelessly doomed to early death from a heart affliction. He is on his way to the scaffold, she is trying to reach home before the inevitable end. As the days pass their love reaches the heights of bitter-sweet tragedy. What will be the end? They hide, ignore the double doom, to gallantly pledge a meeting the next New Year's Eve. A meeting, of course, destined never to be. A meager, slender tragi-romance, beautifully etched by the two principal players. The facile William Powell is excellent as the prisoner, Kay Francis lovely and appealing as the girl.

★ ★ ½ PAYMENT DEFERRED

This is the heavy drama in which Charles Laughton, a British Emil Jannings, scored on the New York stage two years ago. A bitter, morbid idea motivates the tale: A man who commits murder craftily avoids suspicion only to be arrested unjustly for the killing of his wife (in reality a suicide) and is sent to the gallows. Mr. Laughton gives a remarkable, haunting performance of the middle-aged London bank clerk harassed by poverty, who kills for money and plunges his soul into hell. Veree Teasdale makes the most of a tough French beauty-shop proprietor, a brief and expensive solace for the clerk's soul agony.

This unpleasant study in crime,



Dorothy Peterson, Maureen O'Sullivan,

Strange Justice, another saved-from-the-chair picture, presents Norman Foster and Marian Marsh.

Much of the poignancy and hopeless gallantry in One Way Passage is due to the acting of William Powell and Kay Francis in the leading rôles.

a Poignant Picture; Charles Laughton in a Sports Talkie, and Some Hat Check Girls

ANTRY, Gangsters

JAMES SMITH

and Charles Laughton in Payment Deferred.

with the *corpus delicti* buried in the back garden, presents a grueling evening in the theater.

★ ★ ½ MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Crooked gangster and honest sportsmen combat in this melodrama glorifying New York's cathedral of sport. A kaleidoscopic yarn—embracing boxing, wrestling, six-day bicycle racing, and hockey—is built around an old sport manager's last stand against the inroads of gangs and racketeers. The picture is speedy, exciting, and packs a real punch in its final fight sequence. William Collier, Sr., gives a rich performance of the old manager, Jack Oakie is good as a prize fighter, and you can get glimpses of a dozen or so sport stars of the past.

★ ★ HAT CHECK GIRL

All about a girl who checks night-club guests' hats and amorous advances and who falls in love with a railroad magnate's son, only to have him charged with killing a man out of her dark (but really unimpeachable) past. The golden youth is cleared when the victim is discovered to be a newspaper columnist.

A shoddy, weak melodrama, given some vitality by Sally Eilers and Ben Lyon.

No stars STRANGE JUSTICE

Another variation of the innocent man about to be electrocuted, with the usual run-to-the-rescue just as the death march starts. Strange Justice is a confused, cumbersome melodrama, difficult to take seriously. Marian Marsh is a pretty heroine (also a hat-check girl) pursued by a banker who stages rhumba dancing parties in his modernistic railroad-terminal apartment, while Norman Foster is the chauffeur hero destined to be charged with the murder of his boss.

Do you know that—

Elissa Landi is to play opposite Ronald Colman in The Masquerader?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy, Grand Hotel.

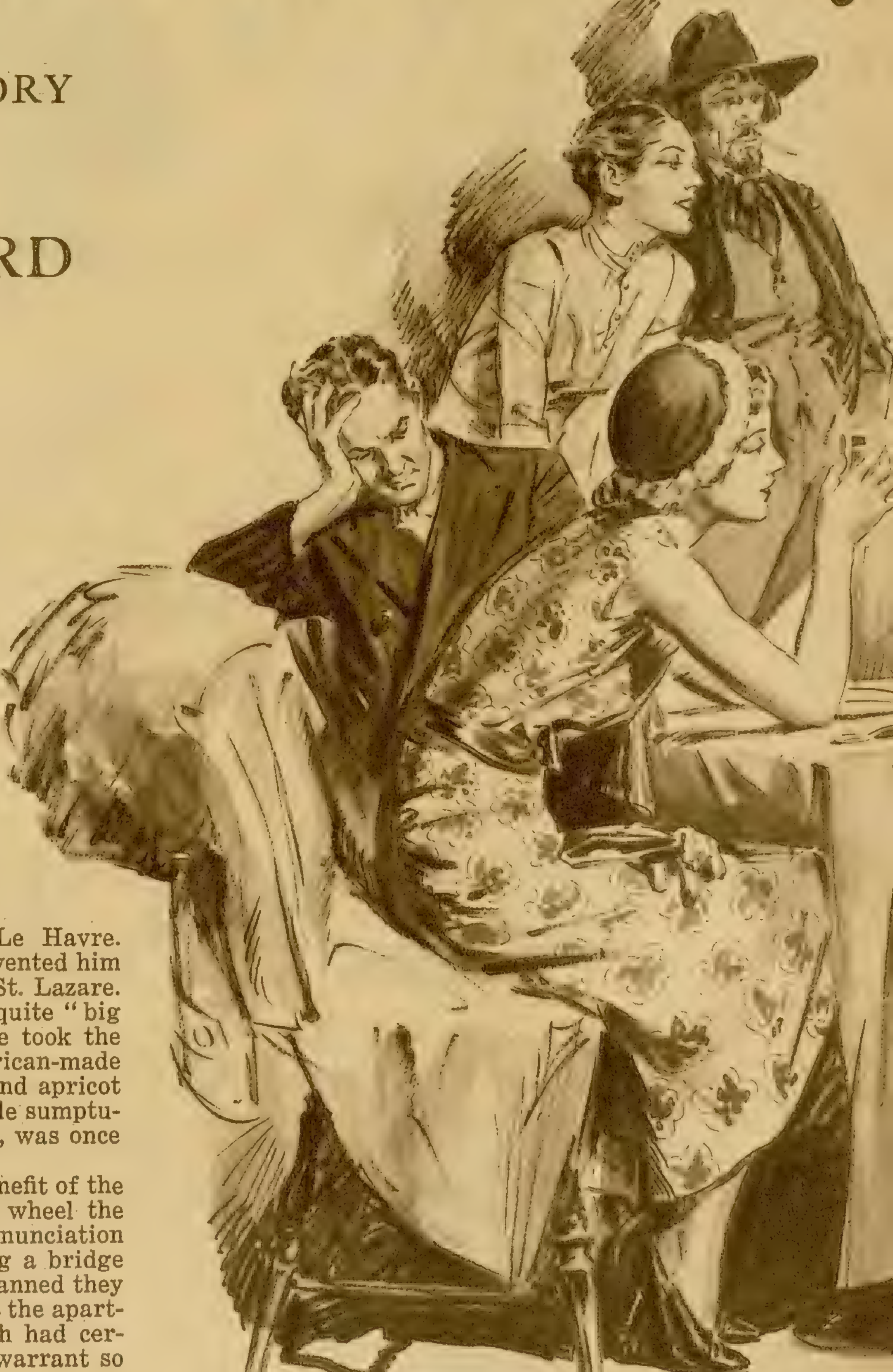
★★★—The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface.

The American Way

A PRIZE FIRST STORY

By
ALINE BALLARD

Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE



(Reading time: 22 minutes 20 seconds.)

FROM the first day, Polly felt that she belonged in Paris. At the end of six months she began to feel faintly sorry for the Polly of New Bedford days. Her letters took on a vague tone which sounded patronizing but might have been only the influence of French construction.

She wrote that she was studying designing, was even now apprenticed to one Yvette in the Rue Cambon. There were those in New Bedford who sniffed. Dressmaking, indeed, when she might have been Mrs. Richard Bancroft! Dick defended her. Looking out for Polly had long since come to be a habit with him.

But when Paris began to be written "Pierre," his attitude became suddenly less altruistic. He cabled his sailing date, radioed love from mid-ocean, and telegraphed his arrival and a dinner invitation from Le Havre. Only lack of faith in the French service prevented him from putting in a telephone call at the Gare St. Lazare.

Arrived at the Crillon—he was as yet not quite "big business" enough to edge in at the Ritz—he took the first room offered, saw the latest thing in American-made luggage stacked in the midst of apple wood and apricot satin, and having noted that the bathroom, while sumptuous, offered nothing new in plumbing gadgets, was once more on his way.

Commandeering a taxi, he recited for the benefit of the shabby and incompetent-looking relic at the wheel the only French he knew. Apparently both pronunciation and driving were adequate, for after crossing a bridge seemingly too pretentious for the stream it spanned they arrived by various narrow and devious ways at the apartment de la Fontaine de la Bouchardon, which had certainly neither fountain nor anything else to warrant so high-sounding a name.

Montparnassians like to pity those who know not their district. Visitors find it, according to their particular bent of mind, either romantically picturesque or disgustingly dirty. Dick viewing it as an environment for his Polly—he still thought of her that way—was filled with alarm. It occurred to him that she might be short of funds. It was, he decided, a good thing he had come.

The presence of *madame la concierge* reassured him somewhat. That estimable personage sat just inside the entrance, fitting tiny neat stitches across a hole in *monsieur* her husband's red undershirt, quite like a respectable New England boarding-house mistress. She gave Dick the smile reserved for Americans, those people of such a liberality, and herself conducted him to the third floor.

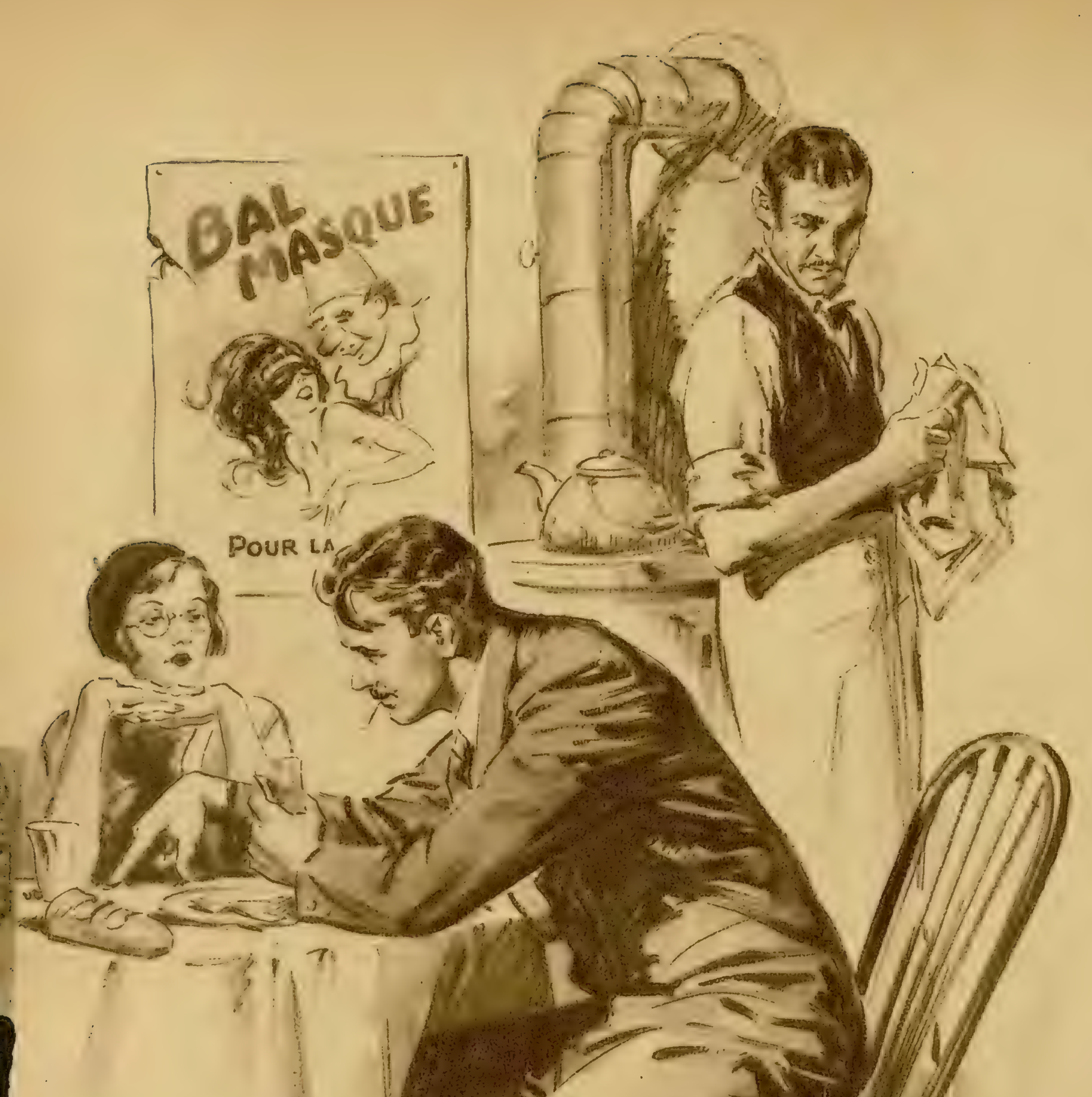
Polly was watching for him. She came like a small pink-and-gold whirlwind down the hall and slithered into his arms—so exactly the old Polly that his fears melted away. Later they were to return, but the moment at least was pure satisfaction.

Not to Polly. She had been prepared to greet Dick in a controlled and dignified way. She viewed the extravagance of her welcome with the chagrin of a little girl who, having decided to put away childish things, suddenly finds herself clinging to an outgrown possession. Some sort of defense seemed necessary, and she said quickly, "How do you like my city?"

"Oh—it's a great little town," he said, casually dismissing the glory that to her was Paris.

It was so ingenuously American that she smiled; but she was not at all sure she liked it. As one admitted to the sacred ranks of the intelligentsia, she found the im-

The Story of a Romantic Young Woman Who Couldn't Escape from Bathtubs



It made her think of evenings when they had gathered around the florid, pot-bellied stove in the Deux Magots.

"Over here they haven't heard of the Richard Bancroft Bathroom Fixtures."

"It's a pity," he said curtly. He was proud of his business. He felt that it stood for decency and progress, the best in civilization. But he was beginning to suspect that mundane things had no place in the rarefied atmosphere Polly had been breathing.

THE impression grew. Pierre intensified it. He came at that moment to invite Polly to a studio party. It pleased Pierre to forget—and except for his eyes no one would have guessed—that he was half English. Their gray was as cool as water trickling on brown shifting sands. Today they were faintly weary, but he announced exuberantly enough that his plans had gone in. The annual Prix d'Architecture was to be awarded soon. He was confident he would win.

He wore his confidence like an armor that covered shabby clothes and sometimes, Polly suspected, even hunger. They all did, the coterie of students and artists who were his friends, and the metal was never so bright and shining as when they gathered in one of their barnlike studios or met to drink huge mugs of beer in a far corner of some old café. On these occasions words would flash like sun spots from one mirrored surface to another until Polly was dazzled by the brilliance.

That was what made them so fascinating. They were so different from anyone she had ever known: Pierre spending his last sou on an *eau-forte* and coming to her for his supper. She was conscious now, by contrast, of Dick's sureness, which had never had any reason not to be sure; she found his air of well-being, the complacent plied superiority distasteful. She decided it was blatant and frowned.

Dick missed both the smile and the frown. He was inspecting the bathroom. "Say, Polly," he called, "this is 1895 plumbing." He came back into the living room and regarded her anxiously. "Sure you're all right? You aren't hard up?"

She laughed. "This is affluence, big boy. I have the only man-sized tub in the building. Apartments for students don't rate bathrooms—not in Paris." She reached up and patted his shoulder with affectionate patronage.

bigness of him, faintly irritating. Pierre, too, reacted to it. When she presented him, he bowed stiffly at the hips, ignoring Dick's outstretched hand—a discourtesy lost on that matter-of-fact young man, who merely assumed that handshaking was not a national custom.

And then Pierre forgot his hauteur in the news he had brought.

His friend Giordano, he announced with a gesture suitably magnificent, was giving this party. His group, *D'Esprit National*, had been accepted for the spring exhibition.

"Not that everyone agrees as to his talents," he added, interrupting Polly's exclamation of delight. "Winning was perhaps a stroke of luck. Still, one celebrates." He turned to Dick. "And you, *monsieur*, will you not come also? It is not business we talk, you understand. You will be bored, perhaps."

"On the contrary," Dick said pleasantly.

He was not particularly impressed, not even when the fellow, departing, kissed Polly's hand with elaborate formality.

HE wondered vaguely what she saw in him.

"Who is he?" he asked. "Does he work?"

"Not at a job. He's studying architecture." She added proudly, "Already some of his designs have won notice."

"And his manners too," Dick said dryly.

"He isn't like that really. It was because you're rich. The students say that Americans think of nothing but money."

"They're pretty keen to get some of it."

"Tradespeople; not the artists. They're beyond money. To them success is the only thing that matters. A picture that lives—"

"But you said that he was an architect," Dick objected.

Polly smiled indulgently. "Architecture is the soul of French art. To make a perfect building is to paint a picture on living canvas." It was obvious that she was quoting and that she was a willing disciple. Her eyes had a luminous, far-away look.

"And it's true," she added presently. "That's what makes Paris so beautiful."

She walked to the long windows at the end of the room and threw back the curtains with a small flourish, as one exhibiting a masterpiece. The city etched against the clouds: cameo-cut peaks, translucent opal domes, spires like jeweled lances.

She loved it when the sun shone on it; she loved it leaden and rain-drenched—and that was fortunate, for it was more often gray than gold.

"Where can you see anything like that?" she asked triumphantly.

"Where indeed?" queried Dick, gazing deliberately at all the near-by stained and shattered roof tops, the myriad crazy chimney pots, the rickety balcony across the court.

Polly flushed angrily, and he said contritely: "I was only teasing. It's a grand view. You can see the Eiffel Tower from here, can't you?"

Her face cleared magically. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"They say it's not safe and will have to come down," Dick remarked half to himself.

She laughed helplessly. "You would say that! You might build Paris a new one. You've got money enough."

"Why this sudden scorn for money, Polly? You sound as if it were something to be despised."

"I'm not sure too much isn't."

"Pooh!" he retorted inelegantly. "You've picked up that talk living over here. But it isn't peculiar to Paris. You could have heard it nearer home. Greenwich Village, for example."

"You wouldn't understand, of course."

"I'm trying to—but I can't quite fit you into all this." He caught her hands. "You don't belong. You belong at home. Come back with me, Polly!"

She had expected this; had thought she was prepared to meet it; and again her senses played her false. The mingled smell of tweed and American tobacco and shaving soap, the old familiar bigness of him, made her faintly dizzy.

She put out her hands and held him away.

"I'm sorry. I can't. I couldn't give up this." She was not quite clear as to what "this" was, but it had something to do with romance and freedom, the right to live her own life; she thought of it as Art.

"THERE'S my work," she said, clutching at the tangible. "Only today Yvette promised to let me make my next gown on a real mannequin."

"What sort of job will you get when you finish your apprenticeship?" Dick asked practically.

Polly hesitated. "I don't exactly know."

"Ruth Peters opened a millinery store on Center Street last winter. They say that she's doing fine," he said casually. "You might have a little shop and teach New Bedford women how to dress. They need it."

She couldn't imagine Mrs. Richard Bancroft working. Still, it was sporting of Dick to suggest it. He seemed to take her refusal philosophically. He said only, "Well, I'm going to stick around for a while. You can show me Paris."

That was what she had wanted—to introduce him to her Paris. But it didn't seem to work out the way she had expected.

He hated the studio parties: *vin ordinaire* in chipped cups, arty discourses; "rhapsodies in I major" he called the latter. The restaurants of the Quartier he thought shoddy, even the Café d'Harcourt recently taken up by society people. They went most often to the Café de Paris. Polly studied the gowns with an interest she was careful to define as purely professional.

She was a little ashamed of the ease with which she exchanged *le pot au lait* for champagne and truffles. And yet it would have been hard not to with Dick. When she saw him listening with just the right amount of deference to Montagne's suggestions, or when at Ciro's Gaspard called him by name, she marveled at the ease with which he adapted himself. The complexities of a foreign city seemed to faze him not at all. And then she saw

RUB OUT BRUISES
NYALGESIC
A LIQUID ANALGESIC
for RAPID RELIEF of PAIN
NYAL COMPANY
LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

Nyalgesic's healing power goes deep. Muscle soreness, neuralgia, rheumatism, neuritis, headaches and colds yield to this stainless, not-sticky balm. Ask for it at any Nyal drug store.

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

why. He brought to every situation a simple but none the less effective faith in the American way of doing things.

He sent her pastries and fruit in fluted paper cups—said she was thin. He had no use for Continental breakfasts—suggested bacon and eggs with substantial slices of toast, and at noon took her to Sam's American Bar to eat club sandwiches that were as nearly as possible like those they used to order in the little Bungalow Restaurant back home.

He gave her the latest gossip. This one and that had babies; old Grandma Pollock had died; So-and-so was married. Then one night he said casually, "I bought the Colonel Crowley place just before I sailed."

It was New Bedford's show place. Many a time Polly had walked to the edge of town to feast her eyes on its spacious lawns with their sedate paths and gay gardens. He would be going back soon, she thought. And she would take up the old life again. Without meaning to, she had dropped out of things. Someway it all seemed different when Dick was with her.

The crowd accepted him good-naturedly enough; they pounded on the table for more champagne and pretended to be overcome by his riches. Only Pierre touched her hair one evening and said, "See, every day she grow more gold." There was scorn in his voice; and after that he had stopped dropping into her room. It made her feel curiously disloyal, though to what she was not exactly sure.

The fine, high purpose of life that she had held in so sure a grasp seemed to be eluding her. The old well known phrases that expressed it came less easily to her lips.

And she blamed Dick.

COMING home from the shop one late afternoon, she decided suddenly to call him and tell him she could not go out with him that evening.

He had planned to take her to the Casino to see Josephine Baker. Well, she had something better to do. She would find Pierre.

It was misting. The lights glowed like pale moons; black chattering gnomes darted by her, tooting horns; gray wraiths appeared in doorways carrying braziers like Aladdin lamps to turn sidewalk corners into magic kingdoms. It made her think of evenings when they had gathered around the florid, pot-bellied stove in the Deux Magots or, if they were affluent, downstairs in the more subtle warmth of the Rotonde. She wanted them back—wanted to go again to the old Closerie. One night she and Pierre had sat for hours touching romance, bringing out of the dead glamorous past those two who had haunted the place, Svengali and his big blonde Trilby. She remembered it so clearly; it brought Pierre so close that she was not even surprised when he appeared in the misty shadows beside her.

He followed her into the house and upstairs—and slumped down in a chair. His eyes were dull gray holes; weariness was all over him; it was as if there were nothing to hold him together. She knew what had happened even before she saw the drawings clutched in his hand. His cathedral design had been returned. And he had worked so hard, been so sure of winning!

She took them away from him. He had brought his trouble to her, and she was even prouder and more thrilled than she had ever been before. The old Pierre had come like a king bearing gifts; this one was stripped of glamour; the tinsel wrappings were gone. But the gift was still there, she thought whimsically.

She smoothed the crumpled edges carefully. Fingers of damp had made faint smears, and she wiped them away tenderly.

He smiled a little watching her, but his lips were drawn, the corners of his mouth sagged. "God, Polly, you're sweet!"

She bent impulsively and kissed his forehead against the sleek black line of his hair, straightened his coat collar with a little motherly jerk. "I'm going to make coffee," she said practically, "and scramble eggs."

He laughed wildly. "To be sure—one must eat! A man's soul, it may

For his sake—Win your
BEAUTY CONTEST
with Soft and Lovely Skin!

Every time your husband—your sweetheart—looks at you, you are in a Beauty Contest. And his verdict can be flattering, if your skin is soft and fresh. Other people, too, judge you. Let gentle Camay help you win!

This girl, with skin as delicate as a child's, is winning a Beauty Contest. Her escort is proud as can be of her. And this is the secret of her soft, lovely skin—delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

Here is the safe way to care for your skin. Camay's creamy-white lather, a soft cloth, warm water—then a cold rinse. How fresh your skin will then look and feel!

CAMAY
CAMAY

Today Camay, in its new green and yellow wrapper, with Cellophane, costs less than ever before. Ask about Camay's low price!

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Win Sleep in 10 minutes

No drugs, nothing to prepare, no fat-forming concoctions in this new quick way to Dreamland

● If you toss at night instead of sleep, try this new, simple sleep-bringing treatment which helps 9 out of 10.

Get a bottle of Absorbine Jr. at your druggist's. Sprinkle a little in the palm of your hand when ready for bed. Briskly massage it on the back of your neck. Get between the covers. Close your eyes. Relax. Take long, slow, even breaths, inhaling the faint fragrance of Absorbine Jr., breathing like a person deep in sleep.

Drowsiness comes quickly

Not a drug, not fattening or habit-forming, Absorbine Jr. works fast. Jumpy nerves quiet down and, before you know it, a peaceful drowsiness steals over you and you are off to Dreamland until morning.

Mail coupon for enough to make a free test

You don't even have to buy Absorbine Jr. to try its sleep-inducing qualities. Simply fill in the coupon below and we'll send you a sample containing more than enough to give you a good night's sleep. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle.

Used by thousands for "Athlete's Foot"

W. F. Young, Inc.
330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.
Please send me a free sample of Absorbine Jr.

Name

Address

City State

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

starve. No matter, if he has something to fill his belly."

"That isn't fair, Pierre," she protested. "You know how I feel. It's beautiful; it should have won."

"It does not matter. I am no good," he said dully.

She saw that, for the moment at least, he believed it. It was, of course, the defeat that hurt; but she suspected, too, that he really needed the money. The prize was one thousand francs. On that one could live a long time.

She had forgotten Dick so completely that when he appeared in the door she stared as at a stranger. Pierre got to his feet. "The American, you neglect him." He bowed formally. "It is better that I go back to Lyons. There is for me there the daughter of a maker of silk. She brings a fine dot."

He went very quickly.

Polly started after him. Dick stopped her exultantly. "He wanted you to marry him? And you refused, Polly?"

She said miserably, "He didn't ask me. But I think he would have if you hadn't come."

"Then what was wrong?"

Polly scarcely noticed Dick's face; she was seeing so clearly another, grayer one.

"His drawings were returned. He feels there's nothing left for him."

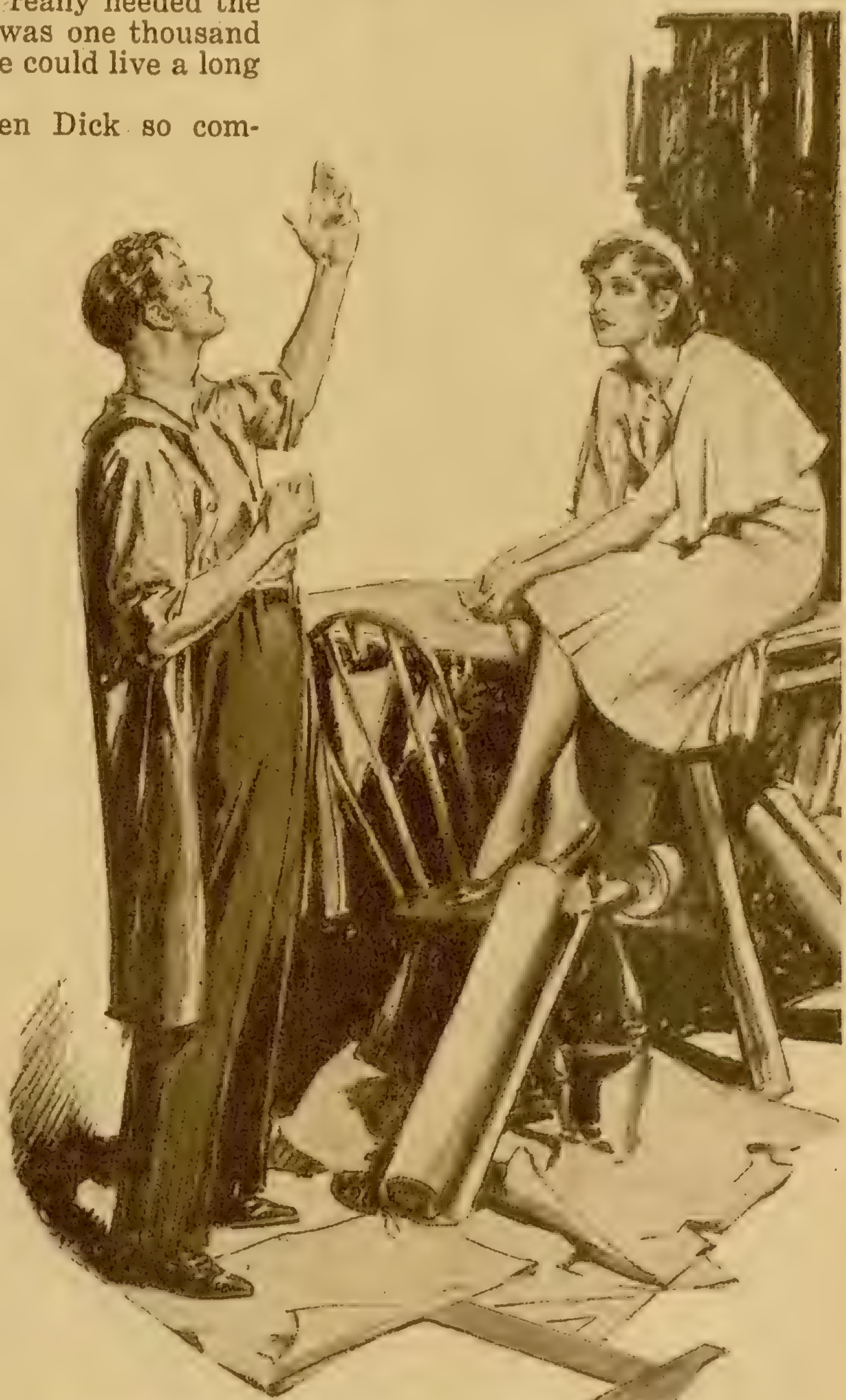
"Surely it isn't that bad. He can get a job."

"A job! You're worse than I. I offered to feed him. All we think of is practical things: food—jobs—money. As if they mattered!"

"The money buys freedom for everything else," Dick said simply.

She stared at him in a startled sort of way. "Of course," she said. "You're right. Freedom to do things that amount to something—things like that." She pointed to the drawings that Pierre had forgotten.

Dick went over and stood for a moment studying them thoughtfully. "You know, this isn't bad," he mused. "It's got nice lines. I like simplicity. But I can see why they didn't choose it for a church."



Pierre caught at the last. "It is true. Beauty. I feel it here." He raised his hand dramatically.

"It should have won," Polly said hotly. What did Dick know about designing? That was the trouble with Americans. Once they were successful, they thought they were authorities on everything.

"Was there a money prize?" he asked.

"Yes. But failure is what hurt Pierre. I doubt if he even thought of the money."

"He thought of a rich marriage," Dick said flatly.

"That's the French. You don't appreciate their point of view."

"True," he retorted scornfully. "I can't see dumping my troubles on a girl's shoulders."

She flared at that. "You wouldn't understand a man like Pierre, of course."

"It's you who don't, Polly. You

aren't seeing straight. All this has done something to you. You don't belong here."

He swept her into his arms. She struggled to free herself. If she gave in now she would feel cheap and unworthy. She, who had been so eager with her talk of independence and ideals, grabbing the first soft cushion that offered.

"Let me go. I'm going to Pierre!" she cried angrily. "He needs me." And remembering what Dick had said about money and freedom, she added, "With me to help he can accomplish big things."

"I see," Dick said slowly.

He thought she was like a devotee laying her gift on a shrine; her eyes were wistful, her mouth tender and pitying. He let her go. And then he picked up her coat and hurried after her.

When she would not let him call a taxi, he strode beside her, ignoring her protests. Outside the building where Pierre had his studio, she left him standing in the chill gray mist.

Pierre was tramping back and forth, slashing one drawing after another into jagged strips. Crumbled fragments of plaster of Paris lay at his feet. Polly took the knife away gently. The room was barer than she remembered, and dingier. The long drawing table and a chair were there; back of the stringy curtain she saw the big, lumpy bed; but the rest of the furniture was gone. She guessed why, and it gave her courage.

"PIERRE, am I not nicer than the daughter of the silk manufacturer?"

He stared at her, the dark, hurt look changing slowly to a bewildered one.

She hurried on: "I haven't any dot, but I have my work. It pays enough."

"You mean you would marry me!" He straightened to his full height. "You think I would do that! Not even for my work."

His gesture swept the idea away. But Polly was not daunted.

"Why not?" she said practically. "We can live in my apartment. In November you'll graduate and then you can—" She stopped just in time; she had almost said "get a job." She substituted a more artistic phrase hastily: "create all sorts of beautiful churches."

Pierre caught at the last. "It is true. Beauty. I feel it here." He raised his hand dramatically. "With you to help, I could do big things."

She saw his self-confidence flowing back, a warm stream bringing life into him. His cheeks flushed, his eyes lighted. "And you," he cried. "It is better so. You would never have been happy with your so-rich countryman."

He made it sound as if he were rescuing her. She had thought it was the other way about. After all, Dick's wife would have everything. Pierre might at least appreciate what she was giving up. She stifled a vague sense of disappointment.

It persisted while he kissed her fingers, the palms of her hands. She remembered that once she had thought the custom romantic; just now she found it cold comfort. The man was going to marry her; but that was, of course, the reason. She almost wished he were an American.

She was conscious of the same let-down feeling all next day. Her feet, instead of hurrying, dragged a little on the apartment stairs; and *madame* eyed her with the ready suspicion of one whose income depends upon the prosperity of her roomers. Pierre was not there to greet her. When he did not come, she went to his studio.

Drawings were scattered everywhere; a portfolio sprawled on the bed, another on the table; sheets of paper covered the floor. He had, she decided, been pawing wildly through his possessions, possibly in search of something.

She went out into the rain again and home. The evening dragged. Dick apparently had also forgotten her. In the morning it still rained. Work went poorly. Inspiration eluded her. And the customers, too, were harder to please. Americans were learning how to say "I can't afford it," and the modelists suffered. All the voluble violent wrath that Yvette had to suppress in front

YOU LOOK SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL

—that new yeast has surely put roses in your cheeks and sparkle in your eyes."

TODAY a delicious, pasteurized yeast is bringing new beauty and new health to thousands of people.

This new beauty aid corrects the *real, underlying* causes of ugly eruptions and dull, lifeless complexions. It brings you these results because it regulates the digestive and intestinal tract and gives tone to your nervous system.

In this modern yeast are certain vital food elements. These elements are sadly deficient in the average everyday diet. In many of the most common foods they are entirely lacking.

Pure yeast and nothing else

These precious elements are the vitamins B and G. The richest known food source of these vital factors is pure yeast. Yeast Foam Tablets are pure yeast and nothing else. Six tablets, eaten regularly every day, will supply you with generous amounts of these health-giving elements. Try them now and watch the improvement in the way you *look* and *feel.*

Yeast that's good to eat

You will like Yeast Foam Tablets. The yeast in these tablets has a pleasant, nut-like flavor. And it is scientifically pasteurized. Thus it keeps for months and *cannot cause gas or discomfort.* Also, it is always uniform in quality and vitamin content. Remember, this yeast is used by certain laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The handy bottle contains enough for ten days and costs only 50c. Get one today. Begin now to build glowing health and youthful beauty!

Ashamed no longer: *"My face was so covered with pimples and rashes that I was ashamed to walk down the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. They have done wonders for me. There is not a blemish on my face."* CLEVELAND, OHIO

Quick results: *"I have just started taking my second bottle of Yeast Foam Tablets. Already I find a great change in my complexion."* MONTVILLE, N.J.

ON THE AIR *Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over* NBC-WJZ *and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.*

Yeast Foam Tablets Stay Fresh for Months
YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST
YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill. L11
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ State__________

whether you pay
25¢ 35¢ 50¢ 75¢ or $1 for your
Paris Garters, you can be
sure they're always higher
in quality than in price
Get the genuine
PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
Time for a fresh pair?

Stop Itching Skin

Clean, soothing Zemo stops itching skin in five seconds—and corrects Eczema, Pimples, Ringworm, and Rashes. The way Zemo brings healing clearness to skin irritations is almost magic, because of its rare ingredients not found in cheaper remedies. All druggists', 35c, 60c, $1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results. $1.25.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

WANT A STEADY JOB?
Work for "Uncle Sam"
$1260 to $3400 Year

MEN--WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Prepare now for future examinations. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. D-228 Rochester, N. Y.

MONEY FOR YOU
AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

of wealthy patronesses gathered in the small back rooms of the atelier. Only a few weeks ago she had cried to Polly, "The gown is a creation. *Ma chère petite,* you will be a great designer!" And today she called her a fool. It was no easy task for an American girl to break into the fastness of the French dressmaking trade. Suppose she failed—what then? She thought desperately that she mustn't lose her job just now when Pierre was depending on her. But she couldn't seem to care much.

This time he rushed to meet her and swept her into her room. "Dar-r-ling, behold your architect!" His eyes, his hands, every bit of him was alive again.

Polly stared at him stupidly.

"But yes, I am about to design a building."

"Building?" she repeated. "What sort of building?"

"The model apartments. Here—for students." He embraced the room, the court, the whole neighborhood in sweeping gestures.

"Here? On this spot?"

He nodded proudly. "It is even now arranged. It is what you call one big commission. And I am not yet graduate."

"But how—why?"

"They have heard of me. They send yesterday."

"But, Pierre, an apartment building!" Polly remonstrated. "That's not your kind of work. You wanted to do churches, beautiful cathedrals, memorials."

"You don't understand. For this I get a great deal of money. Ten thousand francs—*poof,* that is nothing."

"I see," Polly said slowly. "Perhaps you're right, at that."

SHE went over to the window and stood looking down. It was, after all, a slummy little court; the gate clanged on rusty hinges dismally. But she had loved it. Soon it would be gone, and in its place a big clean building like the American dormitory finished last year.

She turned away. "Then you won't need me, Pierre."

"But I shall, little Polly." He took her hands. "Instead of adorning the exteriors of ladies whom you do not care for, you shall make beautiful the interior of my building, which you will care for very much."

So! He disposed of her work lightly. Dick had done better than that. He had suggested a shop in New Bedford. But then, Dick had always looked out for her.

She started suddenly. "Who gave you this commission, Pierre?"

"Martin and Haller. American firm in the Place Vendôme. They send for me yesterday. Their client wants a Frenchman to do it; he says the Frenchman is more artistic, also more careful of money."

There was one more thing she needed to know.

"Did he say anything about bathrooms?"

"Oh, yes. It is stipulated. The man say one bathroom for each apartment."

It was as she suspected. She saw it quite clearly—saw other things, too.

"I wish you luck," she said after a moment. "You see, it has worked out all right. And you will do great things—by yourself. Genius works best alone."

ALINE BALLARD
the author of this story, married after graduating from college and for some time let that occupy her whole mind. Three years ago, however, she had the urge to resume writing—her chief pursuit in college. Since then she has done newspaper free-lance work, but turned to fiction last fall. She lives in Dearborn, Michigan.

It was precisely the right touch. Pierre was eager to begin the preliminary drawings. He hurried away, leaving Polly to examine her feelings alone. She was not heartbroken, she discovered—not even hurt. But she felt very foolish. Her heroic gesture had been quite wasted.

She was like an actress who puts on a great performance only to find that her audience has disappeared.

SHE was ashamed to face Dick; but she forgot that part of it when she saw him. He wore such a white, careful air of cheerfulness.

"I didn't expect to find you alone," he said.

"So you've gone into the apartment business," she countered gently.

"How did you know?"

"Guessed."

"It's a good investment."

"Nonsense. Be honest!"

He laughed, but it was not a very successful laugh. "I suppose you think I'm spoiling Utopia—but it creates a market for bathroom fixtures."

"Some market! You're a dear." She put a hand on each of his shoulders.

"You were afraid Pierre couldn't support me, weren't you?"

"Still practical, you see," he said apologetically.

Polly laughed, although a little bitterly.

"You don't know the meaning of the word, but you'd learn if you stayed over here."

He looked puzzled. At last he said, "Happy, Polly?"

"Not yet; but I'm going to be."

For one so smart in some things, Dick could be very stupid about others.

She reached up and kissed him. He understood that. . . .

American kisses were very satisfactory.

After a time Dick spoke:

"The Ile de France is sailing Saturday."

"Let's wait for the Leviathan," Polly said. "I think I prefer the American Line."

THE END

ATTENTION

Another Great First Story Offer!

WRITERS

$10,000
HAS BEEN SET ASIDE FOR UNKNOWN AUTHORS

ATTENTION

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

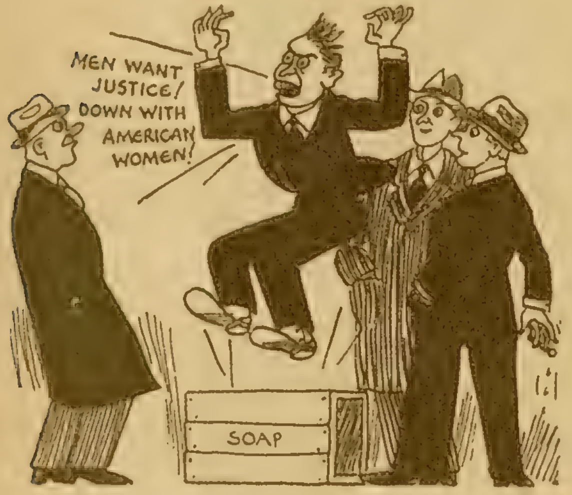
This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

Vox

Alarming Disagreement of the Sexes on Who Bosses Whom

BOSTON, MASS.—For many years I have been disgusted by the growing power and aggressiveness of American women. But not until reading " Will Our Men Revolt? " by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, did I realize the full gravity of the danger threatening American men.


MEN WANT JUSTICE/ DOWN WITH AMERICAN WOMEN!
SOAP

After finishing that article I wanted to go out and bite a thick nail in two, or pulverize a brick with my bare hands. That's how mad I was.

Listen, red-blooded men of this nation! It's up to you to attack and denounce petticoat control. And the time to begin is *now!—F. Stevens.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'm twenty years of age and one of these " bossing American women," as Princess Alexandra Kropotkin calls us. I've been married about two years and as yet my husband hasn't been seen holding a broom in one hand and a wildly waving dustpan in the other.

Neither have I seen any other men doing so, and I've seen a few men in my twenty years of living.

If one of these so-called terrible American women had told the editor a few of the bad points of the women of other nations, the princess' story would have had a sad ending—in the trash can.—*A 100-per-Cent American Woman.*

GROTON, S. D.—The most unique aspect regarding Princess Kropotkin's article, " Will Our Men Revolt? " is that a woman wrote it. It is strange some man hadn't thought it all out years ago.

The subject chosen by the princess has been my pet peeve for some time. There can be no doubt about it—man's superiority is fast fading into oblivion and he had better do something about it before he becomes as extinct as the dodo.

It is the instinct of the weaker (?) sex to see how long she can kick the worm around before it will finally muster up enough spunk to turn. Today there are very few men who have the resistance or the will power left to assert their own rights. If you don't believe me, look around, or look at yourself.—*D. M. S.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—So Princess Kropotkin thinks American men are bossed by American women? Ha! That's a laugh. Us women may have tried to be boss, but our attempts to dominate have got men so mad that they're up in arms against us. If we'd gone about it more diplomatically we might have had better luck.—*A Woman Who Is Bossed.*

It's Up to the Voters to Keep It Rolling

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I am a young college graduate and probably only one in a million who has read your editorial, " Political Graft, Greed Throttling the Nation."

Heretofore, if I read such an article as yours, I would throw it aside disgustedly. But I've found that cynicism gets us nowhere at all.

You appear to be terribly disgusted with political conditions in our country, states, and cities. Well, let me tell you that the young people in this country are burning to do something about it. Not only those of the educated class, but also those of the uneducated class. But where is the leadership? You've started something. Why don't you keep the ball rolling?—*Benedict Giacalone.*

Benedict Giacalone

One Speaks for Many

CHICAGO, ILL.—I wish to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Polly Simpson MacManus, in the name of all right-thinking and sympathetic police officers of the world, for writing " Squad Call."

There are thousands of officers in the Chicago Police Department who are like Officer Noonan.

I have been a member of that department for the past ten years and have seen many sad cases, but my eyes filled with sympathy and pride while reading this story.

Granted that there are men in the Police Departments of this country who deserve all the criticism the police get. But if more writers like Mrs. MacManus were in the literary field it would assure the majority of officers—and I know from personal contact that the majority are " Noonans "—that someone knows and appreciates their efforts.—*James H. Shea, Detective Division, Chicago Police Dept.*

So Do We

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.—I like the better things in life, such as ice cream, silk, and Liberty!—*E. Hirsh, an Arkansas Female.*

Would the Silver Cure Cure?

MIAMI, FLA.—Am in thorough accord with Senator Burton K. Wheeler in his article, " The Silver Lining," in some respects, but in disaccord with his bimetallism cure-all.

That the money powers are most certainly endeavoring, if they have not already done so, to entirely control this government by mere power of money is plain to any person of even average intelligence.

That the so-called " big bugs " would welcome a dictatorship, of and by themselves, is also self-evident, and nearly, if not quite, have they already accomplished their purpose.

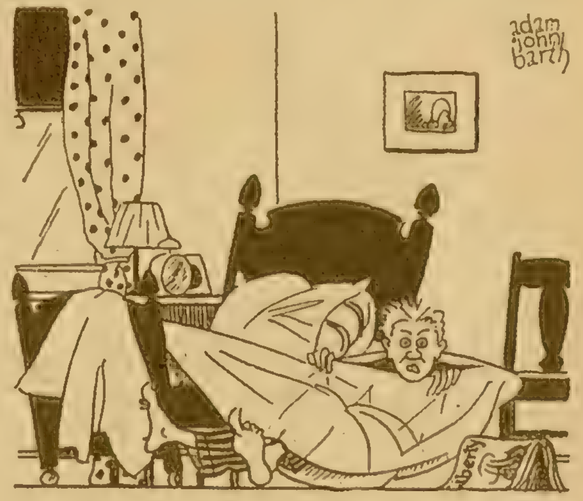
However, bimetallism will not cure the present depression, except that it might give us a breathing spell and a period of spurious optimism and expansion, only to lower us again, with added impetus, into the mire of defeated hopes and ambitions.—*H. D. Stewart.*

You Must Have Had a Swell Time

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Page the typesetter and then admonish him in the future, when setting up a story like Lowell Thomas' " Men Who Are Buried Alive," to place the following in parenthesis along with the reading time: *(Not to be read before retiring.)*

At eleven P. M. (two hours ago) I finished reading that most interesting story.

Then I went to sleep and while in that helpless condition proceeded to drill tunnels, sink caissons, got compressed, swam through muck and mud, rescued imaginary fellow men, threw what seemed to be endless lengths of rags into a leaking breach, and finally got blown to the surface of the Los Angeles River.



Coming down after a long, perilous drop I landed right side up, wide awake, on the floor by my bed, my head through a rent in the sheet and three lengths of bedding half hitched around my carcass.

So I decided to turn on the lights and give you hell about it.—*Jerry Lyle.*

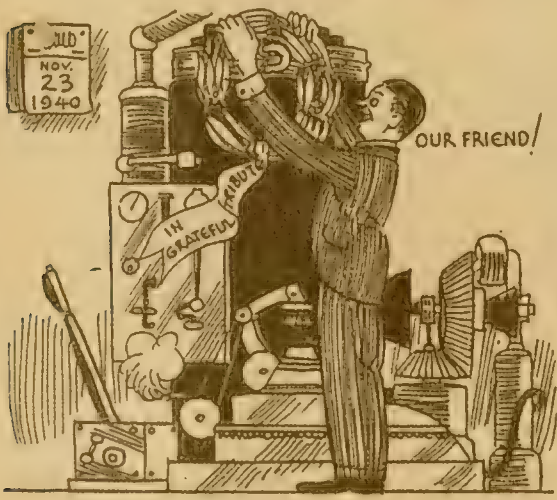
Pop

Machines: Future—

CHICAGO, ILL.—Give us an article bringing out the fact that labor-saving machinery is largely responsible for present-day unemployment.

The rightful purpose of machinery is to reduce the labor, and the hours of labor, we must perform, and not to reduce employment.

Because this true purpose is ignored we have hard times for almost all—including those who are employed, since many of those with jobs are overworked, not only in places where machinery is used but even in chain stores and business offices.



Surely there should be laws against this shameful condition: part of our population overworked and part with no work.

Machines should bring us more leisure for mind-building and body-building, and not more unemployment. All should share equally in what work there is. In every industry working hours should be reduced until all the unemployed are assimilated.

If we live to see this happier day, then and only then will we be able to speak of "our friend the machine" instead of "our enemy the machine."—*A Reader.*

—and Present

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The writer would like to bring the ideas in Mr. Jay Franklin's article, "Are We Ripe for a 'Revolution'?" to a successful solution, so that we could get out of our predicament by acting in terms of American ideas and American ways of doing things rather than by bloodshed.

Every man and woman is entitled to a job, to own a house or a farm, to marry and raise a family; and it is the duty of the community, from the small village up to the United States as a whole, to see to it that each person can lead a normal life and be a useful citizen.

Walter Heynacher

The reason that this state of affairs has not been reached successfully at the present time is only due to the fact that we have miserably failed in controlling successfully the immense power laid in our hands by modern invention and civilization.

We should control modern machinery, but, instead, modern machinery controls us.—*Walter Heynacher.*

The Farm's Too Good for 'Em

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Hey, you editor! Your back-to-the-farm advice is all right, but you are giving it to the wrong class. We workers will be needed in the city just as soon as the present sprouting prosperity gets a little larger, but the thousands and millions of little political bureaucrats, and the big politicians' poor relations that the people are not going to allow to be paid salaries much longer—why not send this whole bunch back to the farm?—*George L. Banks.*

About Garbo's Shattered Silence

ORANGEBURG, S. C.—Three cheers for Garbo! She broke her silence! (Gandhi broke his fast, too.) I always thought there was intellectual strength there. Now I know it.

Garbo's right again. Most parties are truly more like work than recreation.

She isn't the only one who likes the tomboy, "trousered attitude." Here's to more and better forms of recreation; to the oblivion of stiff shirts and reception committees!

Garbo was born fifty years too soon. She's bound to feel lonely. Isn't there a man somewhere who was born, say, fifty, or better, fifty-five years too soon?—*A Vox Poppess.*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—In her article, "Why I Will Not Marry" *(Reading time: 6 minutes 40 seconds)*, Greta Garbo says she stays away from Hollywood social functions because it's still a little difficult for her to express herself well in English.

Although I've lived in this country all my life and have learned the language well enough to carry on an ordinary conversation, I lacked just ten minutes and ten seconds of making her article in par on account of having to look up so many words in the dictionary.

I guess them Hollywood parties are tonier than I thought.—*Bill Burton.*

Please Invite Us

NOTRE DAME, IND.—A friend of mine walked up to me the other day and said, "What this country needs is a good five-cent magazine." I showed him a copy of Liberty. Disgustedly he repeated, "This country needs a *good* five-cent magazine."

Funeral arrangements are incomplete.—"*Babe*" *Daele.*

Defense Against Flying Death

ACKLEY, IA.—I want to comment on Lorimer Hammond's provocative article, "Could 20,000 Troops Take New York?"

No nation can build enough battleships or mount enough big guns to immunize its coastal cities from air attack.

In case the city of New York was caught napping, a heavy gas attack from the air could probably wipe out most of the population. Negotiations prior to the attack would not do; for we would then be warned. After the gas had presumably done its work, and the damage was done, what pressure could then be used by the rest of the country to hold the enemy at bay?

Frank Postma

What we need is planes. Plenty of them; with men who can handle them. The bases well scattered, and not too close to the danger points, but near enough for quick action.

What could an enormous fleet of battleships do to stop an air invasion that a big flock of well handled planes could not do better?

Why ask for more forts, battleships, and big guns? Build thousands of fighting planes instead. Then we would have an efficient and modern defense.—*Frank Postma.*

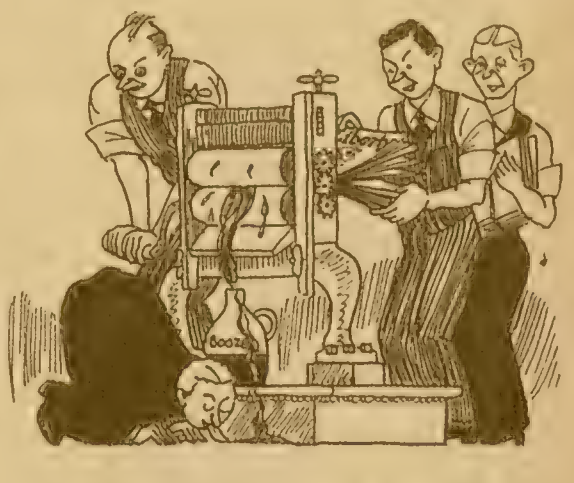
Is That Nice?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I think a good oculist should check up, at once, on the editor of your movie review page!—*W. L. Davis.*

Her Good Deed for the Day

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Put this in your magazine or I'll start a war!

Why in the dickens do you keep on printing articles and editorials knocking the Eighteenth Amendment? You editors ought to be ashamed of yourselves!



Your magazine is so darned wet that if it was put through a wringing machine it would make the biggest flood of liquor we've had since fermentation was discovered.—*A Loyal Girl Scout.*

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

"THE Prince of Wales has his coats and vests made by one tailor, and his pants by another."

This information comes to me from the lips of Adolphe Menjou, foremost Beau Brummell of the screen.

"We are not yet as fastidious as that in America," Mr. Menjou added, "but we're already well beyond the idea that refinement of masculine dress is sissified."

Adolphe Menjou

Neckties and politics are Adolphe Menjou's favorite excitements. He's half French, you know. Goes to Europe every year but does not want to live there, because he believes Europe is in for another war. He fought the last one with the Italian army. Speaks Italian, French, and Spanish as fluently as English. His necktie opinions are radical.

"Why should men's neckties be all the same length?" he demands. "They ought to be made in different sizes, longer or shorter, according to the size of your neck. As it is, the ends of a big man's necktie hang high on his wishbone, while those of a skinny little man must be tucked in his trousers. This state of affairs is badly in need of reform."

Shh! Secrets! The mysterious identity of Anthony Abbot is still unsolved, but here is something you Liberty readers ought to know: Adolphe Menjou is Thatcher Colt—on the screen. He is to play Thatcher Colt in the forthcoming film, About the Murder of the Circus Queen, which you have all read in Liberty. The part of the now famous detective fits him like a glove, says Mr. Menjou.

EVERY now and again I am amazed anew at the wisdom of woman—I mean the ageless, mystic wisdom with which some women handle difficult men.

A woman whom I had not seen for a number of years brought this point sharply to my mind when she came to New York last week with her husband and stepson. They were such good friends—the woman, the man, and the half-grown boy! Watching her with them, and knowing their history, I marveled.

The boy is her husband's illegitimate son by a former mistress. My friend did not know of the boy's existence until some years after she had married his father. Then the ex-mistress married, and did not want the boy any longer; she asked the father to take him.

The man told his wife, made a clean breast of the whole affair. He put the decision up to her.

"Bring your son to me," she said without hesitation. "I will care for him as though he were my own."

She has done so. At first I was inclined to consider her a martyr, a self-sacrificing woman. Now I know that I underestimated her intelligence. What a clever woman she is! What a curb she has put upon her rather adventurous husband by taking this child of his folly to her heart! Every kindness she shows the boy, every maternal solicitude she gives him, serves to remind her husband of his careless past, and to restrain him thereby from surrendering to new temptations.

IT must have been moving day when I mentioned the Black Hills on this page recently. I moved them over to North Dakota, and that was a terrible thing to do. The famous Black Hills belong in *South* Dakota. I apologize and hereby put them back—Zip—just like that, by a stroke of the pen. But I'm not a bit sorry, really, that I made the mistake, for it has brought me several charming invitations to visit South Dakota and see "them thar" Black Hills with my own eyes. They look gorgeous in the photographs. I'd love to go.

I'VE been out after information about room temperatures. "Do overheated rooms make people stupid?" I asked a doctor who specializes in this subject.

"No," he snapped. "People who overheat their rooms are stupid anyway."

No room should be warmer than 65 to 68 degrees Fahrenheit, he told me. The humidity should approximate that which prevails out of doors. Open windows help, but not enough. Keep large *shallow* pans full of water *on top* of all radiators. Keep growing plants in your rooms. They help maintain a natural humidity.

Dry, overheated rooms are ruinous to our complexions and dangerous to our health.

FROM a manufacturer of diaries I have learned, quite surprisingly, how optimistic we are on the whole. The diary makers sell more "five-year" diaries than any other kind. When I say diaries, I mean real ones in which you chronicle the daily happenings of your life, not those stingy little engagement books.

Now anyone who buys a five-year diary must, of course, have hopes of filling it with more records of success than of failure. A five-year-diary keeper must be something of an optimist, and there are thousands of them.

HAVE you admired those fringed epaulets the admirals and foreign generals wear with their full-dress uniforms? Well, you can now wear them yourself. They're the latest style launched by Marcel Rochas of Paris. Rochas has created a new black dress that is a knockout.

It is one-piece, princesse cut, very severe, topped by a tiny white bolero with padded corded epaulets sticking well out over the shoulders. A heavy four-inch fringe borders the epaulets, and a coat trimmed with astrakhan completes the costume.

HANDS as Bands, by C. T. Revere, impressed me as being the most sincere novel of sex entanglement I have read this season. (Ray Long and Richard Smith.)

NEW ANTI-FREEZE GIVES 4-WAY PROTECTION

1 **Won't evaporate . . . fill now for the winter**

2 **Leaks less than water**

3 **Stops rusting and corrosion**

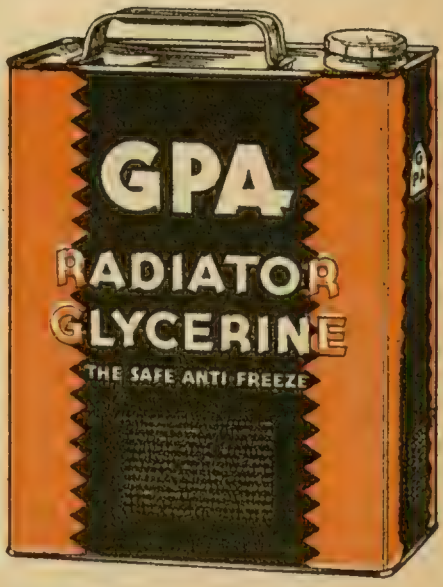
4 **Positively will not clog or gum**

PLUS **lower price . . . more economical than ever**

14 ADVANTAGES OF G. P. A.

1. Gives complete protection against freeze-ups to 30° below zero.
2. Will not evaporate — not even on the warmest days. One filling lasts all winter.
3. Leaks less than water.
4. Protects all metals of the cooling system against corrosion and the rust caused by tap water. This protection continues after G. P. A. is drained out.
5. Retards disintegration of rubber hose.
6. Positively will not clog or gum radiator.
7. Mixes quickly and permanently with water.
8. Never overheats motor.
9. Does not injure Duco or other finishes.
10. No unpleasant or dangerous fumes.
11. Safe — non-poisonous, non-inflammable.
12. Permits better operating temperatures.
13. Uniform in quality. Made to G. P. A. standards.
14. Lower in price. More economical than ever.

● *Why you can and should put G. P. A. in EARLY:* Since G. P. A. will not evaporate you can safely put it in early. Thus you avoid the last minute rush and all danger of early-season freeze-ups.



THE *new* G.P.A.
RADIATOR GLYCERINE

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION, 45 EAST 17th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A Footprint on the Ledge—The Puzzle of the Green Paste—Black Magic at Work—Dougherty's Startling News

About the Murder of the CIRCUS QUEEN

By

ANTHONY ABBOT

(Reading time: 29 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of a superdetective at work. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt witnessed the fatal fall from the rings of Josie La Tour, queen of Colonel Robinson's circus. Colt unearthed these three especially significant facts: first, Josie's fall was caused by tear gas; second, Keblia, Ubangi witch doctor, was murdered, later that night, in the apartment Josie had occupied with her husband, Flandrin; third, Marburg Lovell, admirer of Josie, owned a tear-gas gun. In Lovell's garden Colt picked up something like a small lump of mud. "Hurry!" he said to his secretary (who tells the story). "We have work to do!"

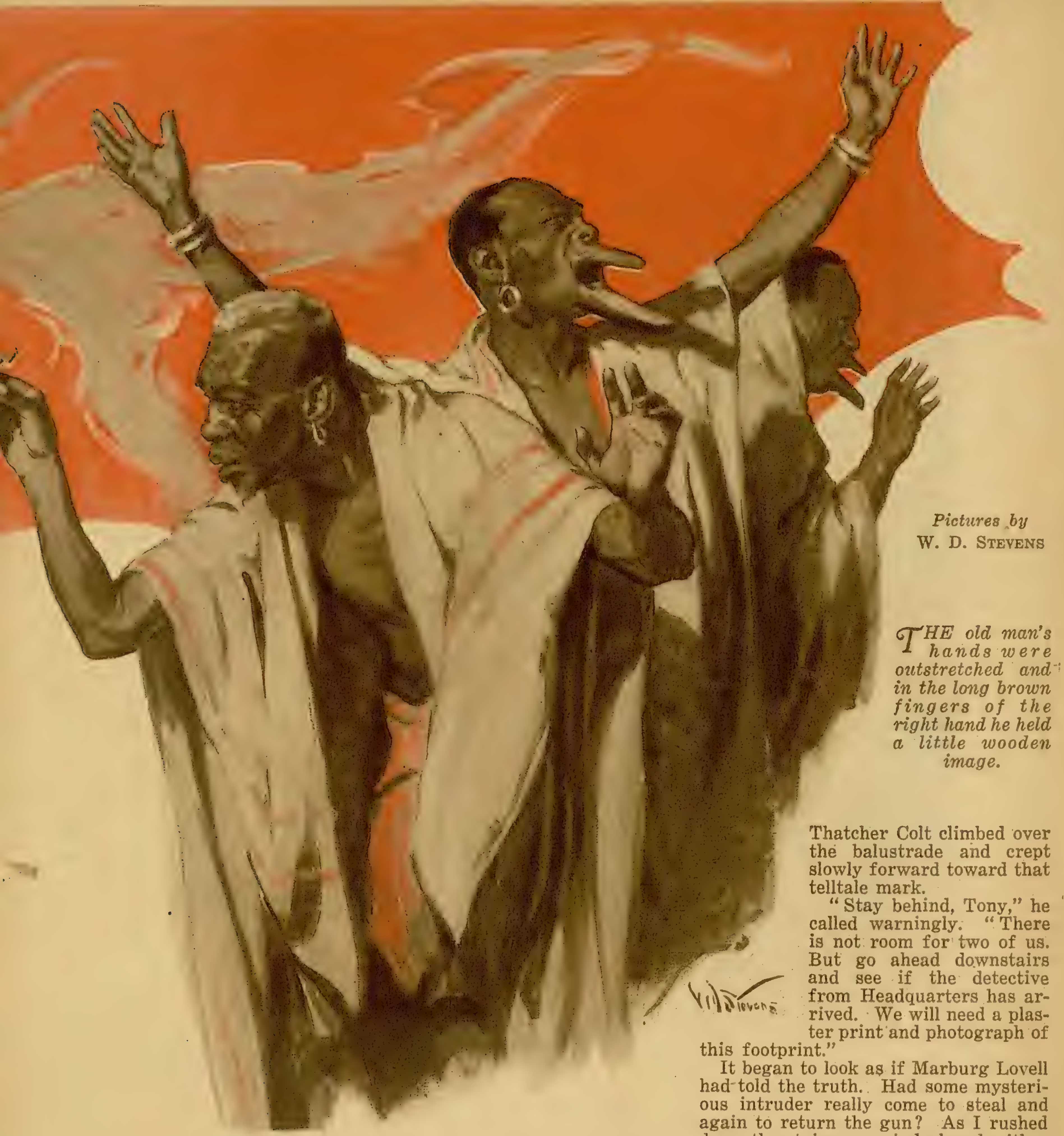
PART NINE—CLOSING IN

I HAD to possess my soul in patience. No use trying to question Colt now. Right or wrong, he had found a clue that he considered vital. We searched the house swiftly, drastically. In twenty minutes we stood on a small balcony of the top floor, looking down on the darkness of what seemed a bottomless pit. Really it was the rear courtyard of the house, the garden we had explored. In silence Colt stared down; from his hip pocket he again produced his powerful electric torch and sprayed with light the area beneath us.

"How carefully the pale Mr. Lovell bars himself in—and the world out!" remarked Colt, with an undertone of melancholy in his voice. "See the tops of those curving iron stakes in front of the long, narrow windows—the cruel pointed tips of those stakes. Old-fashioned, but still effective against criminals, except—"

He was silent for so long that my curiosity goaded me: "Except, chief?"

"Except that in this instance it might well be that these bars helped the intruder instead of hindering him. How? Remember, Tony, that he comes from that Cyclopean organization, the circus. To such people heights



Pictures by
W. D. Stevens

THE old man's hands were outstretched and in the long brown fingers of the right hand he held a little wooden image.

are not terrifying—and those curving iron bars no more than the trunks of jungle trees."

"Jungle?"

"Some sure-footed creature got into the La Tour-Flandrin apartment. In fact, two sure-footed creatures, one now dead. Suppose the other had scaled these bars, too—got to that ledge—"

The rays of the three-hundred-foot-focus pocket torch now played on a narrow parapet which ran the full course of the fourth story and ended only at the balustrade by which we two stood together.

"Tony—see there. In the dirt—the dust. It looks human—and it is—"

"Where—what?"

"A footprint!"

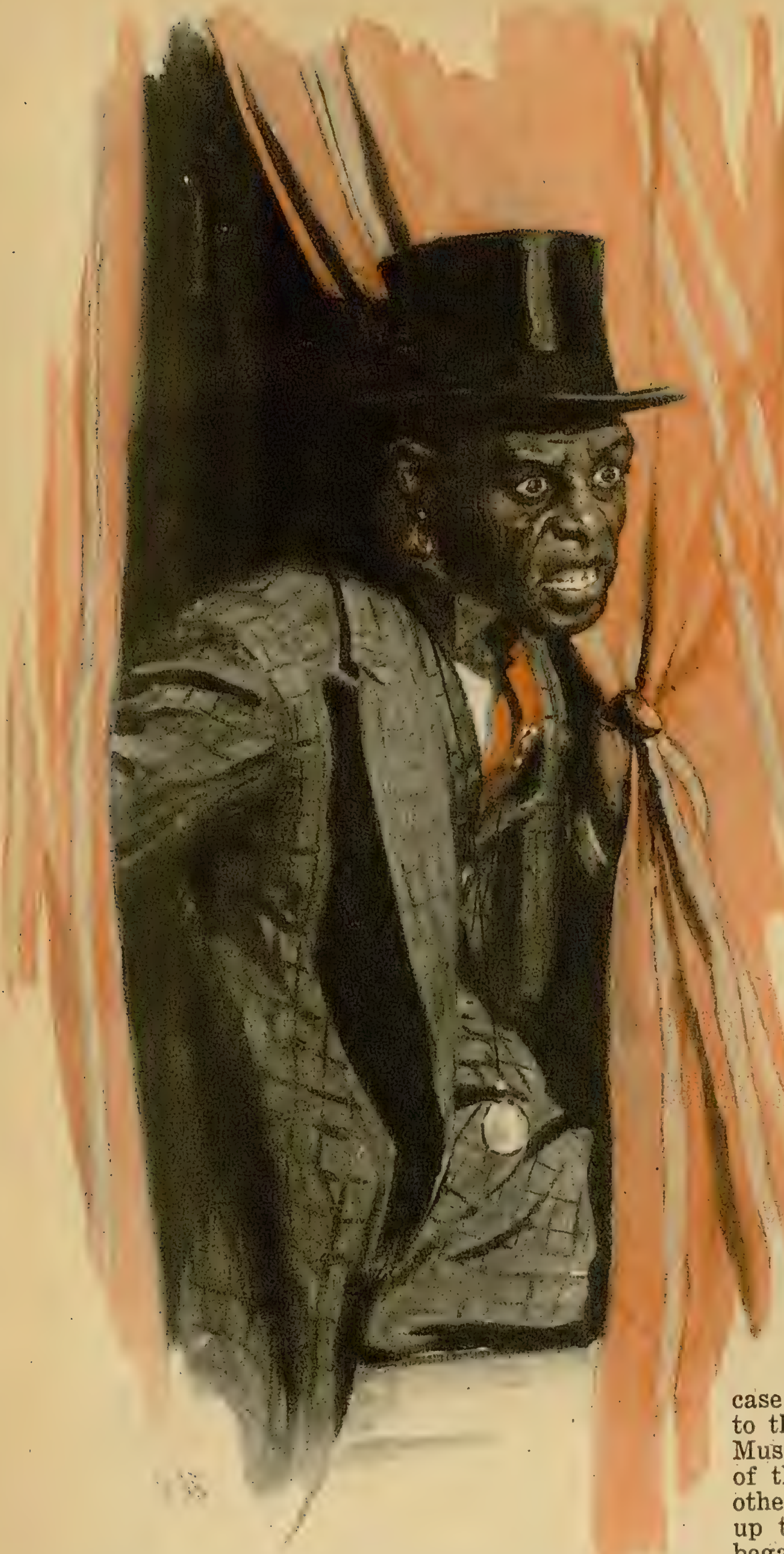
Then I saw it too—a human footprint on that dizzy ledgeway four stories above the cement pavement of the Lovell back yard. Before I could utter a word of protest, Thatcher Colt climbed over the balustrade and crept slowly forward toward that telltale mark.

"Stay behind, Tony," he called warningly. "There is not room for two of us. But go ahead downstairs and see if the detective from Headquarters has arrived. We will need a plaster print and photograph of this footprint."

It began to look as if Marburg Lovell had told the truth. Had some mysterious intruder really come to steal and again to return the gun? As I rushed down the stairs my mind played with a daring theory—one which perhaps had not yet occurred to Colt. Suppose that Lovell were really guilty—and that to bolster up his theory he had made the mark of a footprint not his own on that giddy parapet?

AT the front door I found Detective Glover, who put in a telephone call to the nearest precinct station for the plaster equipment to make a permanent matrix of that mysterious footprint. Meanwhile I hastened back upstairs. On the second landing I paused, startled to hear Colt's voice crackling with rage. Following the sound I traced him to the library. He was seated at Lovell's desk and talking through Lovell's telephone.

"I want to tell you, Dr. Clesleek," the Commissioner was saying to our city toxicologist, "that I consider your failure a disgrace to the City of New York! . . . I know you did good work earlier tonight with the tear gas —but how can that help me now? If you can't take a



"HE had followed the enemy of Josie. He had seen him steal a magic gun."

little smear of salve from a dead man's fingers and find out what kind of salve it is, what is the use of your having a laboratory at the city's expense? . . . You get in a department car and meet me in fifteen minutes in front of the Metropolitan Museum, and have that salve with you! . . . What's that? . . . I'm going to take it to a chemist who knows this job, that's all!

"Now get Inspector Flynn back on the wire. . . . Helloa, Flynn? Have you any report on the plaster prints of those marks left on the window sill? . . . What did he say? . . . Put the dust in an envelope and send it up to me with the analysis. Yes, send it along with Clesleek's package of green paste that he couldn't break down. . . . That's right. . . . Broadcloth, eh? Well, Flynn, I don't mind telling you that, coupled with something I found in the garden, I regard that as close to a decisive clue. . . . I'll talk to you later. Good-by!"

Thatcher Colt replaced the receiver, stood up, and smiled briefly at Marburg Lovell. He pointed to a coil of wire lying in the center of the top of the ornate desk.

"There," disclosed the Police Commissioner, "is the secret of how your house was burglarized in spite of your electric-patrol system. It is an intricate electrical feat by which the current is deflected into a coil, traveling in a futile circle and on back into the main wires. The device is easily attached to a wire, if one can be reached. But that is not easy. Consequently I am certain that this burglary was an inside job—that is, the man who rigged this up on your fourth-floor balcony was no stranger in this house."

Lovell lifted the heap of wires with a dismal air.

"Another illusion gone to hell!" he cried wrathfully. "Well, Mr. Commissioner, what am I supposed to do now?"

"Our man will be working upstairs for a little while," Colt replied. "After he is finished I shan't trouble you any longer—for tonight at least. Tony, lead the detective upstairs and show him the footprint. Then meet me at the front door downstairs. Now, one word more, Mr. Lovell. Could your butler let me have, out of your kitchen, two or three bags of salt?"

WHAT did Thatcher Colt mean to do with bags of salt? I felt as if my world were getting out of my grasp as the door closed behind me and I rushed downstairs. Yet I knew Thatcher Colt would never have made such a request except for some practical reason.

I found Glover just finishing his telephone conversation, led him upstairs, showed him the footprint on the ledge, and again descended the staircase. As I passed the library Colt was bidding adieu to Lovell.

"One word more," said the millionaire solemnly. "No matter what Colonel Robinson may tell you, do not trust the Ubangis. I own part of that circus and I know what I am talking about. In trying to do what you have just discussed you are literally putting your life into their hands. Be careful!"

Down the wide spiral of the marble staircase we hastened, picked up Gminder, and hurried out to the car. Colt told Neil to drive to the Metropolitan Museum, but uttered never a word beyond that. In front of the entrance to the museum we drew up beside another department car and the crestfallen Dr. Clesleek ran up to us. "Oh, Mr. Colt, you don't understand!" he began—then gasped and fell back as Colt snatched two parcels, one of green paste, the other of dust, from the chemist's hands and slammed shut the door.

"Professor Luckner's on Morningside Heights!" was the Commissioner's next direction; and off we darted, leaving a bewildered chemist reeling at the curb.

I was startled and a little disappointed. I had expected that now we would head straight for the disk-lipped Ubangis. Instead we were driving to the apartment of that curious scientist Professor Luckner, an inscrutable old Viennese who, with his ultramicroscope, had solved for us the strange way of death which had come to Lola Carewe.* More than once Luckner had taken Thatcher Colt's clues into his laboratory and issued forth hours later with precise instructions how to catch the criminal.

Beyond Long Island the first gray streaks ripped the dark spaces of the sky as we came to the door of Professor Luckner's apartment house. A plain room in the rear of a private suite was the laboratory of this anchorite of Morningside Heights. Some years before the old scientist had retired, but at Colt's persuasion had equipped himself with a private workshop which he devoted solely to research work requested by the Police Department. Colt had tried to get an appropriation to make Luckner's work a part of the official equipment of the department, but in vain; the Commissioner footed all the bills out of his pocket.

---

*About the Murder of the Night Club Lady, by Anthony Abbot (Covici-Friede, Inc., 1931)

The blear-eyed elevator boy, only half awake, grouchily agreed to announce us. The response was instantaneous. Professor Luckner was awake—probably at work with test tubes, Bunsen burners, and queer-shaped jugs and jars: a true witch doctor himself. He was at the door to greet us when we stepped out of the elevator. The professor was in a long white coat, and his hands were inclosed in greenish rubber gloves. An eye shade was cocked over his left eye, and he was smoking an odious stogy.

"Stumped again, eh?" he jeered. "Know-it-all police sneak in the dark hours of the morning to impoverished old scientist to get the dope. Am I right, Master Thatcher—*hein?* Have a stogy?"

Colt refused with effusive politeness, and produced the envelope containing a glass slab, carefully protected, on which had been spread the greaselike substance from Keblia's fingers.

"I want to know what that stuff is, professor."

"Why not go to your department expert?" asked Professor Luckner suspiciously. "Why come to me, a scholastic and impractical theorist—in fact, a mere doctrinaire?"

And Professor Luckner made a mocking grimace.

"I did do that; but our department expert cannot tell me what it is!"

"TUT, tut!" exploded the professor sarcastically. "Then I certainly can't."

"Can't? That's the first time I ever heard you say that, professor."

"It's my bedtime, Colt," the old man complained. "I haven't been to sleep—"

Suddenly he whirled. "What do you want to know for?"

Colt suppressed a chuckle. The fact was that the emaciated Professor Luckner was incredibly romantic. He despised literature and read only the divorce cases and the more brutal murders in the tabloids. He had a shop-girl enjoyment of sweet murders.

He squatted on a case of Scotch-whisky bottles and gave little animal grunts of satisfaction while Colt crisply told the story of the night's two murders.

"Beautiful!" murmured the unkempt Professor Luckner, with the rapt glance seen on the faces of old virgins at concerts in Carnegie Hall.

"I want my husband to admire my skin"

—a wife never forgets that a clear skin is irresistible and that some other woman might prove more attractive

THEN pause a moment and reason in a common-sense way what may be the cause of that *skin-trouble* and its relation to the blood.

There is no secret as to how to have a clear skin—in most cases it comes from *within*. This is why sufficient hemoglobin, in the red-cells of the blood, is the essential and necessary step for a *clear skin*.

S.S.S., in addition to being a *valuable* general tonic, has the special property of *increasing* the red-cells and *restoring* the hemoglobin content of the blood, when deficient.

Hemoglobin acts as the carrying agent to take oxygen from the lungs to all parts of the body — *even to the skin*. With hemoglobin restored to normal, the body has an increased supply of the *vital* oxygen—so necessary for strengthening and *purifying* the blood and tissues . . . restoring energy . . . muscle tone . . . vitality . . . and building up resistance to pimple germs.

"Shall I use a good soap?"—certainly—"and cosmetics?"—naturally, but *first* observe Nature's law and lay the sound foundation from underneath the skin.

Try S.S.S. yourself. Get it from any drug store. The larger size is more economical and is sufficient for a two weeks' treatment. It may be the very means of restoring *your* skin beauty and bringing *better* health and *more* happiness to you. Then why not start taking S.S.S. today? Insist on S.S.S.—the *proven* blood tonic.

© The S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. builds sturdy health

Your FORTUNE

Fortune Series Now Only 69¢ Each. All 3 for $2. Postpaid

In The STARS
In The CARDS
In Your HAND

What is ahead of you in love, business, money matters, happiness, success? See if the stars and the cards and your palm all tell you the same thing!

Cast your own horoscope, read your own palm, study the cards for yourself. These books tell you how.

Read palms for your friends. Learn how to read cards and you'll be the "life of the party." Ask for your friends' birth dates and work out a genuine astrological reading to their astonishment and delight.

FORTUNE TELLING BY CARDS
FORTUNE TELL
ASTROLOGY HOW TO MAKE AND READ YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE
ASTROL
HANDS AND HOW TO READ THEM
HAN

FORTUNE TELLING BY CARDS by Prof. P. R. S. Foli, 122 pages, cloth bound, illustrated cover. What each card signifies, significance of quartettes, triplets and pairs, your fortune in 21 cards, combination of sevens, fortune-telling games, your heart's desire, 6 ways of trying a wish, the master method, what cards can tell of past, present and future. Postage 11c extra if ordered separately. Our Bargain Price.................. 69¢

ASTROLOGY How to Make and Read Your Own Horoscope by Sepharial. 145 pages, cloth bound, many charts, tables and diagrams. Illustrated cover. Alphabet of the Heavens, construction of a horoscope, How to Read Horoscope, The Stars in their Courses, Financial Prospects, Voyages and Journeys, The End of Life, How to Become a Successful Astrologer, Choice of Occupation, Health and Sickness. Postage 11c extra if ordered separately. Our Bargain Price...................... 69¢

HANDS And How to Read Them by E. Rene. 125 pages, cloth bound, 16 full-page illustrations, complete index. Illustrated cover. Outward formation of hands, fingers and palms, nails and phalanges, the principal lines, fortune, health and marriage, children, voyage lines, life line, hints to parents and guardians, on marriage, maladies and diseases, palmistry as a social amusement, character, tastes and pursuits. Postage 11c extra if ordered separately. Our Bargain Price... 69¢

HOW TO ORDER Check books wanted in coupon below; fill in, detach, and mail with remittance *today!*

Economy Educational League, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. L·N. 192.

Please send me books checked for which I enclose $.............. I understand that my money is to be refunded if I am not satisfied.

☐ *All 3 books.* Price $2, postpaid.
☐ *Astrology.* Price 69c. Postage 11c, Total 80c.
☐ *Fortune Telling by Cards.* Price 69c, postage 11c, Total 80c.
☐ *HANDS And How To Read Them.* Price 69c, Postage 11c, Total 80c.

Name..
Address.................................... Town or City......................................
State.................................... R.F.D.................... P. O. Box..............

"A masterpiece! And you can't catch them, *hein?* You're utterly baffled and defeated, aren't you, Thatcher? Helpless, impotent—a complete wreck of a Police Commissioner, aren't you? Ha! and all your experts, too. Blank faces—blank minds! And so you come to Professor Luckner at his bedtime. Ah, well—you should thank God I'm a soft-hearted person! Have a drink?"

We assented. Glasses clinked in a Heidelberg salute.

"And now," fussed Professor Luckner, "on your way! Leave your little clue with me. I will also have my assistant test the sweepings from the circus ring."

Dawn seemed to be breathing red fire over the park and the roof tops below us as we emerged again on the rampartlike street of Morningside Heights.

Beside Neil in the front seat of the car, Professor Gminder was fast asleep. The Columbia savant had started out full of the intoxication of adventure, of helping the police in a murder case. But, like so many others, he had found that the thrills of the criminal-chaser are rare and unexpected; they come after long stretches of deadly monotony and watchfulness.

As I followed Colt into the rear seat and Neil turned the car and sped downtown, the African-dialect expert woke up. Over his shoulder he gave us a startled glance. "The point is," he declared emphatically, and as if not once had he dozed, "I came to you at Professor Luckner's request, ready and willing to help the police with any special knowledge I may have. But what can I do if you go away and leave me?"

Colt chuckled. "We won't run away and leave you any more," he promised. "As a matter of fact, I think our case has boiled down to this. Unless we can get your friends the Ubangis to talk, we are likely to be on this case for a long time to come. We couldn't do without you as our dragoman, professor."

AT last we were back at Madison Square Garden. We drew up at one of the side entrances, then hastened to the little office, halfway upstairs from the main lobby, where the circus management was installed.

Colt opened the door.

Over the Commissioner's shoulders, Gminder and I looked into the office, where around a table playing cards sat five men—Crumps, the animal boss; Sebastian, King of the Air; Dr. Ransom, the show's physician; Dr. Charavay, who had brought the Ubangi troupe to the United States; and Colonel Tod Robinson, owner and general manager. All were in overalls, pyjamas, or other lounging suits.

At sight of Colt the owner of the circus leaped to his feet, dropped his cards, and strode up to the Commissioner. Most of the manager's former friendliness was gone. There was antagonism and challenge in the set grimness of his jaws. "I don't want to have any misunderstanding with the police," he began, "but I want to say right off I don't like the way things are going on. You cops haven't got anything on Flandrin, and you know it. Yet you arrested him!—one of my stars. You're breaking that lad's spirit. He'll never have the nerve to go up again—much less do that double twist he set his heart on. He'll be through—and this show can't afford anything like that. One star dead—another under arrest! Hell!" expostulated Robinson. "How long is this thing going to keep up?"

"Not for long, I hope," Colt returned. "As for Flandrin, he can take care of himself all right. If he's guilty, you can't save him from the chair; and if he's innocent, the public will mob Madison Square Garden to get a look at him as soon as he gets out."

"I don't want that kind of publicity," grated Robinson. "But just the same—how soon can he get out?"

"The situation at the moment is discouraging. I have department experts and others working on clues that should some day lead us out of the woods. But the processes are slow. Meanwhile we may be losing time—the guilty may escape—unless we get some direct information."

"Of what kind, chief?" asked Robinson, interested in spite of himself.

"I truthfully don't know. I'm at a standstill for the moment. But I am satisfied your Congo natives know something. I must get them to talk. That is why I have brought Professor Gminder here—an authority on the dialects of Equatorial Africa. May I present Professor Gminder, gentlemen—" And Colt pronounced, one by one, the names of the four men around the table.

"I will lead you at once to the Ubangis' room," agreed Colonel Robinson. "We keep them right here in the Garden—the sight of them is what we have to sell, as far as they are concerned, so we keep them out of sight. Go ahead with the game, boys."

Down the stairs the circus owner led us again, across the empty lobby, through the dark Exhibition Hall with its cages of wild beasts, and thence again into the back yard of the dressing rooms. But on the way Colt paused to receive a whispered report from Detective H. H. Harris, who had been designated by Inspector Flynn to supervise the work of three plain-clothes men in the Garden. These men had watched the comings in and goings out of the circus principals, from Crumps to Sebastian and from the red-cloaked Mephistopheles to Colonel Robinson himself. Colt listened attentively to the report of Detective Harris and then said:

"I am going to give you a highly difficult job. I want you to steal a costume for me. Get to Headquarters and then telephone me for further instructions."

"What do you want stolen?" asked Harris eagerly.

But I did not hear the answer to that question, for at that moment Signor Sebastian crossed the floor, approaching Colonel Robinson, who had waited for us out of earshot. As soon as he saw Sebastian, Colt gave me a signal and I returned to Robinson's side just as the King of the Air reached him. But I could have spared my haste: Sebastian merely wanted to borrow fifty dollars in order to go on in the poker game upstairs.

Meanwhile Detective Harris had gone, and as Colt rejoined us we resumed our journey toward the haunts of the Ubangis. The dimly lit corridors stretched away in furtive and mysterious curves; but Colonel Robinson, untroubled, led us directly to a door. For a moment he hesitated, bending down, his ear against the keyhole.

"They must be asleep," he murmured. "But I don't hear any snores, either."

He opened the door and his groping hand found a switch. He turned on the ceiling lights, and then swore in astonishment. The large room was empty!

WHERE could the strange black people have gone? This was their only shelter in New York. Here they had spent their time placidly sleeping and smoking and eating their fish and boiled rice and drinking their beloved cider. Since their leader had been mysteriously slain, they had seemed to melt into thin air.

In a very mild voice Professor Gminder spoke up:

"Mr. Colt, if I may be permitted to make an elementary suggestion? These people come from a fiercely hot country and they find the North American climate very trying—and this has been a raw, damp twenty-four hours. Why not look in the boiler room—where it's warm?"

"By God!" exclaimed Colonel Robinson, "I wouldn't be at all surprised if you were right. Now why didn't I think of that before?"

It was well after 5 A. M. when we started our descent into the lower internal regions of Madison Square Garden. At first I was amused. But as I descended the staircase a troupe of images passed through my mind, full of vague and ominous import.

Lower and lower we descended the dark and curving iron stairway. At last we were at the bottom. Ahead of us I heard Colonel Robinson's voice, low and encouraging. Following him, we felt our way down a long, shadowy hall. I began to wonder if there were any truth in those warnings of Marburg Lovell about the Ubangis.

It was now pitch-black all around us—as if we were in a portable piece of the jungle itself, boxed and crated and sent to Manhattan. Let me confess I did find myself timid. I too have my battle scars—more than one gangster's bullet has left its mark on my flesh. But this was something different—the terror of the unknown. As I stood there my mind was suddenly like an old trunk with the tray taken off and nothing inside but the crunched figure of an African witch doctor, throat cut from ear to ear.

Suddenly as we lingered in the silence I heard a sound —a low, moaning cry, a wail in the darkness. In the tonality of that unexpected voice was something indefinably horrible. At the same moment three brisk raps sounded. Thatcher Colt had found a door and was knocking on it. Almost immediately the wailing sound ceased. I heard the rattle of a knob and the turning of a key screaking in the lock.

Slowly the door was opened. A dim light shone from within. And in that light I suddenly saw a face—a huge black face with eyes that seemed full of boiling light. From the lower part of the face protruded two colossal and distorted lips. It was such a face as one sees only in nightmares. But this was reality. We had come at last face to face with the Ubangis!

Past those enormous lips of the black woman on the threshold I looked into the room itself—a vacant storage place, its two electric lamps draped with dried leaves.

COVERED from head to foot with blankets, the Ubangis, men and women, were moving about the room in a fretful and seemingly aimless walk. They took short steps that led them forward and sideward and back, but got them nowhere. Was this, I wondered, some tribal juju ritual—Negro witchcraft?

"They are holding some kind of trial, and therefore a dance," whispered Professor Gminder in Colt's ear. "They are annoyed at your interruption, but they will not stop now until the invocation is pronounced."

"Tell this woman at the door who stares at us so that I would like to speak to their leader," directed Colt.

But Colonel Robinson protested. "I think it most unwise to interfere at such a time as this," he objected. "They are getting ready for something important; I don't speak their language, but I know that much. Soon they will be scraping their palm drums, jabbering together, and holding up their spears to drive the devil away. It's dangerous to interfere at such a time."

"What of it?" countered Thatcher Colt. "Pass the word along, Gminder."

"Right!" agreed the professor. "In a little while it will be too late. You won't be able to get a word from them. They will go about in a kind of daze."

The Amazonian woman with the gigantic lips remained mute, arms folded, glaring straight before her. Professor Gminder now addressed her, his speech a series of rolling guttural sounds punctuated with sudden whistle-like sibilants. At hearing a white man speak her tongue, the woman showed no astonishment. Turning on her heels, she walked into the room.

"I am afraid it is too late already," muttered Gminder.

"I do think we had better go and leave them to themselves," urged Colonel Robinson.

"What are they saying, professor?" asked Colt.

"They have elected a new witch doctor."

"They know Keblia is dead?"

"They know he is missing. They are holding a trial to punish the killer of Josie La Tour—they mean here and now, by magic, to invoke her slayer's death."

"Will they name the guilty person?"

"Don't say anything more," cautioned Professor Gminder. "Here comes the new witch doctor."

Through the smoke a doddering figure was heading for the doorway. He covered half the distance; then he paused and stubbornly shook his head. The same big-lipped woman who had taken Colt's message returned and spoke to Gminder. His translation was crisp: "The witch doctor says to go away: he will talk with you when the ceremony of invocation is over."

"But tell him the police are here!"

"He will reply that he cannot stop now: he is a priest."

The old man had lifted his hands, and now began a

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER ROUGH CUT
Just try it!

"I am glad you smoke a pipe!"

"WHY DO I say that? Well, just as soon as you come into the house and pack your pipe with Granger, you seem to be in a good humor. I like that Granger, too . . . the aroma is very pleasing."

You are right! Granger is *made* for pipes.

© 1932, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

GRANGER IS AMERICA'S PIPE TOBACCO

passionate long-drawn-out utterance, punctuated by deep-toned responses from his shuffling fellows. And as the old witch doctor cried on and on in his strange jargon, Professor Gminder, in a breathless undertone, grimly translated for us every word of the invocation:

"Help us to find the murderer, the guilty one who killed the beautiful and good Josie La Tour. Help us, gods of the trees! Help us, gods of the sun! Help us, gods of the moon! Help us because Josie was good. Sometimes she grew angry and beat us, but Josie was good. The gods will help us find who killed her!"

It sounds mad. Yes, at six o'clock of that spring morning in New York City a tribal death dance was in full shuffle; new coals were being lighted and death was being prayed for, danced for, around a smoke fire. Within two minutes' walk of where we stood were the elevated and the subway; not far away, the greatest suspension bridge on earth was being built; Columbia University with its army of professional physicists and rationalists and its legion of students was close at hand. We were in the heart of civilization, and yet in our nostrils was the smoke of witchcraft!

A moment more and the invocation was over. The weaving bodies slowed down like tops from exhausted momentum. But their harsh voices still resounded like the quacking of great ducks. Through the smoke the tottering figure of the witch doctor moved again, creeping toward us with painful but determined steps. As he came nearer I saw him clearly for the first time—this second witch doctor in our experience, this feeble and wrinkled substitute for the magniloquent Keblia. The old man's hands were outstretched and in the long brown fingers of the right hand he held a little wooden image.

"He has gone into the park," murmured Gminder in hasty explanation. "In the sunlight and under the trees he has pronounced the death prayer for the evils done by an unknown enemy. Then he has taken a piece of wood and carved it like a human being. Now it is supposed to be ready for the reception of the enemy's soul."

THE witch doctor stared at us and shook his little wooden image and strange words rolled and crackled from his long red tongue.

"He says," whispered Gminder, "that he will discover who it was that killed Josie La Tour and he will discover, infallibly, who killed Keblia. They heard about Keblia's murder an hour ago. In a very little while, he says, the soul of the killer will pass into that *Nkissi* held in his paw. They are driving nails into the little figure and that will procure vengeance on the indwelling spirit."

Thatcher Colt held out toward the witch doctor the paper bags which he had carried from the home of Marburg Lovell. "Tell him," said the Commissioner, appealing to Gminder, "that here is salt given by a friend."

Join
YOUR RED CROSS NEEDS YOU

THE American Red Cross has aided more than THREE AND ONE-HALF MILLION FAMILIES in the past year of economic upheaval.

It has distributed 40,000,000 bushels of wheat, principally in flour, through 3,100 Chapters.

More than 2,200 Red Cross Chapters have participated in unemployment relief. Food, clothing, medical and nursing aid have been provided.

Red Cross Relief has gone into every State.

YOUR Red Cross membership helps maintain this humanitarian service.

JOIN FOR 1932 during the Roll Call period, November 11 to 24.

Rapidly Gminder translated. A glimmer of greed flickered in the eyes of the old savage. The Ubangis are salt addicts. They eat it ravenously as if it were a drug, swallowing great handfuls. The witch doctor took the bags lovingly into his hands. With a swift, darting movement he rolled them into the folds of his blanket.

"Explain to him now," pursued Colt, "that the police are determined to find the murderer of their leader."

When the message was rendered into his own tongue, the witch doctor waved his hands in great impatience and a stream of words tumbled from his withered lips.

"He says," explained Gminder, "that he thanks you but he can have nothing to do with you. It is the law of the tribe that they are their own police, jury, and judge."

Colt frowned. "But point out to him that this is New York City and not the jungle. In his country the New York police would be helpless, and in this country *their* methods will be useless."

To which Gminder presently brought back the reply:

"The gods are not helpless anywhere. Josie La Tour was good. Keblia was good. We cannot deal with the police. It is useless to talk about it any more."

COLT obstinately held his ground.

"Tell him," he reiterated, "that the white man's police are baffled. If the jungle gods of the sun and the moon and the trees can help us, we are grateful for their help. But we too have gods. We have the gods of the fingerprints and the radio-alarm cars. Why will he not trade the gifts of our gods for theirs?"

This required a long parley. Finally Professor Gminder translated in a low voice: "What do you propose?"

"I propose," returned Colt, "to tell them all we know about the crime in exchange for what they know."

More parley. More gutturals and sibilants. More whining, more coals on the fire, more weaving bodies dancing through the smoke.

"He invites you to tell him what you know," announced Gminder at last.

And Thatcher Colt kept the faith with the black magician. The Police Commissioner of the City of New York told the new witch doctor of the Ubangis nearly all of the essentials of our hunt for the killer. He told him of the knee and shank prints on the sill of La Tour's flat. He told him of the footprint on the ledge of the wall at the home of Marburg Lovell. Of the finding of the tear-gas clue he informed him, and the recovering of the missing rifle, and the green smear on the fingers of the Ubangis' fallen leader.

To these singular affairs the witch doctor hearkened with fascinated attention. Like a running chorus he grunted and wheezed comments on each fresh revelation. And when that last clue was given him, the smear of green on the fingers of the dead necromancer, he placed his fingers over his mouth and whooped like a Red Indian.

"And now," urged Colt, "the Ubangis must tell me what they know."

"A bargain is a bargain," was the translated response. "This is what the Ubangis know. The people of this tribe from Lake Chad had come to love La Tour. La Tour was good. It is silly to talk about how she whipped us. We are used to whipping. It was not important. La Tour was good to the Ubangis. She helped us when we were sick. She held our hands when doctors scraped our arms. La Tour was good. Do not think, then, that the Ubangis hated her. They loved her. A little while ago Keblia, who was our leader, made a discovery. He knew there is no such thing as natural death. He knew that many unnatural things were occurring in this village.* He investigated. He found the person who was causing these misfortunes. He went to our best friend in this village—to the good La Tour he went and told her what he had discovered. The good Josie La Tour had a talk with the guilty one. Three days ago she had that talk, in her own home, late at night.

"But Keblia was there and listened. He knew that because of what happened then the good Josie La Tour was in danger. Keblia came back and told the tribe of her danger. For her we made mud images and hung them over her doors to keep away death. But Keblia would not tell us the name of the guilty person, but only said again what he had been saying for a long while: 'Look high for the guilty one. Look high!'

"A long time Keblia had suspected; only since we left the warm South had he been sure. Still he would not pronounce the name, except to our best friend, to the good Josie La Tour. And now he knew that La Tour had a secret enemy in this village. Keblia called the council together. He told them that Josie had an enemy, sworn to kill her. And he offered himself as her champion against her secret enemy, and prayed for the blessing of the gods."

"BUT how?" whispered Colt. "Ask him that, professor. How did Keblia find out that Josie had a secret enemy in the show?"

With no great show of patience the witch doctor listened to Professor Gminder's translation.

Then he answered in rapid vocal artillery fire: "What is it that a true witch doctor may not know? Will anyone answer me that? Did I not say that he overheard that interview

---

*By *village* the witch doctor meant the circus. In Africa there are often "traveling villages," and that was about his conception of what the Robinson Brothers and Dawson and Woodruff's Combined Greatest Shows amounted to.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 31

1—Any system of automatic electric transportation.

2—To strip off blubber or skin, as from a whale.

3—English, by more than 160,000,000.

4—It was originally applied to members of a society of assassins in India who claimed to be a religious sect.

5—A gallows usually has two uprights and a crossbeam; a gibbet has one upright and a crossbeam.

6—Cheops.

7—About one hundred and seventy-nine feet.

8—Frozen dew.

9—About 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit.

10—Kansas.

11—Two or more words pronounced alike but differing in meaning, as *two, too, to.*

12—An alloy of nickel and steel having a very low coefficient of linear expansion and used as material for standard measures. The name comes from *invar*iable.

13—Intaglio.

14—From the bark of the cinchona tree.

15—No, the wings are useless for flight.

16—At Dnieprostroy, Russia.

17—Ijssel Lake or Ijsselmeer.

18—Tokay, Hungary.

19—The H hour.

20—A fortune-hunting, duel-loving Irishman in Sheridan's The Rivals.

Answer to Adex Question on page 31—*Cod-liver oil helps to build good general resistance because it contains sunshine Vitamin A and resistance-building Vitamin D.*

Squibb
ADEX
Tablets
10 D

The benefits of cod-liver oil obtainable a pleasant, new way!

For years, the health-building value of good cod-liver oil has been widely recognized. Many people, however, have hesitated to take it because of the taste.

Now they may obtain its benefits a pleasant, new way—with *Squibb Adex Tablets-10D!*

A concentrate of the vitamins of cod-liver oil, they help to build people up.

Each Adex tablet contains as much *resistance-building* Vitamin A, and as much sunshine Vitamin D, as *one-half teaspoonful* of Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol 10D!

People who lack resistance should take them *every day*. Now at any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

A Prescription for Quickest COUGH RELIEF

Rx Eleven medicinal ingredients create Luden's Secret Formula—a laboratory-compounded prescription that quickly cools and soothes coughing throats.

LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS 5¢

LUDEN'S

NASSAU · MIAMI HAVANA CRUISES

$115 . . . 12½ days

Sightseeing trips at each port. The steamer is your hotel. 3 days at Nassau, 2 days in Miami, 2 1/2 days in Havana, or take steamer round trip to Nassau only and stay 7 days at the *Royal Victoria Hotel* for $125. Fortnightly sailings S. S. Munargo on Saturdays, from New York. For information write Dept. 27.

MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINES · 67 Wall Street · New York, N. Y.

MONEY FOR YOUR SPARE TIME

Why not turn your spare time into money by obtaining new and renewal subscriptions for popular magazines? Full particulars can be had by addressing,

E. G. WOHLLEBEN
4th floor, Macfadden Building
1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Print Your Own

Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Advertising, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Junior Press, $5.90. Job press $11 up, Power $149. Easy rules sent. Write for free catalog with all details. The KELSEY Co., Y-19, Meriden, Conn.

Keep Kohler Antidote—powders or tablets handy to relieve simple aches and pains and the effects of overindulgence.

KOHLER MFG. CO., Baltimore, Md.

KOHLER ANTIDOTE for HEADACHE

late at night in her home? Our people are gossips. That is their best meat and wine. They like to know what is in the hearts of everyone. Their eyesight may be bad, but they can see into the soul very clearly. And as they are a lazy people they have the witch doctor to do most of that looking for them. That is his daily work. That is now my daily work. It was Keblia's daily work. So Keblia was on a window sill in the good La Tour's home, listening.

"Tonight Keblia called us together again. He had been watchful. He had followed the enemy of Josie. He had seen him steal a magic gun. Because of this, our women stole to Josie's room and hung the mud image to draw the fire. But alas! It was all in vain. Keblia called us together. He said he had gone to the private room of that enemy. Still he would not name him. He had found one of the magic bullets. But the enemy had seen him. Nevertheless, he was setting off to tell Flandrin, who had gone home. And soon the police told us that Keblia had been killed. Alas!"

With strained attention we had listened through Gminder's translation of the witch doctor's choking utterance of this story.

"BUT who was the man?" cried Colt.

The witch doctor hunched his shoulders. "Keblia did not tell us that. We are praying for the name. But we do know that one man was listening at the door when Keblia called us into council. We saw him running down the corridor. We think that is the enemy. But we have no proof. We shall work unceasingly until we have the proof. That is the purpose now. You have interrupted. Will you not go away and leave us to our work?"

"But you surely will name the man whom you saw running away!" insisted the Police Commissioner.

"No!" The old priest shook his head and most discourteously waved the backs of his hands toward us as if brushing us away from the door.

"When I learn his name I will tell you!" promised Colt.

"And when I am sure I will tell you!" was the compact of the witch doctor. With that we had to be content. The door closed on the Ubangis and we retraced our steps back to the upper regions of the Garden. But as we trod carefully down that dark tunnel my thoughts lagged behind, lingering in that boiler room where the women with the colossal lips danced with the tall dark men and prayed their magic prayers to the gods of the trees, the sun, and the moon. How ironic, thought I, that the Commissioner of Police of the City of New York should join hands with these childish people to fasten a crime on the murderer!

"WHAT next?" I asked Colt, as we began the curving ascent of the iron stairway.

"Back to what we used to call normalcy," was Colt's answer. "No more juju. Know where they got the word juju? It is from the French word meaning a game—a corruption that means a toy, a plaything. We have no time for the playthings of another race. We will get back to our own toys and playthings—to our chemical laboratories where a colored film of grease is being analyzed, and to our Bureau of Criminal Identification where fingerprints are being studied, and back to all our white man's hocus-pocus which has got to lead us somewhere, Tony, or else we ought to get out of the department!"

By this time we had arrived at the door of Colonel Robinson's office. A familiar figure stood on the threshold. His jowls dangling with fatigue, his blue eyes popping from his head, our reception committee was District Attorney Merle K. Dougherty.

"Well, Thatcher," boomed the District Attorney, "I don't know what you've been up to, down in the boiler room with a lot of niggers, but I've certainly got news to tell you. The La Tour murder mystery is solved—and I have solved it!"

In next week's concluding installment you'll learn whether or not Dougherty's claim was justified. And you'll see the killer unmasked!

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Live and Learn

PATSY was calling on her grandmother, who was baking pork and beans for lunch.

Grandma took the pan out of the oven and removed the bone. Some beans adhered to the bone, and Patsy, after staring at it for a while, exclaimed in surprise:

"Why, grandma, I never knew that beans grew on bones!"—Mrs. Louis T. Fischer, 1010 East Raleigh Street, Glendale. Calif.

A Dutch Treat?

CLAIRE had been given a dollar bill in an envelope to take as a present to a little friend who was having a birthday party.

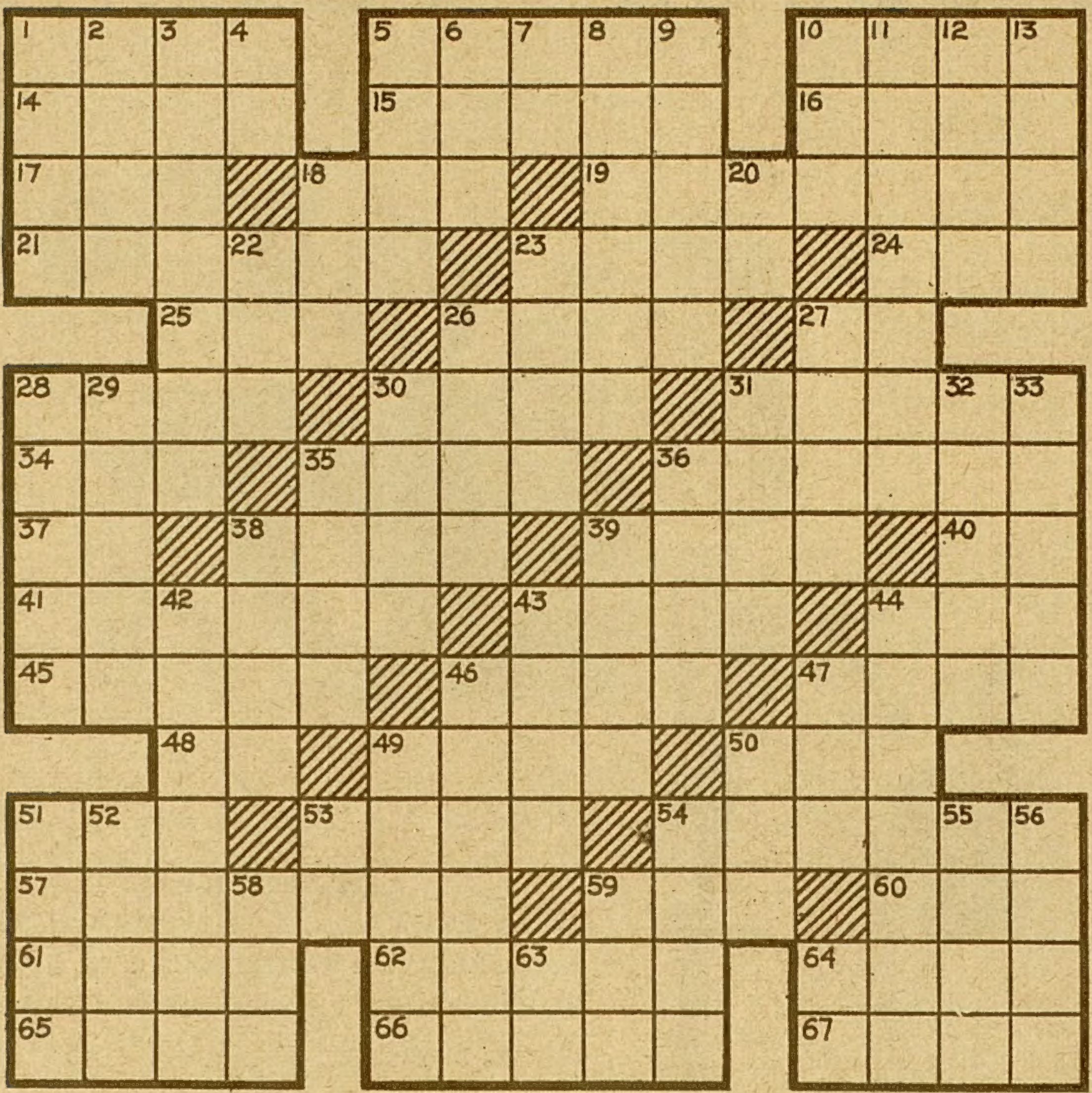
Seeing the dollar, Claire asked:

"Mother, shall I have ice cream and cake at the party?"

"Yes, dear," her mother replied.

"Well, why do I have to pay for it?" came Claire's puzzled question.—Mrs. Warren H. Cowdery, Route 2, Box 285, Clayton, Mo.

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 A combat
5 Declare
10 A special state of affairs
14 Wash
15 Hunter slain by Artemis (mythology)
16 In excess of
17 An area ten meters square
18 To raise or move
19 Attendants
21 Woman's nickname
23 Native of Latvia
24 Born
25 One of the component parts of a railroad track
26 A picket
27 Preposition
28 A bird
30 Hawaiian wreaths
31 To stroll
34 A color
35 Permission to use
36 One who resolves a sentence into its elements
37 Form of to be
38 A conveyance
39 Grief
40 Brother of Odin (Norse mythology)
41 Freebooter
43 Cast
44 Sebaceous cyst
45 Metric measure
46 Climbing plant
47 Poet
48 Pronoun
49 Receptacle for holding liquids
50 Head covering
51 Silkworm

A	R	I	A		S	A	V	O	Y		S	H	E	D
M	E	N	D		P	R	O	N	E		T	A	L	E
M	E	T	E		R	I	T	E	S		E	R	S	E
O	V	E	N		A	L	E	■	■	D	E	T	E	R
N	E	R	O	L	I	S	■	P	L	E	D			
			I	O	N	■	A	L	A	R	■	D	I	D
S	A	R	D	S	■	A	M	A	T	I	■	O	D	E
P	L	Y	■	E	N	T	I	C	E	D	■	E	L	A
I	T	O	■	N	O	O	S	E	■	E	S	S	E	N
T	O	T	■	G	U	M	S	■	E	R	N			
			T	E	N	S	■	B	A	S	I	N	E	T
G	L	A	S	S	■	■	B	A	R		P	E	R	I
L	I	R	A		S	H	O	R	N		P	L	A	N
O	M	A	R		P	U	R	G	E		E	L	S	E
W	E	B	S		A	M	E	E	R		D	Y	E	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

53 Go forth suddenly or rapidly
54 Fondle
57 Precipitate in drops
59 Pull
60 Tear
61 State to be true
62 A tree
64 River in Siberia
65 An inhabitant of ancient Media
66 Rock
67 Fortified seaport of Arabia

VERTICAL

1 To remove the blade from grain
2 Very unusual
3 Avoided
4 Early form of a pronoun
5 Sensitive
6 Attempt
7 Arboreal animal
8 Cloths used for wiping
9 Growing out
10 Small bed
11 Without veins
12 Dry and withered
13 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
18 Pastry
20 A pronoun
22 A metal
23 Reclined
26 A carbonaceous substance
27 A small mountain lake
28 Envelops completely
29 Forgive
30 Learning
31 To imprison
32 On no occasion
33 Inclination in a particular direction
35 Tardy
36 To remove the rind of
38 Responsibility
39 Artificial tinder
42 Surrendered or released, as a claim
43 To allude vaguely
44 Irrigated
46 Low fellow; knave
47 To exclude
49 Soft, soapy mineral (plural)
50 A malicious old woman
51 City in Holland
52 Rend asunder
53 Prefix: twofold
54 Heal
55 Trigonometrical ratio
56 Reach across
58 Italian word meaning three
59 A color
63 Perform
64 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Burning-Itching Feet ? . . it's "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Here, at last, is sure, quick relief from that burning, itching skin disease called Athlete's Foot, Toe Itch, Trench Foot, etc. TENEX, a non-greasy liquid, which is applied with a spray, and requires no bandages or dressing. It has proven so sure of results that it is sold on a positive money-back guarantee.

Just Spray It On!

The disease is caused by a parasite which eats down to the deeper layers of the skin. TENEX contains a powerful solvent which quickly penetrates to these deeper layers, and positively kills the parasite. It is absolutely harmless to healthy skin, and has a pleasing odor.

The TENEX spray enables you to treat your footwear, thus avoiding almost certain reinfection, for this remarkably resistant parasite will live for 365 days in shoe leather.

Money-Back Guarantee

Get a bottle of TENEX from your druggist. Use as directed. If not satisfied, ALL your money will be refunded.

Write for FREE booklet, "The Truth About Athlete's Foot," to

TENEX LABORATORIES, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

TENEX

Sales Rep., Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York

HEADACHES!

Phenyo-Caffein safely dispels the worst headache in 15 minutes or money refunded.

VANISH OR MONEY BACK

Prescribed by doctors since 1888. Phenyo-Caffein must be good! 3 sizes 30¢, 60¢, $1.

PHENYO CAFFEIN

ENDS CORNS

STOPS PAIN AT ONCE!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end corn, callous and bunion pain in one minute! Soothe and heal and remove the cause — shoe pressure. Prevent blisters or sore toes from new or tight shoes. Don't cut your corns and risk infection. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the new separate *Medicated Disks*, now included at no extra cost, for quickly and safely removing corns and callouses. Get a box today. At all drug and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

$5,000 *IN CASH PRIZES* FOR SNAPSHOTS

Focus Your Camera on Some of the HOME-LIFE *Awards!*

THIS week Liberty begins another series of cash prize contests for snapshots taken in or about its readers' homes. Just a year ago we inaugurated the first contest of this nature, and the response was so enthusiastic and so widespread that we made a resolve to repeat the offer at this season.

As explained in the rules and prize schedule, each week for ten weeks fifty-one prizes for a total of $400 cash weekly will be awarded. In addition, at the end of the ten weeks five grand prizes of $200 cash each will be awarded for the best snapshot in each of five groups. This gives you an opportunity to get into the big money even though you may not have received a weekly prize. If you have received a weekly prize it gives you the opportunity to be a double winner with the same snapshot.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

EACH WEEK	
FIRST PRIZE	$100
TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10	100
FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5	200
WEEKLY TOTAL	$400
TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS	$4,000
GRAND PRIZES	
FIVE PRIZES, each $200	$1,000
TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID	$5,000

The snapshots illustrated won prizes last year. They may give you an inspiration for a winning snapshot in your home. Think of the scene that best typifies your home life. Is it the family at the holiday dining table? Baby taking her first step? Bridge with the folks next door? Everybody reading the Sunday papers? It's the thought that counts. Human interest, not professional technique. The cheapest box camera has as good a chance as the costliest folding one. Be on the alert for some scene or episode to snap. Enter it as instructed in the rules. You may win first prize, $100, this very week!

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

Ten Weekly Contests

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 9, 1932, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, November 21, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including January 23, 1933, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, the best baby snapshot. Group B, the best pet snapshot. Group C, the best indoor snapshot. Group D, the best outdoor snapshot. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

Advertisement

Over 1000
Additional Awards Weekly
To Entrants In The
LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot Contest.

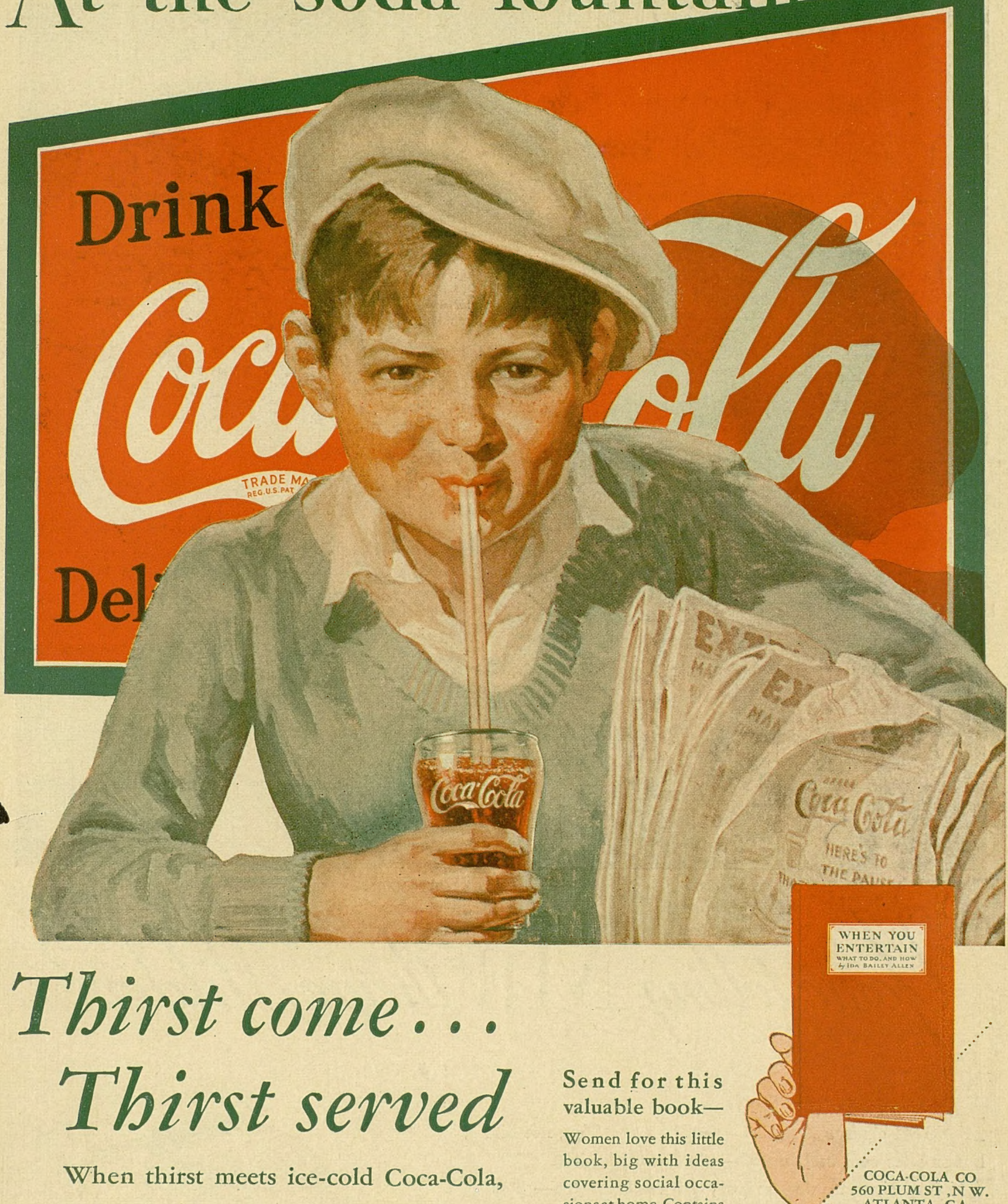
All that is necessary to qualify for one of our many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain an entry blank from any local photo dealer whose Photo Finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

DEVELOPING
MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA
AUTHORIZED DEALER
SERVICE AND QUALITY
PRINTING

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest.

The Master Photo Finishers of America *Giving Master Photo Service To the Better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada.*

At the soda fountain


Drink
Coca-Cola
TRADE MA
REG.U.S.PAT
Deli
EXT
EX
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola
HERE'S TO
THE PAUSE
WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN
WHAT TO DO, AND HOW
by IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Thirst come . . .
Thirst served

When thirst meets ice-cold Coca-Cola, you get a taste thrill. ❜ ❜ ❜ You feel a cool, after-sense of refreshment. ❜ ❜ This great drink makes a pause refreshing.

BUY IT IN BOTTLES AT FOOD DEALERS TO SERVE AT HOME

Send for this valuable book—

Women love this little book, big with ideas covering social occasions at home. Contains 128 pages with beautiful illustrations. Use the coupon on the right.

COCA-COLA CO
560 PLUM ST., N. W.
ATLANTA, GA.

Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin to cover cost of handling and mailing) for which send me the book, "When You Entertain," by Ida Bailey Allen. (11)

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

City . . . . State . . . .

"You're telling ME they're Milder?"

IF YOUR cigarette is mild—that is, not strong, not bitter, but smokes cool and smooth—then you like it.

If your cigarette tastes right; if it tastes better—that is, not oversweet; and if it has a pleasing aroma—then you enjoy it the more.

Everything known to Science is used to make Chesterfield Cigarettes milder and taste better.

The right kinds of leaf tobacco—American and Turkish—are blended and cross-blended. That's why "They Satisfy."

Chesterfield
Cigarettes
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
CHESTERFIELD

© 1932,
Liggett & Myers
Tobacco Co.